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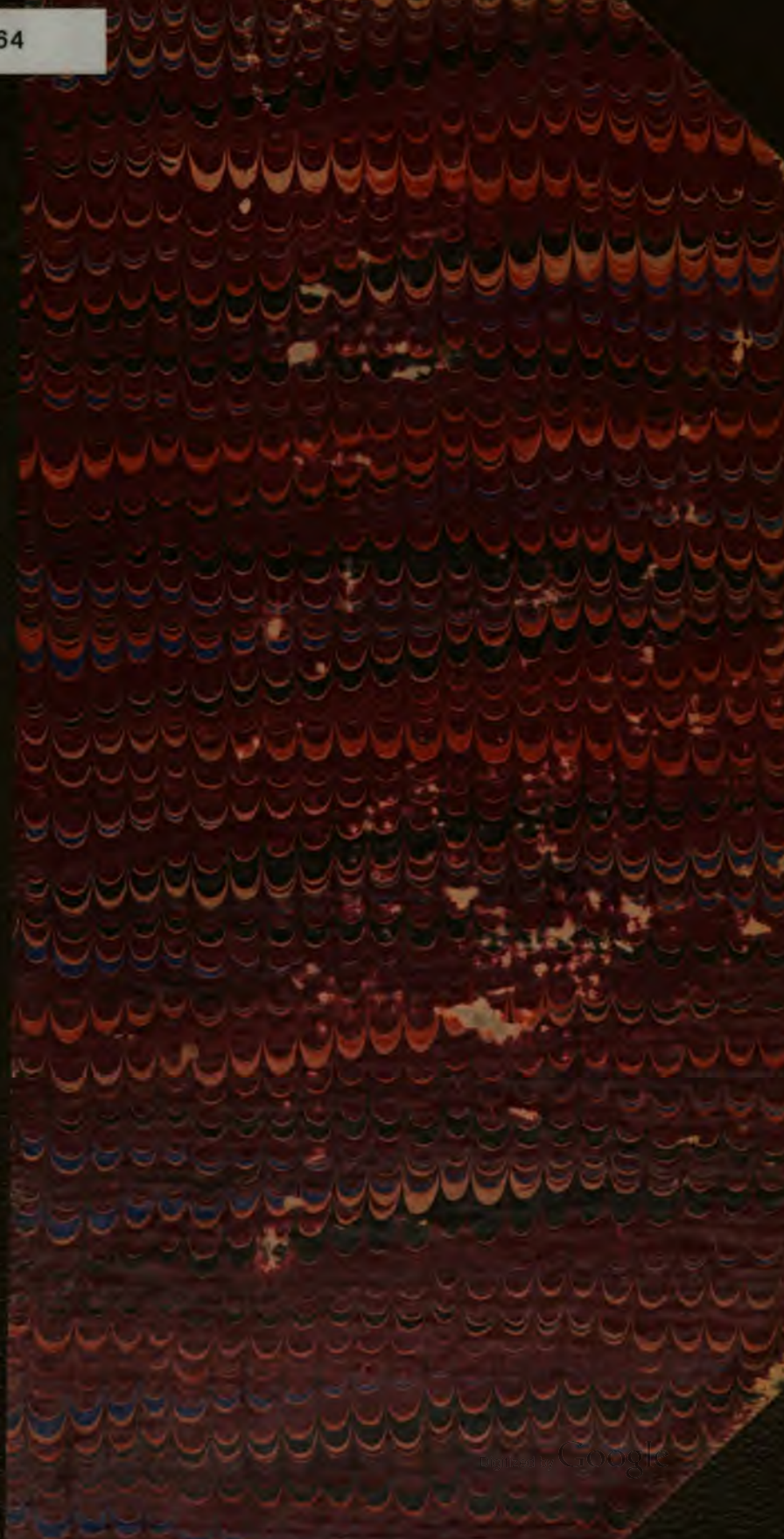
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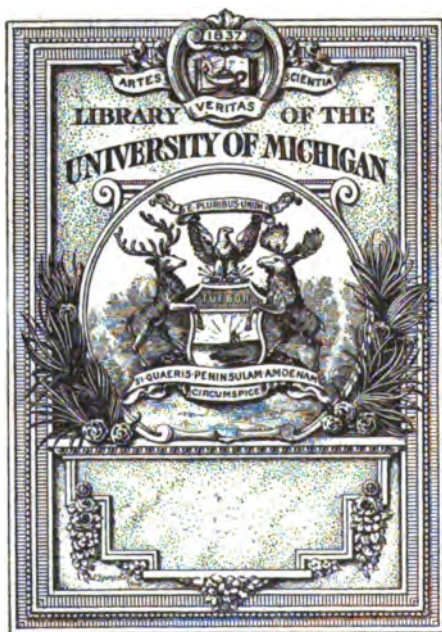
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NEW ENGLANDER

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NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

No. CCXLIV.

JULY, 1890.

ARTICLE I.—A COMMERCIAL UNION WITH CANADA.

A COMMERCIAL Union with Canada is a subject that opens up to the political student a rich field for investigation and thought—one which, in the near future, is destined to be of absorbing interest to this nation.

What I mean by a Commercial Union with Canada is the extinction for commercial purposes of the political line which runs nearly 4000 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and bounds the United States on the north, and Canada on the south.

Such a Commercial Union would abolish all custom houses, tariff duties, revenue collections, and all restrictions to as free, open trade between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, as now exists between the different States of this Union.

I would remove that customs-line from the south to the north of Canada, and stretch it like a girdle around every rood of territory from ocean to ocean, and from the north line of

Canada to the southern boundary of Texas, so long as we keep up tariff regulations against foreign nations; and, as fast as circumstances would justify, I would extend it to the Isthmus—for this government is destined in time to be coextensive with the North American continent. No foreign flag on this continent is the sentiment of the progressive American heart to-day.

But I am not discussing the probabilities or the possibilities of the future acquisition of territory not now in the possession of this government, nor does my subject call for such discussion. Those questions will take care of themselves in due course of time. I am contemplating the removal of the custom houses and customs line between the United States and Canada in the belief that such removal would enhance the commercial interests of both political divisions of governmental power, without disturbing the equilibrium of the governments themselves.

I would make all products of the brain or soil, the loom or wheel, interchangeable between the two governments, with the same freedom and facility that is accorded to them between our States. No tariff regulations should be a barrier to free, open, unrestricted trade between the United States and Canada. In saying this, I do not wish to be understood as being a "free-trader" in the sense in which that term is generally understood; for I believe in a tariff that will foster and protect against foreign competition, based upon ill paid labor, every infant industry that lifts its feeble head anywhere in our whole realm, till such industry, by skill and improved machinery, is able to stand alone without legislative protection. By limiting, or controlling foreign competition, home competition will be stimulated, keeping prices at minimum rates, thus giving us all the advantages incident to well regulated, diversified, productive energies, which under our tariff have been brought to life and stimulated to healthy growth. Under this system our government has been strengthened till it has become first among the nations of the earth in wealth, political power, prosperity, and the happiness of its people.

Our commercial relations with Canada should be reciprocal between the two governmental powers as far as they can be, under an abolition of our present customs duties.

Is such a Commercial Union as I have outlined desirable, and if desirable, is it practicable?

I shall endeavor to answer both of these questions in the affirmative.

It is desirable, because it opens up to us a home market for our surplus commodities, in exchange for raw materials, and the necessities of life, which we now import under duties and tariff regulations; while our merchandise only finds its way into Canadian markets under similar difficulties. This should not be so.

Look at the map and see the relative situation of the two countries, or rather I should say two governments, for we are really but one country, with an artificial line running through from east to west.

This boundary line, running half way across the continent on the 49th parallel, is thought of by most people as an imaginary line like the equator. But it is more than that. It is a well-defined line. From the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific Ocean, the English government has erected, every two miles a cast iron post, on each of which is this inscription, "Convention of London, Oct. 18th, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes or water courses, that government has erected, if practicable, a pile of stones several feet high above high water mark, and where the line goes through forests, the trees are marked and a good path is maintained. Between each of the posts erected by the English government the United States government has placed similar iron posts, and they are kept in position by a commissioner, or superintendent, employed for the purpose.

Most of us know but little of the geographical extent of Canada, its resources, or of its importance as a commercial factor among the nations of the world.

In territorial area Canada is more than 300,000 square miles larger than the whole of the United States and Territories, Alaska excepted. It is thirty-nine times larger than England, Wales, and Scotland; and seventeen times larger than France. It is sixteen times larger than the German Empire—it is three times larger than British India—and is the fifth maritime nation of the world.

It has a diversified climate, a hardy, industrious people, a productive soil, great mineral wealth. Its fisheries are important, its timber valuable, its markets inviting. Yet between these two vast countries lying side by side for nearly 4000 miles, capable of a large reciprocal trade, the sales of our manufacturing industries are comparatively small,—probably less than one half what they should be, or would be, with the tariff barriers removed.

To increase the trade, and enlarge the commerce between these two political divisions of country, is the object to be gained by a Commercial Union. Canada is the natural market for our surplus commodities; and the United States is the natural outlet for hers. The duty of the Protectionist, as well as Freetrader, is as clear in the direction of opening new markets for the products of our skill and labor, as it is to hold on to the markets we have secured.

The Canadian market is an inviting field for us to enter and possess. Her people are ripe for a Commercial Union on the basis above indicated. Shall we longer fetter the industries of both countries by withholding the olive branch of reciprocity, which Canada now invites? Let us have free, open, unrestricted trade between these two governmental powers, by removing the customs line and customs duties between these two peoples.

They are a nuisance, hardly worth preserving the forms of law with the expense necessary to enforce it. The amount of revenue annually collected on importations of goods and products from Canada into the United States, is about \$5,500,000 to \$6,000,000, and the cost of maintaining these collection districts, and of collecting these revenues at the different points in Canada, is very heavy in proportion to the amount collected. Much of this, also, is based upon raw materials and the necessities of life. While the brains of Congressmen are being taxed to know how best to reduce the surplus, and keep down our revenues to a proper standard, would it not be better for Congress to abrogate this customs line, and let all Canadian products come in free of duty, in exchange for our commodities? This would extend the area of free markets for both

peoples, would stimulate competition, and equalize commercial values to a wholesome extent.

The United States can afford this loss of revenue—as it would amount to only about 10 cents *per capita* of our population—for the greater benefits that would accrue by the opening of a free, unrestricted market by such an Union as I have indicated. A Commercial Union does not necessarily imply annexation, though it may be a step in that direction. Nor does it imply free goods from England.

The Dominion of Canada, although a Province of England, has a government of its own, comparatively free from English rule. Canada makes her own laws, has her own revenue system, and maintains her tariff regulations against England, as well as against the United States, though varying in degree and discrimination as to rates. English goods coming into Canada pay impost duties, relatively about the same as those which are landed from the decks of English ships in Boston or New York. So the opening of the customs gates between the United States, Quebec, Montreal, and other Canadian ports of entry, does not necessarily imply that English goods will find their way upon our shelves through Canada free of duty.

Having paid duty on being brought into Canada, their being imported here, even in original packages through Canada, would not materially hurt us. We have nothing to fear from that source. Under such a Union as I have outlined, Canada would remove the tariff of customs line from her southern to her northern boundary, with such restrictions, modifications, or alterations in rates, as the United States might desire or direct, in order to conform to our tariff regulations with other countries, and thus Canada would become jointly interested with us in all the developing agencies and material prosperity in which she would be a commercial partner with us in the grand result.

With the tariff line removed from the southern to the northern boundary of Canada, and enforced with the same rigor that is now enforced between Canada and England, the United States have nothing to fear from foreign importations free of duty through Canada, and England nothing of which to complain. She loses no free market, and is not embarrassed by new obstructions to her trade. England pays duties

now to get her goods into Canada, and into the United States, and she sends them to which ever market promises the best returns.

Canada wants the products of our manifold industries, and, with tariff restrictions removed, would become a large purchaser of our goods, to the practical exclusion of English and other foreign importations into her markets under impost duties, which she would adjust in the interest of the United States under reciprocity arrangements with us. This commercial field, vast and important as it is, Canada invites us to enter and possess as our common heritage, upon terms mutually advantageous to both governments. Her commercial and national interests are naturally with us.

Under our reciprocity treaty with Canada, between the years 1854 and 1866, our trade with Canada largely increased, showing a clean balance sheet in our favor of over \$55,000,000 above our exports into Canada during the same period. Since its repeal in 1866, Canada has bought of us about \$177,000,000 of our products, mostly manufactured articles, over and above our purchases of them, notwithstanding the tariff barriers, and customs duties that have prevailed against her.* These figures seem to preclude the necessity of further argument in favor of a commercial Union. But it is no part of this paper to go into details of figures, growing out of, or incident to the free working of this system during the short period of the experiment given it, when we had but a moiety of the manifold industries that have since been born to life under our tariff and our progressive achievements.

When the Civil War closed in 1865, we had an enormous debt which we had to pay, in the main by levying customs duties on foreign importations, and we adjusted our tariff regulations against all foreign nations to meet the emergency. At that

*Mr. Butterworth, M. C. from Ohio, in a speech in Congress upon the McKinley tariff bill a few days ago, says with official figures before him to verify his statement, "during those ten years of reciprocal trade so much deprecated and unfair as it was—I agree with my colleague in many respects—we had the advantage of a balance sheet of over \$60,000,000, and in the last forty years, in the trade between the Canadian Provinces and ourselves, the balance in our favor is over \$250,000,000."

time, England, France, and Germany, supplied the world with nearly all articles of mechanical skill, and *we* were dependant upon them for certainly the luxuries, if not for the necessities of life.

The repeal of the Reciprocity Act with Canada was felt to be a great mistake by eminent statesmen at the time; but, as it was a sort of war measure for paying off the war debt, it was acquiesced in, under press of circumstances. Hence its repeal. Since the repeal, thousands of new industries in our land have sprung to life, and developed beyond all comparison with anything before known in the world, and we are no longer dependant upon foreign nations for what we eat, drink, or wear. We are a producing, self-supporting nation, able to stand alone in most matters against the world. Our skill and inventive faculties have set in swift motion shafts, and spindles, and wheels, and they are doing the work of millions of hands. Their buzz is heard on every street-corner; their products lie upon our shelves; they fill our store-houses to repletion; and as a Nation, we are seeking new markets for our manufactured articles and surplus commodities, pushing our energies to the ends of the earth, into most distant fields to find an opening, while we are overlooking nearer and better markets at our very doors. And as a nation, we have just expended thousands and tens of thousands of dollars in courting and junketing distinguished representatives from foreign governments of the Latin States, south of the equator, in order to open up better commercial relations with them. This was right. No doubt from this shaking of the commercial tree, fruit will be gathered to the nation that will fully justify the effort. Nations, as well as individuals, have to look out for the present, and provide for the future.

Canada with open arms is now inviting us to her markets, upon a free, mutual, interchange of commercial commodities, without any obstacle from tariff duties. As before said, Canada has a government of her own, practically independent of the English government in most of its features, and is able carry out the contracts she enters into. Though nominally a dependancy of Great Britain, yet practically she rules her Dominion with about the same freedom that under our govern-

ment one of our States exercises in its internal affairs. When Secretary Bayard and Lord Salisbury, in 1888, were approaching a final conclusion of negotiations for the prohibition of seal catching in the Behring Seas during the breeding season, as is shown by diplomatic correspondence, the Dominion Government of Canada objected to the treaty stipulations, and practically overruled the British Government, and the treaty stipulations fell through.

A Commercial Union, political union, or annexation to the United States, is more feasible with Canada to-day than ever before. Her people are ripe for a change, and her internal improvements are such that she could come to us with less embarrassment now than ever before. Mr. Charlton, member of the Canadian Parliament, upon a motion of inquiry as to the cause of the exodus of Canadians to the United States, stated in Parliament last February, that over 2,500,000 Canadians are in the United States—that 28,000 left Canada last year for the United States to become Americanized, and he wished to know the cause of these startling facts. He gave it as his opinion that these facts should be made the subject of governmental inquiry. The resolution failed to pass, and the statement then publicly made, if not proven true, at least stands undenied. Those who watch the progress of Canadian events cannot fail to see that there is a growing discontent in Canada, with regard to governmental affairs, affecting all classes of people, and all shades of political parties throughout the Dominion, and a wide-spreading, deep-seated desire for a union of some kind, either commercial or political, with the United States. Not only is the subject agitating the minds of the Canadians, but it is taking hold of public thought in the United States, and a bill has been introduced into Congress, looking to the removal of trade restrictions and customs duties between the two governments, and Congressional action must sooner or later crystallize into favorable action upon the subject. At present, the fate of Rip-Van-Winkle seems to have overtaken the bill, and it sleeps undisturbed by the Committee who have it in charge, because no one presses for its consideration. What is wanted is agitation upon the subject among the people, and when that is started and pressed, Congressional

action will come as policy may suggest, or experience justify. The benefits to be enjoyed by the United States from a Commercial Union with, or annexation of, Canada to the United States are great, which will be attended by no expense to the government.

The Louisiana Purchase, which cost us \$16,500,000, was opposed by representative statesmen of national renown, as an exorbitant price for a comparatively worthless territory, as it then was considered. That territory has now become the center of our imperial domain in wealth, power, and political influence.

The acquisition of Texas, which cost us ten million of dollars, was opposed by a great political party, with powerful leaders, and brilliant hopes of success; but its advocates triumphed, and no one now lives to question the wisdom of the result.

The Gaudaloupe-Hidalgo treaty, which gave us New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, etc., cost us \$10,000,000, and no one complains of the extravagance of the purchase.

The Alaska purchase which cost, in 1867, \$7,200,000 in gold, when gold was at a premium, was opposed as a visionary scheme, which had been incubated in the brain of Secretary Seward was said to be unworthy of consideration by the people whose money he was foolishly spending for the rocky, inhospitable shores of the northern seas. But the investment has been a paying one, and promises a good commercial outlook for the future. No one now regrets the purchase, or questions the wisdom of the transaction.

The annexation of Canada to the United States, has not so wide-spread, outspoken, pronounced opposition among the people or the politicians as had the acquisition of either of the territories above referred to, and it promises greater commercial results.

Resting upon, and over-reaching our entire northern boundary,—with a history antedating our own; with a hardy, industrious people ready to assimilate with our customs and government; a country rich in mineral wealth, rich in furs, with a productive soil, well timbered—with nearly half of the fresh water on the globe within its borders; abounding with choice fish with valuable, extensive internal improvements; a country

stretching half way across the continent from the northern seas to the Isthmus, geographically a national unit with the United States, and in the future sure to be a political unit with us, whether we to-day wish it or oppose it. I believe the child is now born, who will see the flag of the United States float over every section of this continent from the Arctic seas, on the north, to the Isthmus on the south: and another government, modeled after our own, formulated, Americanized, and set in motion as a distinctive policy of our government by Mr. Blaine our present Secretary of State, will sweep in peaceful triumph the southern hemisphere from the Isthmus to Patagonia.

The genius of American liberty, of our free institutions and a republican form of government, will vitalize the governments of both hemispheres—broaden the principles of elevated manhood, and harmonize the spirit of governmental action in the interest of humanity. Events in both hemispheres are tending that way, and shaping the means to the end as manifest destiny. Iron railway bands now stretch from Quebec to the city of Mexico, and will soon reach Rio Janeiro and the States south of the equator. “No pent up Utica” will satisfy the demands of the opening future of this country. The spreading sails of our commerce must whiten the seas. Railway bands, telegraph wires, telephone facilities, and electrical forces must stretch out and keep pace with the demands of commerce, of an expanding science, and a progressive Christianity.

No hidebound theories, physical or metaphysical, theological or political, must hamper us in our freedom of thought, or freedom of action. From whatever source duty calls, there duty must be discharged. A call now comes for the removal of trade barriers between the United States and Canada, by abolishing all customs duties and tariff regulations. They are a hindrance to trade, and a nuisance to both governments, with no semblance of good to either; and the quicker they are removed the better. The products grown or produced on these border lands cannot now be exchanged between neighbor and neighbor, without climbing a tariff wall, twenty, thirty, and in some cases a hundred per cent. duty-high, unless they can creep under the fence as the opportunity may favor.

At present no traveler can pass from the United States into Canada, or from Canada into the United States, with even a grip-sack in hand, but he must first have his bag examined to see if it contains some dutiable article that the government may seize and confiscate if the duties are not paid.

During the Reciprocity period, the currents of commercial life and social business customs between the United States and Canada moved peacefully and prosperously along the lines of the two governments, with no disturbing elements from Great Britain by reason of the Reciprocity Act.

I am no devotee to the absolute verity of many provisions in the McKinley Tariff bill now pending before Congress.

In my judgment there is much in that bill that needs eliminating or modifying, so as to meet the present needs of the country, and not to embarrass in the future. Whatever may be the conceived necessities of the bill in its application to some foreign nations, sure I am, that none of its provisions should apply to Canada. But I am not questioning the necessities of a tariff bill. The McKinley bill is before the proper tribunal for discussion and no doubt will receive proper consideration before its final passage.

Canada awaits an invitation from the United States as the greater power and the one more especially interested, to take the advance step in removal of trade barriers and to establish free, unrestricted reciprocity in trade between the two governments; or, failing in that, Canada as a commercial move simply would vote for annexation, as a sure way to remove difficulties, heal sectional disputes, and acquire national advantages. As the greater includes the less, so annexation would be preferable in many ways, to simply a commercial union. As our manifest destiny is to be the greater, would it not be better to move boldly to its accomplishment, and reap its rewards without delay.

The United States must take the initiative, and Canada will respond with promptness and energy. The present is opportune for agitation for petition to Congress while the tariff bill in its various modifications is under consideration. The desires of the people must be made known to our representatives in Congress, while the tariff waters are being stirred in debate, if

we expect any present movement in favor of a commercial union with Canada.

No great enterprise is born to life in Congress without first being agitated and pressed by the people back of it. Bold leaders of advanced ideas of American supremacy, or of national aggrandizement, are not found in Congress, till pushed by public sentiment of the people at home. We have no Moses there to strike out boldly and lead the people in the way of destiny. There are some who believe that with enlarged trade and social intercourse with Canada and with the attractions of the great Republic fully opened and established, it could not long resist forces tending towards a political absorption of Canada in the future. But be that as it may, the time has come, and is fully ripe for at least an unrestricted commerce between the two governments. The question of political absorption, or of annexation, will take care of themselves after initiatory steps have been taken in the line of a commercial union, which undoubtedly will be the first outing in the political field.

New England should start at once agitation for a free, open Canadian market for our industrial energies. Connecticut and Massachusetts, with their countless wheels and swift-turning shafts of industry, with their infinite variety of products, in close proximity to Canadian markets, should commence agitation of tariff repeal, by discussion, by remonstrance, by petition to Congress for an abrogation of all tariff duties, and for a commercial union with Canada. Reforms and all great enterprises do not come at a bound. They are the growth of vigorous, pressing agitation, oftentimes stimulated by promptings in the line of self-interest.

New England has much to gain by a free, open market with Canada, and nothing to lose. She must look out for herself, or her prestige as a political factor in the councils of the nation will be gone. To a great extent it is already gone. The West and South are coming to the front in political power and commercial push. The Star of Empire has removed from the east across the Alleghany Mountains.

Chicago and New York lock horns for the location of the World's Fair. New York, with unrivaled sea-board facilities,

with mammoth steam ships daily coming from, and going to, all parts of the civilized world, with a guaranteed capital pledged for the success of the Fair as a national enterprise without help from the national treasury, is pushed to the wall, and Chicago, with financial backing from the United States Treasury, rides triumphant. St. Louis rivals Philadelphia, Minneapolis and St. Paul outweigh Boston and Baltimore in political supremacy and commercial energy. The aggressive, active forces that shape legislation in congressional halls come from the West, and the West will take care of its own.

The opportunity is now open for New England to check for the time being the waning of her prestige. It is her policy to cultivate social, political, and commercial relations with Canada. The markets of the Dominion are at our doors. We are invited to enter and fill the country with the products of our mechanical industries. We should petition Congress to remove at once the trade barriers between the two governments. No time should be lost in the effort. The opportunity is grand, and the prize worth the effort. A commercial or a political union once secured, a balance wheel of political power will be added to steady our commerce, and accelerate the moving wheels of our industries.

It is time for New England to wake up to a realizing sense of the facts that are crowding us to the wall. Though we may not hope to recover all the lost vantage ground which we once enjoyed, we may at least, by timely effort, hold on to some moorings while the tide sweeps on.

May 15, 1890.

L. E. MUNSON.

ARTICLE II.—THE FUTURE OF THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

FOR the first two hundred years after its settlement, most of the people of New England were devoted to agriculture, and lived upon isolated farms which they had wrested from the wilderness. The few wants which these did not supply gave rise to a limited commerce and a few considerable towns—so few that they might be counted upon the fingers of the two hands—and to a great number of small communities, denominated villages. Most of them marked centers of population in the townships into which New England, unlike its sister colonies, was from the very first divided. It is of these that we propose to speak.

For two hundred years these villages enjoyed a career of continuous prosperity. The necessities out of which they grew continued operative and sustained them. Half a century ago, however, adverse influences began to develop in many of them, which pessimists and faint-hearted persons feared might lead to their substantial extinction. We have not shared these forebodings. We believe, rather, that this decline has touched its lowest point, that a rebound is clearly perceptible, and that in due time the majority of them will rise again to a higher importance than any which they had before attained.

It is proposed to glance briefly,

- I. At some of the causes to which they owe their existence.
- II. At some of the causes of their decline.
- III. At some of the forces which seem likely to awaken them to vigorous life again.

I. To what leading causes do they owe their rise and subsequent development?

When the first settlers came to New England and found its forests occupied by Indians, of whose friendly disposition they were by no means sure, a regard for personal security led them to make compact settlements for the most part, along the shore

of the Atlantic. Convenience, mutual support, and a desire of companionship united in the suggestion of this disposal of their population.

As these first settlements upon the coast multiplied and in time became full to overflowing, new ones were pushed farther and farther inland, until New England's whole territory was substantially though sparsely occupied. Intercommunication widened the ancient Indian trails into bridle paths, and these soon after into carriage roads, along which, at convenient intervals, houses of entertainment made their appearance, in response to the requirements of travel and transportation.

Next to the church and the school, the saw-mill and the grist-mill were potent factors in the development of New England life. Without these, its maintenance would have been impossible. A *sine qua non* in the housing and sustenance of its people, they were introduced into every considerable community at the earliest practicable day, availing themselves of the power afforded by the numerous waterfalls everywhere awaiting employment.

Many of these halting places on the main highways, and many of these mill sites, owing in part to centrality of position mid surrounding populations, and in part to accessibility, became the nuclei of villages, which, ere long, grew up about them.

At many of these places, meeting houses and school houses were erected. At such points, naturally settled, as permanent residents, the traders, mechanics, and professional men whose services were demanded. To them frequently came the occupants of the surrounding farms to exchange their surplus products for such foreign supplies as their domestic wants required. A few, the centers of the counties, became shire towns at which the principal courts were held and the county records deposited.

In these early communities was developed into completeness, from the brains and hearts of the remarkable men who founded New England, that peculiar institution, the town meeting: an institution which from the time of Sir Edmund Andros, and before, has been a bulwark of popular strength, fostering personal liberty and civil equality. But for this, which has excited the admiration of other lands, the American Revolu-

tion would have been an impossibility and the hope of American freedom but the thin dream of enthusiasts.

In short, the New England village was the exponent of the life of those within and around it, born of their principles and their necessities. Its largest, quite often its only public building, was a plain meeting-house within whose walls its inhabitants sought spiritual guidance. Not far away stood the school-house, an humbler structure, crowded with scores of the coming generation and proclaiming the great truth that personal intelligence is an indispensable condition of individual liberty. Around these fundamental structures of the social compact were grouped the stores and work-shops and dwellings which, with them, constituted the village; all uniting in the general proclamation that the moral foundations of that community were popular religion, popular intelligence, and popular industry.

II. *Some of the reasons of their decline.*

1. Early in the present century, New England began to feel the effects of a general emigration of many of her best people to other localities. The increasing density of population, which was becoming inconvenient, had suggested as a remedy the removal to other sections of what actually had or was thought to have become a surplus. The virgin soil of New York, Ohio, and the Northwest offered to thousands of its most enterprising farmers attractions far superior to any afforded by their paternal fields, and they left them for new farms in the West.

Nor were the attractions of the West felt by the farmers only. The promises of abundant mechanical, mercantile, and professional success arrested the attention of large numbers of village inhabitants and induced their removal to the new towns continually springing up and expanding into importance in that section of the Republic. Thousands upon thousands disposed of their immovable property and followed the star of empire toward the setting sun.

This exodus, quite general for many years, and continued in lessening volume to the present day, has taken from New England more of its native inhabitants than it could conveniently spare; contributing in some cases to arrest the increase of

population, and in others to diminish it. The constant gain, as shown from decade to decade by the national census, has been largely due to the advent of foreigners to our cities and manufacturing towns. Ten years ago it was found in one New England State, and the same may have been true of others, that the natural increase of the Yankee population had been inadequate to the maintenance of its numbers during the previous decade, and that but for foreign immigration the State's population would have retrograded.

2. Some two generations ago, extensive manufactures were introduced into New England and new industries thereby created. Around many of these establishments, new settlements were made, some of which developed into large cities like Lowell, Manchester, Lawrence, and Holyoke. Many others of a minor importance also sprung up and followed on similar industrial lines. As a consequence, New England has been becoming more and more a manufacturing and less and less an agricultural section of the national domain.

For a time these new manufacturing places were largely peopled from the farms and villages. What the former gained by this transfer, the latter lost, and the number of their inhabitants was discouragingly lessened. Hundreds of buildings were vacated, and when no longer needed, they were offered for sale. Few buyers appeared. If sold at all, sacrifices were quite often made of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of their former value. Village life sank to dullness, becoming less and less attractive, and it was found upon examination that the population had declined not only in numbers but, sadder still, in quality also.

3. Another cause of this decline may be found in that of the surrounding agriculture. The forces before mentioned were as depressing to this interest as to that of the villages which it had formerly done so much to sustain. The farmer failed to keep his calling abreast with contemporary industries. He pursued it languidly, and while he actually progressed, he relatively retrograded. High prices of labor, low prices of farm products, the frequent lack of adequate skill in culture, and faulty business methods, all united, and with great power, to depress New England farming—not indeed permanently

but until such a time as the farmer, noting his situation, shall rise to the requirements.

III. *From this cheerless review of village decadence we turn to consider some of the influences which promise to arrest it.*

1. In pursuit of this purpose it may be as well, perhaps, to turn back upon the same line which has hitherto been followed. As just intimated the bad farming before alluded to has not come to stay. It is simply an eddy in the main current of agricultural progress, and the next generation will see this great interest thoroughly organized and advancing upon a higher plane than any upon which it has ever before moved. The general government has come to its aid by the establishment of colleges, the maintenance of experiment stations, and the creation of a cabinet officer to supervise its general interests. Science is employing some of her ablest scholars in investigations of the fundamental principles of animal and vegetable nutrition and development. Legislatures are beginning to recognize the claims of this leading interest of most of the States. And, best of all, the farmer himself has at last awakened to the possibilities and wants of his situation, and is working earnestly for its amelioration, by efforts which command respect and are resulting in good. In a word, New England farming has touched the bottom of its decline and is already on an upward rebound. With its improvement, comes also its enhanced patronage of the villages which it encircles.

2. The introduction of railroads was the substitution of a better for an inferior system of leading highways. Their effect upon the villages of the sections which they traversed varied with their nearness to or remoteness from these. Those immediately upon them were benefited. Those distant from them, even but a few miles, were generally injured, as they superseded the old means of transportation which had contributed to their support, and gave them in return no substitute equally efficacious in advancing their prosperity. And experience soon demonstrated that a village without railroad facilities was unable to hold its own with one which had them.

But this evil began ere long to work its own cure. Sections without railroads, observing the benefits resulting therefrom, one after another sought and secured them. The various neces-

sities of the railroads themselves, also stimulated by a continually lessening expense of construction, led to the building of new and to the lengthening of old lines, until now an intricate iron net work covers all sections of New England and is reducing to greater closeness its meshes every year. A recent examination of the Railroad Commissioner's Map of New Hampshire disclosed the fact that one hundred and forty-six of its two hundred and thirty-eight towns, or sixty-one per cent. of the whole number, are now touched by one or more railroad lines, the first of which was constructed only fifty years ago. There is little doubt that similar examinations of the railway systems of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut would warrant similar statements relative to those States still more emphatic.

If, therefore, experience has demonstrated that a New England village cannot flourish without railroad facilities, this same experience reaches forward into prophecy and almost as conclusively proves that at no distant day every town of any importance will have railway connection with every other, and that the disparity in transportation facilities will be largely a thing of the past. Then improved locomotion, like the air, the rain, and the sunshine will be alike common to all, extending from the sea to the mountain passes and to their highest summits.

Nor is it improbable that steam, the motive power which has so largely supplanted that of the horse on the main highways of the country, may be called to give way in part to the more powerful agent of electricity. It is easily possible in densely peopled sections, for the electric street railways of neighboring towns to be made continuous by the insertion of intermediate connections, and be thereby prepared to compete for business with the steam lines which they will thus parallel. So, too, may it often be found practicable by electric branch roads to connect with the latter many small towns whose importance is inadequate to command their presence.

In short, while at first the introduction of railroads to New England was prejudicial to the interests of hundreds of its villages, they will in the end prove beneficial by affording to the great mass of them improved transportation facilities and by connecting them with the business pulse-beat of the entire country.

3. The extensive manufactures before alluded to as introduced to New England fifty or sixty years ago were confined largely to fabrics of wool and cotton. Others generally of lesser magnitudes followed these, devoted to articles of wood, iron, leather, copper, etc. Their products embraced a wide variety, all the way from a clothes-pin, at one extreme, to the ponderous engine of an ocean steamer at the other.

These were established at such points as favorable opportunities and interests indicated. Unused water powers attracted some. The presence of buildings adapted to their wants and for sale on reasonable terms drew many to partially depopulated villages. Commercial advantages or facilities of transportation determined the location of many. For one reason or another they came to scores and hundreds of sleepy old communities, bringing to them the blessings of capital, enterprise, new life, and new prosperity. Scores of such were raised to important towns. Some grew to the magnitude of cities. As instances of this expansion and uplift may be mentioned the quiet, but delightful old university town of New Haven, which has seen the number of its people increase from about ten thousand (10,180) in 1830, to nearly sixty-three thousand (62,882) in 1880:* and the smaller one of Concord, in New Hampshire, which in the same interval has grown from a modest village of less than four thousand (3,725) people to a thriving inland city of nearly fourteen thousand (13,843).

4. Latterly, as the whole country has grown in wealth, and health resorts have been sought by numbers ever increasing, much attention has been directed to New England. Its pure air and sparkling water; its long sea coast, indented with bays and dotted with islands, where coolness is present in the sultriest weather; its innumerable streams, varying in size from tiniest rivulets to navigable rivers; its varied surfaces of plain, and hill, and mountain; its unrivaled scenery and its accessibility; all combine to render it a national sanitarium. Its location is such that some six or seven millions of persons, and probably more, may by a twelve hours ride, often much less, pass from their homes to the summit of Mount Washington.

* According to the census of 1890, about 83,000.

The great number who yearly visit New England have required enlarged provisions for their entertainment, the magnitude of which has been known to such only as have had occasion to investigate them. The Secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture has recently published a list of eleven hundred and twenty-three (1123) hotels and boarding houses in that State alone, capable of entertaining at one time thirty thousand visitors. The aggregate receipts of these last season amounted to five millions of dollars.

The significance of this amount will be more apparent if compared with the receipts from some of the leading agricultural crops of the State which in 1879, were as follows, viz :

Value of corn crop, 1,850,248 bushels, at 50 cts.	\$ 675,124
“ oats crop, 1,017,620 “ “ 	508,810
“ hay crop, 588,170 tons at \$10,	5,881,700
Receipts from summer visitors in 1889,	5,000,000

This annual influx of visitors overflows all sections of this State and is assuming more and more each year a residential character. Some towns, like North Conway and Bethlehem, have risen from mere hamlets to flourishing country villages, with all the privileges and attractions of such communities. Private cottages and more pretentious residences are being multiplied more and more each year. And what is true of New Hampshire is doubtless true to a greater or less extent of each of her sister New England States. From Mount Desert to the Berkshire Hills, and from Nantucket to Mount Washington the story is everywhere substantially the same.

5. Down at the bottom of the English heart there is, and ever has been, a love of country life, next in strength to that of existence itself. Our forefathers brought it to this country and it has been abiding. Ten generations have failed to remove it from the nature of their descendants. If untoward circumstances may have temporarily repressed it, they have not destroyed it. Whenever adequate means and opportunities have favored its manifestation, it has always shown itself in improved farm life, in attractive village homes or in ample country residences and estates. Before another generation has passed the true American will, when able, have his business residence in the city or large town, and his home in the

country. And this too, whether he traces back his lineage to British or Continental sources, for the love of country life is not national but universal. The old proverb, "God made the country but man made the town," is as true as it is terse. Country life is natural; city life is artificial and necessarily so. One satisfies nature's cravings. The other does not. The petals of the rose formed by the deft fingers of a French manufacture are pleasing. But the moist flower from nature's own hand is the only satisfactory one.

The untoward influences upon the New England village to which we have alluded, have largely spent their force. Some have been changed from depressing to uplifting forces, and to these, others of a like character have been added.

To our mind the conclusion of the whole matter is this: The New England village is neither moribund nor dead. Better specimens of it exist to-day than can be found in all the past, back even to Plymouth Rock. New demands for it are continually arising. New industries are enriching its people. The new spirit of this new age is broadening its ideas and refining its life. It offers its privileges to persons of wider ranges of pecuniary condition than does either the farm or the country estate. It extends its welcome to the rich and poor alike. It is the outgrowth of the New England character. It came here two hundred and seventy years ago and it came to stay.

JOSEPH B. WALKER.

ARTICLE III.—THE "MUGWUMPS" AND THE PARTIES.

"PARTY government may be necessary. So far as we can see it is necessary. But it is a necessary evil; and whatever tends to diminish its mischievous influence upon the machinery of administration and to prevent it from obtruding itself upon foreign states; whatever holds up a high ideal of devotion to the nation, as a majestic whole, living on from century to century while parties form and dissolve again, strengthens and ennobles the Commonwealth and all its citizens."—*Mr. James Bryce in the "American Commonwealth."*

"I believe that we should all choose between the two great parties of the country and that the man who hangs between the two, now with one now with the other, is, politically, without convictions."—*President Eliot, of Harvard, in his speech announcing his adhesion to the Democratic Party.*

THE two quotations cited above challenge attention because they assert essentially opposed propositions drawn from the utterances of two academic thinkers, who, though living in different worlds, have the same mental environment and very similar casts of political thought. The first (Mr. Bryce) obtains from the further side of the Atlantic a kind of landscape view of our American institutions. He sees, as a traveler descries from the deck of a moored bark, the relative outlines and shapes of our political coast. The other observer, living on our shore, has the counter vantage of closer vision, clearer perception of details, more continuous, more sympathetic and more personal relations with the political phenomena of which he is a part, and, of late, not a small part. But whether or not Mr. Bryce and President Eliot reach opposed deductions because they occupy widely severed points of view, it is certain that their conclusions are dividing to-day the opinions of that now pretty distinctive group of American voters who bear the title of Mugwumps. One Mugwump fraction is drifting into the ranks of the old parties; the other and larger fraction still holds fast its ground of non-partisan independence.

Which of these two postures is the wiser, the better, the more in accord with the aims and results of practical and earnest citizenship? Should the Mugwump, in carrying out his

ideals of reform, act outside or inside the party mechanism? These are broad and complex questions, yet not for that reason less imperative in their demands on a class of citizens which accepts with complacency, if not with pride, a derisive name as a badge of its civic aspiration.

The argument for acting inside the party mechanism, may seem, on a superficial view to be a good one. It is deduced from that necessity of parties in a Democracy which Mr. Bryce admits and President Eliot implies. Under this postulate, party organism is supposed to have a certain institutional stability like the suffrage, taxation, laws, religion, citizenship itself. The fact of membership in the body politic carries with it, by vague implication, a responsibility for accepting the party institution along with the other institutions of civic liberty. If parties are essential, is it not the duty of the practical citizen to conform to their necessity rather than resist it? The argument thus briefly stated has its flaws, but, in one form or another, it underlies the motives that drive not a few thinking voters into one or the other of the two great party organizations.

Our own country, like England, exemplifies not merely the persistency of the party type of self-government but of the specific parties that have formed within the type and which are represented now by the names of Liberal and Conservative in the mother land and by Democrat and Republican, in the United States. As to the former country, this statement is historically self-evident; in our own, it can be verified by a very brief glance over our political annals, and by observing how closely, with a few transitory gaps, the existing parties conform in their generic *personnel* as well as in their sectional divisions to what the same parties were a third of a century ago. Surrenders of principle, periods of disaster, schism, prophecies and prospects of ruin, our two parties have outlived—often weakened by desertion, but sustained by the loyal nucleus of the rank and file. Now, as often heretofore, one of them discloses some symptoms of decomposition. But, accentuate those symptoms as we may, the truth is writ large that our old parties continue to exist, and retain an amazing amount of vitality, not only in organization but in those sentimental forces,

old traditions, and habitudes which give cohesion and voting unity. It is indeed a moot question whether the vigor of a party and its force as a compact organism do not positively increase at a period like the present when some of its loosened outer parts are dropping away. Such a crisis even stimulates its leaders to assert discipline, chastise deserters, "close up ranks," and offset reduced numbers by severer drill. They have profounder confidence in a body of five and a half million American voters drawing together in the political tug of war than in a voting army a hundred thousand greater which is seditious and refractory. Like the traveler in the fable, our American party organizations in any gust of revolt draw the partisan cloak closer, and only relax it when the epoch of clear sunshine, of spoils, and of prosperity dawns anew.

Other and more special causes still further argue the persistency of old parties in American politics. With almost twelve million voters in the land scattered over the most diversified regions, and often with local interests much opposed, party organization to be effective must be intense. As the gross number of voters waxes, the power, as well as the niceties, of the machine must expand also. The immense cost and pains of forging new party machinery on a national scale also favor the probability of continuity. So does the temper of the mass of American voters. Its lower orders rarely shift politics, and, when they do, they but cross or re-cross the neutral line between the camps. The middle class of citizens, absorbed in toil and infected with political languor, are roused to momentary self-assertion only by rare emergencies. And too many of our educated citizens still indulge a sort of placid, philosophical acceptance of party bonds based sometimes on their too broad political generalizations but oftener on inherited habitudes or associations. In all these factors we see marked elements of Democratic and Republican vitality. They explain readily why the Democratic party could traverse such crises in its history as the schism of 1860 or the civil war, why the Republican bark has overtopped in safety the adverse tidal waves of 1874 and 1882, resisted the shock of grangerism, and of the Mugwump revolt of 1884; and why both parties, after all the old issues had lost their importance; and after

crossing a wide and void abyss of principle, have met again on the solid fighting ground of tariff reform.

It would be strange and contrary to the rule of human impulse and conduct if this obstinate endurance of parties, coupled with the argument of party necessity, were not effective in prompting a certain number of *quasi* independent voters to accept the party tie. They cannot fail to have a feeling of isolation outside of the circle of party. To a certain order of minds, there is a degree of magnetism in party contact and companionship. A smaller class is not proof to the contumely and reproach which political neutrality always invites. There is alleged too, though wrongly, a serious loss of influence which follows exclusion from the caucus and from intra-party activity. The mere fact of a voter's alliance with a powerful organization has an attraction of its own in contrast with having no party, no following, perhaps no definite political creed. He does not even share in the stirring frenzies and more ardent, if less expansive, emotions that inspire to arduous effort and self-sacrifice, men like the prohibitionists, who belong to a "one idea" party.

Such are the foremost reasons which prompt men to connect themselves with one of the two leading parties and to give up their independence as voters. Let us turn now our thoughts to a higher as well as more practical category of duties which, in this country and peculiarly at the present juncture, urge the preservation of an unfettered voting manhood.

Against the theoretical plea for uniting with parties because they are necessary, must be set the fundamental nature of the voting act. In its final analysis that act, as an expression of the citizen's conscience, antedates and precedes the party which is, at its best, only a large multiple of such expressions used as a practical device of government. In other words, the moral sense of public right or wrong, individuality, manhood suffrage (not party suffrage), are the radical elements of real citizenship,—the party is secondary, and a mere expedient, a means, not an end. The new-made elector in his oath pledges fealty, not to a party, but to his country, and loyalty to his party ends the instant that his conscientious intelligence informs him that it is not the best agency for the public weal.

Our old American parties are strong and disciplined. If they show any marks of decay, that decay is in the outward skin, not in the flesh or vitals. But in their relations to each other these parties are singularly weak, because they are in so nice equilibrium. Like the ponderous locomotive poised on the turntable a single hand may swerve the vast but equi-balanced parts. In an absolute vote of 11,392,382 thrown by all parties in the national election of 1888, one party cast a plurality of but 98,017. A change of only 49,009, or a trifle more than four-tenths of one per cent. would have shifted the balance. In close, or, as the modern term is, "pivotal" States, examples of this nice poise are still more impressive. At the presidential election of 1884, the veering of 524 votes in a total poll of 1,171,312 in New York State would have defeated Mr. Cleveland. It required only a change of a single vote to say 2,200, or one twenty-second of one per cent. to have reversed an administration; and at the election of 1888, in the same State, a shifting of a little less than one-half of one per cent. would have re-elected Mr. Cleveland. Or, Mr. Cleveland might have carried New York in 1888 and still have failed of re-election by a change of 254 votes (about one-sixth of one per cent.) in West Virginia, or of 169 votes (one-ninth of one per cent.) in Connecticut. Or, losing both West Virginia and Connecticut, and benefiting by a change of 1,175 votes (about one-fifth of one per cent.) in Indiana, he might, carrying also New York, have been chosen president. These examples are recent and familiar enough, but they do not make less forceful the conclusion that, while the Independent may, at times, do well inside the parties, and should certainly use them, his unpledged vote is far more potential outside of them. The argument for the political efficiency of voting independently of party rests on far more solid ground than the argument for voting always with one particular party. There is more in such independent voting than in what we may call the mechanical force of a single ballot.

The mechanical force of a personified ballot is the precise thing that acts most effectively on the politicians. Abstract arguments for reform they condemn, threats of half-minded electors unfulfilled in acts they ignore. They have the su-

premiest scorn for the policy which is constantly rebuking sin, and never smiting the sinners. But actual votes sure to be "plumped" against a bad man or a bad measure give a dismal emphasis to the returns which the most brazen party manager is forced to heed. He and his party's organs proclaim this predominant fear of *votes* every time they consign the Mugwump to the region immortalized by Dante, and every time they so persistently inter him, they are sure to find the obstinate corpse spring to new life on the next voting day.

From these more obvious considerations which show the value of a Mugwump body of voters, we turn to one which, although often vaguely cited, we are surprised to see, has not been more strenuously pressed. It springs from the exceptionally lofty character of the electoral body which forms the Mugwump group. If we but cursorily analyze its elements, their high voting quality becomes evident. Who are these party-scorned Mugwumps? Men, as a class, who are thinkers as well as men of affairs, drawn from the professions, or the upper stratum of trade, and who unite with patriotic motive a habit of applying to politics intellectual as well as moral tests. Their mental habits fit them peculiarly to weigh soberly the ramified and complex issues which enter our political life. They are not a group veered by the whims and caprice of the multitude, nor dominated by selfish aims, as were the grangers of 1873, and later organizations, nor infused with the single idea of the old abolitionists and the present prohibition party. Their very flexibility of judgment, and their wideness of vision, leading them commonly to a unity of decision, specially adapt them to serve as a buffer in political concussions, a brake on party frenzy and greed. Naturally enough, therefore, the Mugwump is the product of culture, of the thoughtful and educated East, rather than the crude West, where, outside of the great cities, he is still sporadic, but where his usefulness must wax with his numbers as the line of political education reaches toward the sunset.

The renowned political scholar first quoted (Mr. Bryce), in another part of his latest and greatest work, mentions as a leading trait of the American people its aptitude for organization. To that trait he attributes the immensity and power of

our party machines which, in his view, dwarf the political mechanisms of all other democratic lands. Mr. Bryce is obviously right. No country ruled to-day by popular opinion exhibits so scientific organization of parties as do the United States, with the standing party committees in town, city, State, and nation, with the captains of tens and fifties, with the vast proletariat of sub-workers. A necessity of such an organization is its demand on the party voter for implicit fidelity. The bolter—often in a State contest, always in a presidential canvass—must accept the party ban. But does not this very extreme of party dictation, and the ultimates to which it is thrust, emphasize the need of an external moderating force, exercised by independent voters, who, inside the party lines, would be obliged to put their manhood in pawn and become a part of the thing to be reformed?

Let us test the moral and mental situation of any high minded citizen who thus, by formal or implied pledge, links himself to the Promethean rock of party. His whole environment fetters his individuality and curbs his more elevated enthusiasms. He is outvoted in the caucus. He must accept bad men and worse measures. He must play the traitor with conscience, and do evil in the blind hope of final good. These are the initial restraints that party, as the condition of its own being, imposes on his moral nature. He is usually, indeed, but a bit of the raw material that feeds a great machine, rather than a machine in himself. Placed amid the din and clangor and immense energies of the partisan engine room, he is more stunned than animated by its noise. If he stays in the party and resists he is overwhelmed. If he stays and does not resist he is a patriot no longer. In both cases, he must submit to a rude shock to his manhood, or to a complete subversion of it. The party sweeps *in gurgite vasto* him and his personality; and, on the other hand, the country loses that regulating influence which a ballot such as his, bunched with other ballots, exerts at the precise point where the equi-poised party system is weakest—the ballot box.

The general situation in the country at the present time especially favors the growth of a genuine Mugwump class of scientific patriots. The constriction of party lines and the re-

gime of discipline, rigid though it may be, are accomplished at considerable sacrifice of voting numbers. Parties can not be tight drawn, and, at the same time, made more inclusive. As in the law of rotation of bodies, they obtain greater internal velocity by diminishing the circle of revolution. Their present reliance on the "workers" and on money is a sure symptom that they realize their weakness, and that by malign or artificial methods they must fill the gap. The new recasting of parties on lines more definite, if not more novel, is sure to be attended with the defection of men who "alone with God and a lead pencil" in the Australian booth with the party chain once shattered will be prone to adopt the independent voting habit. Whatever may be true of the rank and file, there can be no question of the growing non-partyism of thinkers—as witness the Lows, McCullochs, and Professor Bowens of the last Presidential campaign. Of late years, these recoils against the partisan instinct have often been so unforeseen as to be almost dramatic. It was Mr. Conkling who used to say that he despised the man who "belonged to party a little"; yet it was that same Mr. Conkling, one of the most skilled party engineers in American history, who bolted Blaine in 1884. It was in the autumn of 1878 that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, addressing a Republican gathering of the faithful at Brooklyn, used, in substance, these words to satirize the "Young Scratchers" who were opposing Mr. Cornell: "These well-meaning young people still call themselves pretty good Republicans. For myself, I don't know what a pretty good Republican is. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a pretty good egg"? And yet it was the same Mr. Beecher who only six years later joined the great army of scratchers, and his works do follow him.

Finally, shall nothing be said for independence as a mere sentiment, and as an uplift of personal feeling—for that sublime and ever glowing ardor which inspires one who over his broken chains stands an Olympian voter between parties, and whose thinking ballot is an emblem, not alone of patriotic purpose, but of an emancipated personality. Such surely is he who, among parties yet not of them, is ever prompted by his free air and open spaces to bolder advance and more strenuous effort, and who realizes alike the demands and the free agency

of that sovereignty which he carries under his hat. Parties may wax and wane, tidal waves of politics sweep upward and ebb back, the ignoble strife of spoils rage below the rock of civic duty on which his feet are placed, yet there he stands, strong in his exalted individualism, and sublimely conscious that his vote at least, like the hand of Douglas, is his own !

CLARENCE DEMING.

ARTICLE IV.—DOMESTIC POISONS OF THE SUB-PAPUANS.

SKILL in the preparation of poisons and any extensive application of these agents to murderous uses argues a state of civilization most distinctly removed from the barbarity of the savage. In this proposition two factors are prime. The first is that the preparation of any but the rudest poisons demands an acquaintance with laboratory methods and a certain practical familiarity with chemistry far above the plane of the mere savage. All about him may grow plants charged with the most lethal essences, the rocks on which his bare foot daily treads may be rich in death, yet the poisons escape him because he has not yet learned the art of extracting the toxic alkaloids. Analysis is far beyond his powers of mind. That which he sees is all he knows, and to the savage poisoner the only poisons available are such as exist free in nature, and these are very few. It is only when advancing culture gives him alchemy or the first germs of chemistry that barbaric man learns to set free the poisonous principles from the chemical combinations in which they are harmlessly locked, or to build up, from materials in themselves innocent, the combination that surely and secretly attacks the citadel of life.

None the less important is the second factor. Before poisons can be of advantage for purposes of secret and stealthy murder there must be that development of the community which forces into secrecy and stealth the blood atonement for blood spilt, the gratification of the promptings of envy, hatred, and malice, the lust of killing. The community must have law, inequable and unjust it may be, but yet a law which in some shape punishes the murderer. Savage man lies in wait for his adversary, stabs him in the back and takes no shame therefor, transfixes him with the arrow shot noiselessly from his lurking place, with his club batters in his head as he lies asleep, but he does not use poison. He in turn may be killed in like manner as he has killed. 'Tis the chance of the life he

lives, the best life he knows, but he will not be done to death by due process of law or process of that public opinion which transcends law. The murder he commits needs not to be done in secret in order to evade the law, the stealth he employs is only to protect himself against adverse chance in the execution of the deed.

The poisoner, the cowardly murderer who dares not try honest conclusions with his victim, the sly, sneaking wretch who drops death into the friendly cup, finds no place in free savagery. His fit place is in a civilization just a little below the present point of advance.

Each of these irreducible factors is involved in and tends to restrict the scope of the present inquiry into the poisons of the Sub-Papuan people. There enters yet a third factor and of a special nature, but before its influence can be estimated there is need of a slight digression which may serve to introduce the black races of the Western Pacific who touch on one side the more refined Sawaiori peoples and on the other the more degraded people of New Guinea, those who in a loose and semi-scientific classification are called the Melanesians but are denoted in modern ethnography by the term Sub-Papuans. Two considerations very definitely outline their precise position: in differentiation from the Polynesians they are black and have no *Saba* tradition; in contradistinction from their New Guinea (Papuan) neighbors, though black, their hair-section shows an outline which by not a little approaches that of higher races.

This Sub-Papuan group of races or families (for not in the present imperfect state of knowledge can this point be determined) inhabits all of the islands of the southern tropical waters of the Pacific from Fiji to the westward, and northward from New Caledonia and the Loyalty group to the Admiralty group, well to the northward of New Guinea, at which point they impinge upon, yet without any admixture with, the Micronesian peoples. Though their distribution is very even over the oceanic district, yet it should be said that there are several noteworthy inclusions in their thickest population of Sawaiori colonies, undoubtedly stragglers of the great march of brown emigration which traversed this natural road on its

way to people the eastern Pacific. In addition to the groups already noted this region includes these groups of islands as noted on the commercial charts : the New Hebrides, the Banks group (on no good grounds dissociated from the New Hebrides), the Santa Cruz group, the Saloman group, New Britain and New Ireland, with the included Duke of York group and finally the Hermite group which with the Admiralty islands marks the northern limit. This enumeration excludes the Louisiade archipelago and with reason, for that chain of islands forming as it does an interrupted continuation of the southeasterly prolongation of New Guinea is undoubtedly peopled by a race of strictly Papuan stock.

Within the region thus marked there is a multiplicity of languages, there are many widely varying customs and in general so many points of dissimilarity as to make it apparent only upon the closest study that these people are indeed of one stock. In fact, the point is one still open to doubt, the nomenclature is at best provisional in regard of its general applicability, and further research, which, however, because of the unbridled savagery of the people is extremely difficult to prosecute, may necessitate a revision of the conclusions at present reached. One custom is of very general extent, appearing in every group and on well nigh every island, either in active exercise or as a more or less easily distinguished ceremonial. This is the law of uterine heredity involving in its train the substitution of the marriage class for the family as is usual in polyandrous society, and the rights of woman. This latter consideration links the foregoing digression with the present inquiry, for among the rights of Sub-Papuan women is one which as the third factor of the inquiry makes very difficult indeed the study of the domestic poisons of the people under consideration, and which must be pleaded in extenuation of the investigator's complete failure to connect several poisons with the plants which produce them.

Among the rights of the Sub-Papuan women none is more rigidly guarded, none more strictly treasured than the right to be the sole practitioners of medicine. They alone know the secrets of the healing earths, they alone know what plants have that in their juices which will aid health to conquer disease ;

theirs alone is the knowledge of how to prepare each simple and how to exhibit it, whether as plaster or potion. This knowledge the old crones of each village community so jealously guard that not even a man of their own race can win so much as a single part of their secret from them, far less then can a foreigner who is always an object of more or less distrust. It is futile to ask them to yield any information on the subject, the possession of this secret is a right which force cannot wrest from them nor persuasion wheedle. It is vain to examine the medicines which they administer, for they are scrupulous in their care not to allow them to come into male hands until every specific characteristic has been sedulously obliterated. Indeed the display of too much curiosity on the subject will simply secure for the patient the distrustful withdrawal of the services of his medical woman. As with healing remedies, so with morbifacients; they are a rigidly kept secret of the women, and it is but rendering due credit to the sex to say that the secret is well kept.

These three factors of the inquiry must serve as an excuse for poverty in detail of these notes of Sub-Papuan poisons, to wit: the people are so sunken in savagery that they have the ability to recognize only the few poisons which exist free in nature; that they have not risen to that plane where toxicology is needed, and lastly and perhaps most important of all their limited knowledge of poisons is treasured as an inviolable secret by the women.

Mineral poisons seem unknown to the Sub-Papuan Borgias, though this statement it should be remarked, while based upon an intimate acquaintance with the people, is subject to revision as knowledge is extended. The geological structure of the region may be largely responsible for this. The islands are all mountains of upheaval and the volcanic forces have not yet entirely ceased, as is proved by the volcanoes of Ambrym, Tanna, and the clusters of them in New Britain and the many hot springs which well up on nearly every island. The rocks are igneous, basalts and traps, with very scanty admixtures of iron and other minerals, and the soil is indebted for its principal constituents to the disintegration and washing away of these rocks under the violent down-pour of tropical rains. A

slight use is made of various earthy deposits as medicine, but none has been noticed to be used as poison for any of the uses to which deadly agents are put in this low civilization. It is mainly upon the vegetable kingdom that these people depend for their poisons.

Along every beach where the white coral sand just begins to merge into the loam, and to be caught by the roots of the grasses, grows a plant that is in constant use by the fishers. This is the *Barringtonia speciosa* (?) which is one of the most abundant of the beach-side plants. Its stems and leaves are bruised with rocks until the sap bleeds freely and abundantly. When bruised enough, a bundle of the twigs is tied to a small stone and with as little disturbance as possible is sunk into a pool in the coral of the shore. These pools and crevices are much sought by the small edible fish because of the protection they afford against their larger kind, the shark and the equally voracious tunny. If the stupefying weed is quietly dropped into the pool, without frightening any of the fish swimming within it, its effect is certain. In about five minutes the water at the bottom is seen to be clouded with a milky juice which slowly diffuses itself and rises to the surface. As it reaches the level of a fish, the animal gives first a premonitory flick of its tail as though dimly conscious of something wrong. When the poison takes more complete possession, the fish swims about very excitedly and ends his antics by plunging violently downward only to be seen after a short interval rising slowly to the surface where he floats belly upward and is secured by the fisher. Thrown into the uncontaminated water at the bottom of the canoe, the fish soon recovers from the effect of the poison. If, on the other hand, he is not thus revived, he soon dies, and according to the natives the fish thus dying becomes tainted before he can be cooked. The juice of the plant, in quantity up to a teaspoonful, seems to have no appreciable effect upon the human system when taken in the digestive tract; and one who swims in water charged sufficiently to stupefy every fish will notice nothing except a slight acidity of no very appreciable effect upon the conjunctiva, when the eyes are open under water.

In some of the islands of the region a vegetable arrow poison is made with a secrecy which so far has defied detection. A fibrous root is used which there seems some good ground to suppose is the root of a climbing vine. This is macerated by chewing and the fibrous part is put into a jar where it is boiled in sea water with about three portions of unripe bananas or plantains until the result is a stiff paste. This carefully preserved in tightly stoppered cocoanut shells is diluted with sea water whenever it is needed for use. The paste has a yellowish green color and a pungent odor, the thinly diluted poison as ready for use has a decided red tinge and no perceptible odor. The bone arrow tips are soaked in poison for several hours before a war party starts out on a raid. The effect of the poison is noted as almost immediate, the person hit with such an arrow falls dead within a few minutes and in a remarkably short space of time the *rigor mortis* sets in, rarely more than an half hour after death. Dissection of several cadavers showed the heart to be empty of blood except a slight bloody froth in the left ventricle, the fine vessels of lung and brain highly surcharged and in general throughout the body the greater proportion of the blood to be in the capillaries. Very close search in the forests of several islands where this poison is in vogue failed to reveal any plant known to possess such morbid qualities and particularly is it to be noted that no plant can be found at all resembling the suspected source of the Venezuelan Woorari.

If in general it be true that Sub-Papuan society presents little field for the exercise of the poisoner's art there is yet one class of instances in which it is very commonly exercised. A man in the scheme of uterine heredity may not marry a woman of his own marriage class. Native villages commonly consist of people of but one marriage class, for among such alone is free intercourse possible. The chief of a village therefore has to select his wife from a neighboring village where the marriage class is one permitted him. It may in time happen that the chief oppresses the village of his wife's nativity, may harry the people with constant raids or may commute their miseries by a monthly tribute of bodies to be eaten. The wife's sympathies are of course naturally on the side of her own people and she

will incline a ready ear to their prayer that she remove the oppressor. Being not only queen but cook as well this is easily within her power and many instances of poisoning on this account are related by the people. The poison most in vogue for this purpose is described as contained in a leaf which some say is borne on a small bush. These leaves are kept at a slow boil for several days until many armfuls of the leaves have been boiled down into a pint of liquor. This is allowed to filter through several thicknesses of the native cloth until it is a clear fluid with much the characteristic green color of absinthe and no noticeable odor. Until needed for use it is stored in cone shells carefully stoppered with bread-fruit gum. The method of use is said to be the plugging of a yam, dropping in a little of the poison and replacing the plug; then as the yam cooks the poison penetrates every part of it and yet cannot be detected by the sense of taste. So deadly is this poison that if only six drops be cooked into a three-pound yam one mouthful of the food means success to the poisoner. The symptoms of poisoning of this sort are at first a sleep approaching coma which makes its appearance in about an hour after the administration of the poison. This sleep lasting from three to six hours, according to the constitutional strength of the patient, is ended by violent spasms and lock-jaw and death soon after. The authority for this report of the poison and its effects rests upon the credibility of native informants, for probably no reliable white man has seen a case of the sort. But as many natives from widely separated parts of the region tell the same story in all its essential details, it is probable that the account is substantially accurate.

Last of the vegetable poisons here noted should be mentioned the bamboo which though innocent of any toxic principle, yet is made to serve the poisoner's end. Its cortex is highly siliceous and is the universal substitute for a knife among these people who know not the art of working metals. Carefully slivered from the soft wood of the stem and beaten in a mortar this cortex for the purpose of secret murder appears in the form of minute spiculae of flint which are plentifully sprinkled over the food and drink. The intention is that the spiculae being taken into the system may pierce the bowels and cause

death by peritonitis. The natives say that this is uncertain in its effects and hardly to be relied upon.

There are many poisonous fish in the waters which bathe the shores of these island. Some of them are poisonous everywhere, most of them, however, are only locally thus dangerous. Of two coves side by side, separated only by a narrow headland and with uninterrupted access from each to the same body of sea some of the fish caught in one cove will be perfectly harmless and very good eating while in the next bay fish of the same genus and species will be highly dangerous to the consumer, always painful and in some cases causing death. The difference can be accounted for only on the supposition that one cove supplies the fish with some poisonous article of food not to be found in the other. These poisonous fishes are made use of by the Sub-Papuans in the preparation of a poison which acts in the same manner as the accidental poisoning resulting from the careless eating of the fish only with ten-fold more force because the poison is concentrated. A number of fish known to be poisonous are boiled in fresh water until they have completely lost all consistency, the boiling process is continued over a slow fire until very little of the liquor remains. This is drawn off by itself and the remaining contents of the vessel are squeezed to extract every drop of fluid from them. The liquor is then carefully strained and leached through clean wood ashes. This product must be used at once for in a very short time it will undergo decomposition and thereby become useless. It is a limpid fluid with a markedly bitter taste such as necessitates much care in disguising it when it is to be administered. The fatal dose seems to be about a teaspoonful. Its first effect is to produce drowsiness lasting for nearly an hour during which time the patient though longing to sleep does not lose consciousness, to this suddenly succeeds a brief period of exhilaration during which first the abdomen and then the head are seen to swell. Unconsciousness soon supervenes, the head swells still more, the soft tissues of the throat, the base of the nostrils and the infraorbital region being particularly puffed out, while the whole scalp feels as though it were floated clear of the skull on a cushion of water. Internally the fauces are particularly swollen, the mouth and tongue become

dried and hard, the latter sometimes splitting. In about thirty-six hours the patient dies, sometimes from suffocation the direct result of the swelling and sometimes with every symptom of serous apoplexy.

The poisons which remain to note are two used in poisoning arrows, both derived from the human subject in a state of decomposition, both having the same effect and differing only slightly in the mode of preparation. This matter therefore first calls for description. In some parts of the Salomon islands, the cadaver is placed on a hurdle of loosely woven reeds beneath which are set large bowls of hard and polished wood. As the fluids of decomposition drip from the body exposed to the fierce rays of the tropical sun they fall through the hurdle into the bowls beneath and when no more fluids are produced the contents of the bowls are carefully gathered up, leached through clean wood ashes and stored away in the convenient cone shells until the arrows are prepared for use by being steeped in the liquor. The other practice which is found on the New Hebrides is to stick the body full of arrow-tips, three-inch lengths of bone ground down to the thickness of a slate pencil and evenly tapered. When the decomposing body has fallen apart the arrow tips are carefully collected and wrapped up out of harm's way until needed. The poison is just as deadly after it has been in the bone for a year as when fresh, and it would be hard to say how long it does endure. Just before being shot these arrows poisoned from the human subject are dipped into salt water on the plea that it increases the deadly principle.

The following notes of a Tanna man wounded by such an arrow on the left upper arm will show the general features of the progress of the poison :

The wound was only a flesh wound, but the style of the arrow showed it to be poisoned. Accordingly with all possible haste and certainly within the next ten minutes the wound and to the depth of a quarter of an inch below it was excised by the galvano-cautery, and the arm was dressed. During the remainder of that day the patient was treated with at first a moderate dose of sweet spirits of nitre to allay any fever of operation

and later with small doses of brandy to keep the system toned up. On the second morning the patient complained of a dull aguish feeling nowhere definitely located, but general throughout the system. This was met by quinine with increased allowance of spirits, pulse somewhat sluggish, appetite dull, but patient was induced to eat yams and taro to the usual amount. The wound on the arm called for no further attention. On the third morning the patient's pulse was considerably above the normal accompanied by a slight increase of temperature, the skin however, remaining moist to the touch. The aguish feelings continued to be manifested and the appetite was strong although a very little quantity of the usual farinaceous food seemed to satisfy for a while; throughout the day the patient called for some yam at about three-hour intervals. The wound on the arm was again dressed and seemed to be progressing favorably. The patient called attention to an angry pustule on the abdomen about an inch and a half below the navel surrounded by a considerable area of inflammation very sore to the touch. Sweet spirits of nitre was administered followed after an interval by increased doses of quinine. A local linseed poultice was applied to the inflamed area. Four hours later the pustule discharged about a tablespoonful of a greenish slimy matter very offensive in odor and the inflammation had extended over the whole abdominal region. An application was made to the sore of a mercurial ointment which had been found of use in the corrosive sores frequently met with in the islands. On the fourth morning the patient was very weak, pulse irregular, temperature subject to sudden fluctuations, no appetite, complaint of great pain about the bowels. The sore which had appeared the day before had developed rapidly during the night and now exhibited a ragged perforation of the abdominal wall fully an inch in diameter, exposing the intestines to view. During the remainder of the treatment of the case nothing was done further than to keep the offensive aperture wet by compresses charged with a dilution of phenol sodique. The patient died in great agony that day, seventy-six hours after the poison was taken into the system. Other cases noticed presented a similar history and those both native and white who had had the

opportunity of observing the effect of this arrow poison said that it was in every way a typical case.

Still other poisons are in use among the Sub-Papuans, but the secrecy of the women is so strictly preserved that it is impossible to speak of their preparation or their action. In these notes appears only the record of things actually seen or so universally attested by the natives of many distinct groups as to be worthy of credence.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

ARTICLE V.—OPEN QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH PHILOLOGY.

It would be an interesting historical study, within the sphere of language, to trace the progress of English Philology as a science and a scientific pursuit from its humble origin in the Augustan Age down to the present decade; from the initial and imperfect labors of Crocker, Bailey, Ainsworth, and Doctor Samuel Johnson to the latest scholarly results in this department. When Jonathan Swift, in 1711, sent to the Earl of Oxford "A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining (making sure) the English Tongue," he may be said to have presented the earliest English philological pamphlet, and, in a crude and general form, to have opened the way for that truly scientific study of English which, at present, enlists the interest and stirs the pride of every English scholar. English Philology is now a science among sciences; well established and rationally studied, and has long since done with apology and defence.

English Philology, as all other sciences, may be said to be made up of settled and unsettled questions. 'Tis so in philosophy, natural and mental; in the science of politics, and in sociology, and even in theology itself. Some things in Scientific English, as in general philology, are settled, else it would not be scientific, and, as such, are quite outside the province of renewed discussion. This is true despite the fact that in this, as in every science, there are some minds with whom nothing is settled and who spend their energies in the investigation and attempted confirmation of issues long since fixed and so understood to be. Theology is not the only sphere in which some men refuse to acknowledge that there is fundamental truth. We speak to-day, however, of the unsettled problems, the open questions, in English Philology; felt to be such by the large majority of English scholars; and that, after the most candid and painstaking examination of their nature, scope, and bearings.

It is our purpose, in the present paper, to call attention to four or five of these questions, most of which, however, must be dismissed with a few words. Our object is that of suggestion and stimulus rather than that of comprehension and elaborate treatment, and we shall have accomplished our end, if scholarly interest is awakened on such questions and helpful comment elicited.

Among the pending questions that might be enumerated and examined, had we the time, are such as,—the possible or probable universality of any one language, involving the discussion of the claims of English thereto; the vexed and pressing question of English Orthography, involving the claims of Phonetic Spelling, as presented by the joint action of the English and the American Philological Associations; the question of an Accented or an Unaccented text as applied to the editing of our earliest MSS.—whether we shall follow Grein, Zupitza, and Sievers in accenting, or follow Wülker, in his Revision of Grein, as he omits the accent;—the question of English Metrical structure, as developed by Schipper, Gvest, Lanier, and others; the question of the relation of English to the other Teutonic tongues, especially to the Gothic, the Icelandic, and Friesic; and finally, whether the original uninflected English would have become, as it now is, an uninflected tongue quite apart from Roman, Danish, and Norman influences.

1. *The Question of English Philological Nomenclature.*—We refer here, especially, to the correctness or incorrectness of such terms as Anglo-Saxon, Semi-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and to the propriety or impropriety of substituting the one word “English,” as applicable to each of the different periods into which our speech may be historically divided. It is patent to all scholars, that the present use of these terms is vague and confusing, and that a more simple and accurate terminology is desirable. The tendency of philological opinion seems to be in the direction of such simplicity, in the use of the one word “English.” It is justified by the demands of historical accuracy, by a scholarly study of the language, either logically or chronologically, and by analogy, as in French and German and other continental tongues. On this principle, we should speak of First-English, in place of Anglo-Saxon; meaning, thereby, the period extending from the

first Teutonic invasion, 449 A.D., to the Norman Conquest, 1066, or, possibly, to the close of the Chronicle, 1154. It is thus that Prof. Morley, in his *English Writers*, Vol. II., says—"In these volumes, I use, throughout, Anglo-Saxon and First English as equivalent terms, with a preference for the homely form, First-English." Dr. Sievers, as edited by Prof. Cook, prefers the term, Old English, and calls his grammar Old English Grammar, confirming his usage by that of the Chronicle, of Alfred, Aelfric, and the earliest Bible versions.

On this basis, also, the current names, Semi-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, would give place to one of such names as, Early English, Transition English, or Middle English, marking the period from the close of the Chronicle to the opening of the Elizabethan era, 1550 A. D. Such a substitution would seem to be desirable and feasible, the main difficulty with many being the settlement of the beginning of Modern English; whether with Chaucer, our first national poet, or with the Elizabethan authors, or, as some insist, later still, in the time of the Addison essayists.

Can we do any better, after all, than follow the analogy of the German and speak of Old English, Middle English, and Modern English, covering, respectively, the periods, 449-1154; 1154-1550; 1550-18—.

2. *The Question of the Foreign Element in the English Vocabulary.*—We emphasize the vocabulary as distinct from the structure, it being conceded, that the grammatical structure of the English of to-day, the presence of inflections apart, is substantially what it was in the days of Alfred and Layamon. What proportion of our words, as words, is still native? Is the native element in the preponderance, as we have hitherto held, or is it in abeyance and increasingly so, as the scientific study of the language advances? The discussion at this point was never sharper than it is now; the tendency, unquestionably, being to reduce the native element to a minimum in favor of a more and more pronounced foreign infusion. Not only are our old classical friends contesting the ground, but some of the other branches of the Indo-Europeans are just beginning to discover, as they judge, that they have a far more important position among the components of our all-embracing English

than historic criticism has accorded them. We allude, especially, to the claims of Celtic and Scandinavian scholars. Mr. Grant Allen, in his treatise on Anglo-Saxon Britain, stoutly combats the prevailing view as to the large Teutonic element in Saxon and Southern Britain, and contends for the large infusion of Celtic blood and speech, arraying, in proof, Prof. Huxley, as an anthropologist, against Mr. Freeman, as an English historian. Even in so dispassionate a study as linguistics, we all know that there is, at times, the philological craze. We are living, at present, in the Golden Age of the Celtic Craze, it being now seriously maintained by Celtic enthusiasts, that most of the best authors in English Letters, Shakespeare included, are of Celtic stock. "Almost all Englishmen of the present day," says Allen, "possess at least a fraction of Celtic blood." So, in an elaborate work on the "Englishman and the Scandinavian," by Mr. Metcalfe, we are told, that it is his purpose to "disenchant us of the illusion that we are English and Saxon. Referring, at first, to what he correctly calls the strong Scandinavian tinge of Beowulf, he persists in emphasizing before our view the rapid deepening and spreading of the tinge until it suffuses the entire body of English speech.

The Latin-French element in English is so marked and so valuable that every English scholar will cautiously utter any dissent, and yet, even here, the zeal of many linguists is not "according to knowledge," when they tell us with Weisse and others, that this element makes up full one-half, if not six-tenths, of our modern English vocabulary. In fine, is not the present tendency to reduce the percentage of native words to about three-tenths, a more dangerous and unwarranted extreme than the old one of Sharon Turner and others to make it seven-tenths? Is it too much for us, as English philologists, to contend for the substantive presence of five-tenths of our words as native? On this basis, is not all necessary concession made to Celt, Scandinavian, Norman-French, and Latin-French, and Greek, and to those various additional languages, Indo-Germanic and Shemitic, that have made incidental contributions to our speech? This much, at least, would seem to be true, that the claims of the English vocabulary to what is legitimately its own must be strenuously pressed and preserved. "It is

worthy of note," says Dr. Murray of London, "that of the whole English vocabulary on record since the twelfth century (as far as A and B shows), more than three-fourths is still in current use," so that "the general fact furnishes striking evidence of the controlling identity of our language during seven centuries."

3. *The Question of Linguistic Methods in English Philology.*—One of the prime questions now under discussion in the various departments of scholarly work, is that of method. In education, secondary, collegiate, and professional, what is the best plan of procedure, and have we, as yet, as educators, reached it? In all branches of language-study, in what line shall we proceed to reach the most beneficent ends? Is the "natural method," so called, as applied now to the ancient languages in some quarters, and, especially, to the modern European tongues, the best one?

As to English Philology, how shall we best study or teach the language, scientifically? Conceding that all such study must be grammatical and textual; historical and comparative; technical and etymological; which of these shall be made prominent in the best work of the English student? In a paper published in the *Princeton Review*, Oct. 1874, Prof. March suggestively writes: "As to the method (of linguistic study) attention is now given more to the meaning and less to the memorizing of forms," in other words, if we interpret Dr. March correctly, more to the sense and less to the structure, studying language, mainly, as the author adds, "in its relations to the pursuit of truth and the expression of it." Shall we study English as Dr. Taylor of Andover insisted we should study the classics, or shall we adopt a less critical and a freer method? Further, and especially, to what extent, in such a language as ours, so rich in authorship and objective literary product, should the literary modify the linguistic? Prof. Gildersleeve, in the *Princeton Review*, 1883, has called our attention, in a very happy way, to what he calls—Grammar and Aesthetics. How far should the aesthetic affect the grammatical, or, more broadly, the literary affect the linguistic? Dr. March, in his little manual, *The Method of the Philological*

Study of the English Language, has happily, to our mind, solved many of the difficulties of this problem, though others still insist upon a different procedure.

4. *The Question of the Relation of British English to American English.*—Noah Webster, in 1828, published what he called, an American Dictionary of the English Language; stating, later in his life, that he believed a “future separation” of these two forms of English to be “necessary.” We have on the one hand, what Prof. Schele de Vere has called, Americanisms, and, on the other, what Richard Grant White has called, Britticisms, each having distinctive type and function. When points of difference are pressed, we are told that America has a national character of its own, as affecting national speech; that it has its own climatic conditions and influences, as modifying vocables and utterance; that it is especially subject to the complex agencies of continental and Asiatic immigration, and that, as a matter of fact, it is definitely marked from the English of England, as to accent, pronunciation, dialects, and scholarly usage. Pressing, however, the points of similarity, it may be urged, that there is, after all, a substantial oneness of national spirit, based on a common lineage, increasing intercommunication and a common historic destiny; that political, social, and industrial interests are confirming the process of linguistic and literary fusion, and that even the old dialects themselves are fast wearing away in England under the influence of national English as founded by Chaucer and his followers. It is, in fact, this question of dialects that is vitally connected with the general question now before us. One of the most helpful treatises that marked the awakening of English Philology as a science, was that by Mr. Ellis of England on “The English Dialects in Great Britain and America,” implying, by the phraseology, that there is a dialectic American English, as there is a dialectic British English, in Northumbria and Kent. Prof. Whitney, in his “Language and the Study of Language,” has given us important suggestions in this direction, although we are not always sure whether the word dialect is used throughout the discussion as sharply distinct from the word provincialism or localism. A Dialect Society has recently been formed in

America with reference to the study of American Dialects as distinct from British and as related to them. We start the query here. Have we at all any such linguistic product as an American Dialect, as they have in Great Britain, the Yorkshire Dialect or the Lowland Scotch? We are well aware, that not a few of our linguists are now claiming that the Negro speech of the South is, out and out, dialectic. To this opinion we do not demur. This apart, however, have we anything American, in the general line, that lies outside of the provincial? The question of the present and the possible future relation of American English to British English is largely dependent on the answer given to the subject of dialect. If, as Prof. Whitney tells us, "the time may come when the English Language in America and the English Language in Britain will exhibit a noteworthy difference of material form and usage," how noteworthy, we may ask, will that difference be, and how far will it confirm the prophecy of Noah Webster, that the two languages will more and more widely separate. "A man's foes may be those of his own household." The Mother-tongue and the Daughter-tongue may become estranged.

These are a few of the open questions of English Philology as they lie before our mind, while it occurs to us to say, that upon all such questions increasing light is falling as scientific philology advances. While new questions of difficulty will ever arise along the lines of linguistic inquiry, these older questions, however open, should gradually find their place among the settled facts of our study. As the emerging of new problems indicates philological progress, so does the adjustment of existing ones indicate no less clearly such a progress; and it seems to us safe to say, that there is no department of scholarly investigation in which this double process of elimination and of addition is more normal and healthful than it is within the department of Philology. Philology will compare favorably in this respect, with philosophy, education, ethics, and economics, and finds its stability and stimulus alike in these respective questions as settled and unsettled. Agitation, here, as elsewhere, is the condition of advance and final adjustment. We stand as linguists, to-day, on safer and higher ground than ever; and while we know

more, as linguists, than we ever knew, we also know better than ever before what we do not as yet know and what it is the purpose of students of language to ascertain and establish. We revert, in closing, to the thought with which we opened—the safe because scientific progress that English Linguistic study is now making and the promising future that lies before it.

One particular element of this progress and promise, second as we think to no other, is the new and intelligent interest awakened in the earlier periods of our speech—in Old and Middle English.

From the time of Leland and Parker, Joscelin and Camden and Junius, Whelock and Rawlinson, Thwaite, Hicks and Wanley, on through the labors of Bosworth, Thorpe, Green, and Heyne of Halle, English Philology, in its oldest periods, has been in no need of defenders, and yet, from the beginning of the publications of the Early English Text Society, down to the present, the list of these workers has greatly enlarged, and their enthusiasm increased. English scholars are asking, as never before, for what Mr. Elton would call, *The Origins of the English Language*, and are not content to prosecute a scientific study of the home speech that does not begin with the beginning. English is thus not only brought into harmony with classical and modern European Philology, but is made to rest, as a science, upon the only safe foundation. American scholars are at length thoroughly alive to the interests of earlier English, as attested by the successful labors of Cook and Corson, Hart and Harrison, Garnett and March. Established as a study, in 1818, at the University of Virginia, under the personal agency of Thomas Jefferson, it has found its most pronounced and honored advocate in the person of Prof. March, through whose writing and successful efforts on its behalf scores of America's younger linguists have been stimulated to devote themselves to its interests.

The celebrated Max Müller entitles his latest linguistic work, *The Science of Thought*; and we close with the suggestion, that among all the open questions of Philology, Comparative or Special, Shemitic or Aryan, the question of that treatise, the true relation of thought to speech, may perchance, be the

weightiest. If, as we are told, "with the advance of the science of language we may expect a coördinate change in the methods of psychology," what, we ask, is the *psychologic* element in speech?

If Monsieur Cousin is right in calling "words the manifestation of the absolute," we are working, after all, as philologists, within a section of the domain of the mental and the ethical. English speech is the embodiment of English thought, personality, character, and life. Philology is one of the Philosophies. It is the "Science of Thought."

T. W. HUNT.

**ARTICLE VI.—THE SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL
BASIS OF IMMORTALITY.**

THE question, "If a man die shall he live again"? has ever been and must ever be one of profound interest to men. The prevailing spirit of any age will determine the mental attitude of men toward such a problem, and their readiness to receive or to reject a doctrine of immortality. The men of a credulous age who are ready to believe in the realization of the desire of the heart or in the substantial reality of the form which appears in a dream of the night, will believe a doctrine of immortality without much evidence. The men of a sceptical age, especially if inclined to materialism, will demand the reappearance of a material body bearing "the print of the nails," the visible marks of past form before they will believe.

The men of a scientific age will approach this question in the reverent spirit of Science, seeking to ascertain the source of the question, which is of itself significant, and to find an answer which rests upon known facts or upon recognized scientific conditions. We may, therefore, ask: Does the science of our day recognize any sufficient basis for the doctrine of immortality? "To be," says Lotze, "means to stand in relations," that is to say, what any thing is or is to become is not determined simply by its own nature but also by the sphere of its relations and by the objects with which it is related by means of correspondence. "All organic beings," says Mr. Darwin, "have been formed on two great laws, unity of type and the conditions of existence. In fact, the conditions of existence is the higher law." That is to say, the permanence and the perfection of every organic being depends upon its finding and fulfilling the conditions of its existence.

An acorn is a potential oak; but it cannot abide simply as an acorn, for the very forces of nature which will build up an oak will burn up a lifeless acorn; and it cannot become an oak except as it comes into receptive correspondence with soil and sunshine, rain and air. The tiny oyster which floats away

from the gills of its parent has a possible development and a possible period of duration ; but unless it finds a lodging place where it can correspond with its appropriate environment, it will neither become a perfect oyster nor continue to exist as a germ, but will be resolved into its component elements.

A bird, in the shell, has a possible mature form ; but it will only continue to be and attain maturity of form as it comes into vital correspondence with the world which lies without the shell. Correspondence in the proper sphere of relations is absolutely essential to the continuance and to the perfection of all forms of organic life.

"There is a striking parallelism in the laws of life throughout time and space." We find, as a matter both of observation and of experience, that the development of mental life is conditioned ; unless there are objects which stand in relation to the mind and which impress themselves upon it through the senses, and upon which the mind lays hold by perception, memory, and judgment, there can be no mental growth, and, so far as we know at least, no mental permanency. The moral powers of the soul cannot develop without an environment of personal beings who call forth faith and love, reverence and service. These moral qualities also if left without environment would cease to exist. Immanuel Kant has pointed out this fact. He says, "This supposed substance (the soul) may, if not by decomposition, by gradual loss (*remissio*) of its powers, consequently by elanguescence, if I may employ this expression, be changed into nothing. For consciousness itself has a degree which may be lessened and so with all other faculties."

With these facts before us, we may well ask the question whether there is any scientific basis of immortality. Science of course can pass no positive sentence upon anything which is not an object of knowledge ; but Science can say, from that which is known, what would be the necessary conditions of immortal life.

According to biological and psychological science there are two conditions which must be realized, if there be an eternal life. (a) There must be an appropriate, eternal, and unchangeable environment with which living beings may correspond, if moral, mental, and vital powers are to exist forever. (b)

There must be, in any created being, a capacity of entering into correspondence with such an environment and the attainment of such correspondence if it is to endure forever.

If there is in the universe no form of existence but such as is changeable, transient, and perishable, there can be no eternal correspondence, and, therefore, no eternal life. If there is any creature which has capacity only to correspond with that which is transient and perishable there can be for that creature no eternal life.

Science demands that there should be an eternal underlying Being, and relation and correspondence with that Being, as the condition of perfect and permanent life. Mr. Spencer says: "Perfect correspondence would be perfect life. Were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge." And we may add that if such existence is to be a moral one there must be a moral environment.

According to this scientific conception also only that which enters into correspondence with the abiding environment would abide; for as Mr. Darwin says: "Natural selection acts so as to produce that which endures."

And Lotze says: "That will last forever which according to its excellence and its spirit must be an abiding part of the order of the universe. What lacks that preserving worth will perish."

According to these scientific conditions, perfect and permanent correspondence with a perfect and permanent environment would constitute and secure immortal life.

This scientific basis of eternal life is precisely the basis upon which the Scriptures base the doctrine of Christian immortality.

According to the Scriptures, the self-existent and eternal God who only hath immortality hath given to His Son, Jesus Christ, to have life in himself, and hath made him the medium through which men may come into abiding correspondence with Himself and may thereby live forever. To know the only true God and Jesus Christ—that is to know by communion or correspondence—is eternal life. This knowledge is the

knowledge of love, which has in it reverence, and faith, devotion, and obedience. "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." The man who knows God thus is brought into perfect and permanent correspondence with that perfect and permanent environment which perfects, and therefore, makes permanent the essential elements of his nature, and which fits him, according to Lotze's philosophical conception, to be a part of a coherent system of things which must forever abide.

The conception of the New Testament is that the visible world with which man may limit his correspondence is destined to pass away, but God will abide amid all mutations, and all evanescences, and he who is in communion with God will abide forever. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof"—the outward form and the inward desire—"but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Dr. Dörner speaking in the name of theology says: "Accordingly everything depends on the communication of the divine life to man being assured. This is only secured to Christians through Christ. Here, therefore, it is sufficient to have recognized the possibility of the soul's immortality, and its destination for this."

St. John speaking in the name of Christianity says: "And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath the life."

This leads to the statement of the single and simple truth, which this Article is intended to set forth and to emphasize, namely, that the conditions of immortality which science demands, and which philosophy declares to be sufficient, are the very same conditions as those upon which the Christian Scriptures base the doctrine of eternal life. The Christian basis of immortality is preëminently a scientific basis of immortality.

WILLIAM W. McLANE.

ARTICLE VII.—CHURCH MUSIC.

THE difficulty of securing satisfactory church music arises in large degree from the requirements of public worship. For ordinary occasions we can draw on all feelings and all shades of feeling, range at will among them, exercise liberty in expressing them. The problem of the concert room, the opera house, the place of entertainment of whatever kind, is broad and correspondingly easy of solution. In the church, the case is different. We have before us a lofty but limited purpose. If we deal with a variety of emotions we deal with them under limitations. Over all must dominate religious sentiment, penetrated through and through with the thought of God and of human destiny. The realities out of which our emotions spring give to them a distinct quality to which the music that would awaken or express them must conform. This quality of sacredness belongs to every feeling of the house of God and the hour of worship. In church we may have joy, but it must be sacred joy; we may have fear, but it must be a holy fear; we may have love, but it must be of a divine quality; we may have triumph, but it must be in God; we may have discouragement, but it must not be desperation. Religious emotions differ from those not tempered by religious thought. Around the inner life of man is thrown in his devout moments a peculiar coloring. The problem of matching that color by musical tone is delicate and unique. Sacred music differs from other music in that it deals with emotions thus modified.

This fact imposes severe restrictions on musical composers, and on choir masters who have to exercise their judgment in selections, and on singers whose office it is to interpret musical compositions. The distinction between secular and sacred music is subtle enough to be easily lost sight of. The approach of one to the other may be so close, the transition from one to the other so gradual, and more than all the substitution of the one for the other, may oftentimes be so convenient or so in accord with the moods and tastes of all concerned,—composers, sing-

ers, choir masters, and congregations,—that we are compelled to be constantly on guard against the intrusion of worldliness by the way of music into the house of worship.

The danger of this is not so remote as one might infer from the apparent harmlessness of music in all its forms. This appearance of harmlessness is superficial and fraught with peril. We are peculiarly liable to be led astray on the emotional side, and music is a powerful factor in the emotional sphere. I have seen a seemingly reverent audience thrown into levity in the midst of a service by an unwise organ selection. The transition was so sudden and unpremeditated that no one seemed to know how it came, or to distinctly take note of it. Around the choir loft hang stealthy influences promotive of devotion or destructive to it. Some of these must be indicated in their proper place. But before I come to them, a second limitation should be suggested.

It is not enough that church music be sacred. It must adapt itself to the exigencies of each season of worship. The choice of pieces must harmonize with whatever else is said and done on that occasion. I do not mean by this that a single definite thought shall run through the whole service, but that while latitude is given for the play of all phases of feeling, there must be in each service a unity of impression, such as comes from the subordination of all parts to a prevailing spirit. With the increasing valuation of worship, and the increasing disposition to cultivate the spirit of worship, we cease to regard the music as a thing by itself, to be chosen at hap-hazard, without reference to other parts of the service. We have to discuss it as an act of worship in close relation to all the other acts of worship at that time and in that place; as an element in a harmonious whole; part of a psychologically connected service, which must move from first to last, with the progression of a symphony, the unity of an oration,—I might say the symmetry of a poem.

A religious service is a work of art. The problem is how to take the people as they are when they enter the church and studiously lead them, by suitable transitions of feeling, out of their unspiritual moods into divine contemplation, adoration, and life purposes. In helping to do this, the work of the choir

corresponds closely with that of the minister. It is of the same nature, and demands equally careful conduct. Its office is to awaken devout sentiments in the congregation and aid in their expression. That the work of the two may harmonize, the choir must choose from the material at its disposal that which, in word and musical quality, falls in with the impression which the pastor seeks now to produce. Otherwise, however excellent may be the musical part, judged by itself, we have a distracting effect.

If we keep in mind this use of music in public worship, we get a criterion by which everything which comes from the choir loft is to be judged. The question which singers and congregations are first to ask, in regard to any musical utterance, and from their inmost consciousness answer, is simply this : Does it awaken in us, or truly express for us, sentiments appropriate to the house of God and the hour of worship? Does it help our sense of divine things? Is this the chief effect? To this, all church music must aspire, and failing of this it must be discarded for a better kind. The moment we open the door to other than this strictly religious standard of judgment, we are exposed to manifold dangers. We can not afford to convert our churches into concert rooms for the display of musical art, nor for the gratification of musical taste as such, nor for the exhibition of phenomenal voices and professional skill. Musical art we must have if we would render the best sacred music in the most effective way for religious purposes ; a correct musical feeling will always be cultivated and a correct taste will always be met by well selected and executed compositions, born out of profound religious feeling in the hearts of composers ; professional skill is helpful if it be sanctified ; and phenomenal voices that submit to the proper limitations of use in public worship may render glorious service ; but the business of the house of God is the cultivation of religious feeling and the devout expression of it ; and the moment any one of the above or kindred motives begins to determine the musical parts of a service we are in danger of a worldliness which paralyzes worship.

Choristers need to exercise the most careful discrimination in regard to the sacredness of music. Not all slow and subdued

movements, with tender chords, can be counted as sacred, however religious the words set to the composition. I have to confess that not a small portion of such pieces, some of them favorites with choirs, fail to impress me religiously. They come to me with reminiscences of subdued scenes from the opera or of moonlight serenades of long ago, rather than of any specially holy moods I have experienced. Not that I have heard these particular pieces in operas and serenades; but they possess, as sung for instance by a quartette, the quality appropriate to such scenes. They are subdued, but not holy.

I might go on with my confession, and perhaps extort one from other frequenters of public worship. No voice is too good or too well trained for use in church, but much of the music introduced into our churches seems to have been written less with reference to stirring devout sentiments in the soul than to giving some favorite singer an opportunity to bring out an extra high note or some other individual peculiarity. Other so-called sacred compositions have the appearance of seeking to represent art as such, rather than any possible experiences of man in relation to God. Much of what passes current in our churches seems to have been written for the display of difficult combinations and intricate harmonies. Such pieces might possibly affect one differently when executed by the perfectly trained choirs for which they may have been written, but if undertaken by a choir not equal to the task, the result is far from devotional.

In any case, music of this character is not well suited to church use. It fixes attention on itself in a way which precludes the abandonment of singers or hearers to devotion. It has not, as a rule, the power to lift godward. The great movements of men's spirits are not represented by artistic elaborations, nor by phenomenal touches of light and shade, nor by strong dashes of color, but by expressions of medium tone and moderate range. Simplicity is the soul of art after all, and it is the soul of religion. The highest art in music, as everywhere, is that which attracts no attention to itself or to the performer, but compels one to follow the sentiment, lost to all else until the spell is past. Then one knows he has been moved but can scarcely tell how. In this simplicity lies the

power of the great chorals, of masterpieces in oratorios, of the grandest works of all composers, and of the chant, so nearly obsolete but so worthy to be revived. I think, perhaps, the best thing I have heard in a whole year past, considering it in the light of the demands of public worship, is an antiphonal chant.

There is a feeling abroad that our churches have, to an alarming extent, fallen into the concert mood; that the rivalry among music committees, or those whom they represent, to secure the most attractive singing, with too little regard to other considerations than that of drawing listeners—combined with the ambition of singers to do themselves credit by displaying their skill, and the facility with which congregations accept entertainment in place of religious inspiration—has brought us to a state in which we neither expect nor demand that the music of our churches shall move us to devotion. We listen that we may be gratified and may flatter ourselves over our choir, or that we may criticise voices and execution. We have become listeners and critics and have not learned to worship. Is this so? Does the spirit within us say it is so? If “yes,” then we have undergone the danger which we ought to dread.

How far may this state of things, if it exists, be ascribed to the quartette choir, with its conspicuous individualities, its too natural seeking after applause, and its want of a numerous company into which each member may become merged and lost, as the members of a chorus may do? How far is the unsatisfactory character of much of our church music due to the passion for the phenomenal, the exceptional, the difficult, rather than for music of medium range and massive character, adapted to chorus work, and more easily devotional, in so far, at least, as it is not showily complex and aspiringly artistic?

These questions are seeking an answer and are at the same time turning the minds of musical critics who are lovers of public worship, towards the restoration of the chorus to its old place in the choir lofts. It can not be denied that our churches are, to a considerable degree, failing to use music for its highest ends in worship. For some reason we miss the devotional quality and the devout effect. Witness for example a scene like this. On a recent notable religious occasion in a New England State, I saw one of the chief speakers for the evening

sitting, while *Te Deum* was being sung, listening with finger in air, body half turned to a lady in the pew behind him, calling her attention by wink and nod and hand sign whenever the chief soprano was making ready for one of those rushes to a high note, for which she was manifestly famous. To one who habitually feels that *Te Deum* were best sung while the congregation is on bended knees, such a state of mind seemed a pitiful desecration. This hymn, by the way, is in special favor with choirs. Would it not be better to reserve so long and grand a hymn for rare occasions which call for peculiarly sublime acts of praise.

That the choir of many voices can not afford to be elaborate is protection against the subordination of the worshipful element to the display of exceptional qualities of voice or remarkable skill. Where chorus music is used, not merely as a support or background for a few leading singers, but as the main vehicle of expression, the critical spirit finds less to feed on, and the worshiper more readily gives himself to the proper occupations of God's house.

Circumstances are combining to bring the possibilities of the chorus choir within easier reach than in former days. The movement towards a liturgy, in those churches which have hitherto had none, is favorable. These churches have for a long time been endeavoring to make music supply the lack of a liturgy. The prejudice against responses by the congregation has made it hard to introduce new elements into the service. If we might not say "Amen" to a prayer, nor join in a responsive prayer or litany, or in an audible confession of sin; nor with one voice avow our belief in the realities of faith before offering the prayer of faith, in what direction could worship be improved? In the main, of course, by increasing the work of the choir. It must do what we ought to permit the people to do. It must sing for them the Lord's Prayer, perhaps a collect, or even the creed. It must respond after the prayer. The result is that the music outbalances the rest of the service. The choir does too much, sometimes nearly all. Where it does so much, it must needs be fine.

With the passing away of prejudices against responses by the people, the choir may do a less conspicuous though not

less important part. When brought into proper balance with the share given to the people in a service largely responsive, the music may be briefer and in the main more simple. The chant may also be restored, as by its movement and hallowed associations one of the best expressions of religious feeling.

A second favoring condition is the increased number of persons in every community who are available for a volunteer chorus. In our search after phenomenal voices we overlook the fairly good ones. We complain of the scarcity of singers. In truth, we have cultivated a style of music which can only be sustained by professionals. When we are ready to adopt a different and for our purposes a superior style, we shall find that we have voices to render it. The possibility of a supply of such voices is strengthened by music teaching in our public schools. One on the look out among so many pupils can hardly fail to find enough for the demand. With some special training these will be ready.

As to how this training is to be provided I have a suggestion. Suppose that, instead of spending, in each church of a community, from five to fifteen hundred dollars per year, as under the present system, we were to coöperate in some such way as this. Let a choral society be formed in each church and the whole musical fund of the church be put into its hands. Let each society expend a considerable portion of this sum for an organist and for the services of a professional teacher of vocal music, whose duty it shall be to train the society as a whole in music almost exclusively sacred, *and in addition give to each individual the necessary vocal culture.** The societies should combine to employ the same professional teacher, and in this way pay enough to secure a first-class instructor, who would practically have charge of the choirs of the community. The honor of being at the head of a society would be sufficient for the chorister, who would be merely a leader. The social advantages to the mem-

*These words are made emphatic, because vocal culture, strictly speaking, is an essential feature of the plan. Each member of the choral society should have private instruction in voice culture, as distinguished from singing tunes. This instruction is the main inducement to regularity and the compensation for sacrifices connected with the work.

bers and their vocal training would be abundant inducement to them. The joint fund of these choirs would in many cases amount to several thousand dollars per annum, in some cases enough to sustain a flourishing school of sacred music. In each society there would always be a liberal residue to spend in purchase of musical works and in such other ways as might promote the objects of the organization, not forgetting prizes for attainment, and, if you please, a joint prize for the society which might be successful in a contest at an annual festival. I do not need to work out details. The plan seems feasible and to promise such church music as we need. How would it influence the development of musical talent and occasionally of musical genius? And what of its effect upon public worship?

EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THREE DRAMAS OF EURIPIDES.*—The Greek drama was strongly influenced by many theatrical conventionalities which are unknown to the modern stage and unfamiliar to the readers of to-day. It was based, also, on myths, and assumed beliefs and habits of thought and life which are almost forgotten. Even the professional philologist finds difficulty in placing himself in the mental position of the listeners in the great theatre of Dionysus at Athens, while the present generation in general knows less of mythology than the generations which were expected to recognize and appreciate allusions to "Cynthia's Seat," the sleeping Eudymion and a hundred more. Thus a simple literal translation of the great tragedies of Greece can hardly be popular and easy reading. No translation of Homer, even, seems satisfactory although the reader of the *Iliad* needs only to know the details of the story which the poet gives, while the accessories of the drama were both many and important.

Translators of Greek plays have been thrown into perplexity. Few readers have ever taken the so-called literal prose translations as anything but a key to aid in the interpretation of the Greek. Edward Fitzgerald, better known for his oriental work, made a readable paraphrase of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, and announced his principle in his preface: "This grand play, which to the scholar and the poet, lives, breathes, and moves in the dead language, has hitherto seemed to me to drag and stifle under conscientious translation into the living; that is to say, to have lost that which I think the drama can least afford to lose all the world over. And so . . . I came to break the bounds of Greek tragedy, then to swerve from the Master's foot steps." Fitzgerald's work has much of the Greek spirit, but of many of his choral odes only the barest hint is found in Aeschylus. Robert Browning gives us a translation of the same *Agamemnon*, on very different principles. "If because of the immense fame of the following tragedy," he says in his preface, I wished to acquaint myself with it, and could only do so by the help of a trans-

* *Three Dramas of Euripides*. By WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON. Boston, 1889.

lator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language. The use of certain allowable constructions, which happening to be out of daily favor are all the more appropriate to archaic workmanship, is no violence: but I would be tolerant for once,—in the case of so immensely famous an original,—of even a clumsy attempt to furnish me with the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear. . . . And lastly, when presented with these ideas, I should expect the result to prove very hard reading indeed, if it were meant to resemble Aeschylus." Browning was certainly right in the anticipation of this last-quoted sentence. Few English readers, without a knowledge of Greek, have completed the perusal of his *Agamemnon*, except as a curiosity or a task. Even the ordinary Sophomore would find the Greek original as convenient for the elucidation of Browning's translation, as the translation helpful in the reading of the Greek.

How then shall the ordinary reader attain a fair acquaintance with the Greek drama? Fitzgerald gives too much that is not found in Aeschylus, while Browning's Aeschylus hides the poet's meaning in obscure phrases. Can we do no better than to send the inquirer to an English play on the Greek model, like Milton's *Samson Agonistes*? Mrs. Browning's translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus, has indeed considerable grace and beauty, but her poetic inspiration was insufficient to balance her imperfect acquaintance with the delicacies of the Greek idiom.

In the book before us, Mr. Lawton has undertaken to translate three plays of Euripides—the *Alcestis*, *Medea*, and *Hippolytus*—and to supply with the translation whatever is most needed for the intelligent appreciation of these plays. His manner of work is familiar to many from his recent articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on Euripides (of which articles this book is a revised collection), the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, and Homer. He is a teacher but not a pedant. He esteems the English philology of Symonds above the German philology of Wecklein, but wisely strives to combine the two. He lays just emphasis on the necessity of understanding the background, the setting of the drama.

Mr. Lawton makes a brief statement on Greek scenic antiquities. He sketches the myth and sets forth the matters which are assumed in each play. He serves as a "chorus," in the Shaksperian sense, explaining the action and foretelling its consequences. A classical scholar naturally might prefer himself to read between the lines,

rather than to have all inferences and accompaniments thrust upon his attention. But many teachers will find here suggestive hints for making Greek plays more real to their classes, while unphilological readers will receive much untechnical information which will make the ancient theatre intelligible. Mr. Lawton takes the part of a teacher in putting the play upon the scene. He supplies stage directions. He illustrates freely from modern life,—from Salvini, Booth, William Morris, Schiller, Andrew Lang.

In details, some exceptions may be taken. The statement (on p. 16) that the tragic buskin "increased the natural height some eighteen inches," is certainly exaggerated; the actors did not stand on stilts, and probably the soles of the buskins were not (at most) more than four or five inches thick. On p. 95, the author says the Medea "won third prize," which is surely a vague way of expressing the truth that Euripides with this play had the third of place among three contestants, i. e. he failed. In his attempt to "give both the form and the spirit" of the play, Mr. Lawton's imagination sometimes carries him too far, and he makes Theseus actually lay hands on his son Hippolytus, and says that many step forth from the royal suite (p. 238) to follow the prince,—acts that are not required by the text. His remarks on the unities of the Greek stage fail to set forth the true foundation of these laws. The unity of action in any drama is required by art. The unities of time and of place were required in general in the Greek theatre, since in general the chorus was present in the orchestra during the entire play, after the prologue. Naturally, then, with the chorus before their eyes, the spectators could not imagine a change of scene from Sparta to Argos, or a lapse of years between different scenes of a play. These unities of time and place thus do not seem to belong to the art of the Greek drama but to be determined by the conventional accessories of the play.

The worst slip of the book in the matter of Greek religion is on p. 180, where Nemesis seems to be at first the goddess who declares that "full atonement in suffering must be paid by every man not only for his own sins, but also for all the crimes of his ancestors," and later the divinity who decrees that "constant prosperity, however innocent, must surely lead to a precipitate and ignoble fall." The duty of the Greek Nemesis was to *humble the proud*,—not to bring punishment upon criminals or destruction upon innocent prosperity. A similar oversight is that by which Apollo is made out to be weaker than Heracles, because the latter

overcomes Death, before whom Apollo withdraws (merely in order to avoid pollution).

The translation is not always happy, and sometimes (not often) fails to catch the exact force of the Greek, and apprehend the entire situation, but in general both translation and explanations are accurate. The treatment of Euripides is sympathetic. The style of the translation is simple, and well suited to the familiar manner of the Greek poet. For the *Alcestitis*, most English readers will prefer Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure*, but perhaps no other work gives the ordinary uncritical reader so satisfactory a view of Euripidean tragedy as the work before us.

BISHOP FOSTER'S STUDIES IN THEOLOGY.*—In these three portly and handsome volumes Bishop Foster has canvassed the range of questions which are fundamental to Christian Theology. The first volume is philosophical, dealing with the nature and method of knowledge, the source of theological truth and the function of reason in its ascertainment. The volume which comes next in order is apologetic, treating of the themes which are comprehended under the title, *Christain Evidence: Prophecy, Miracles, the Adaptation of the Gospel to human needs and the Testimony of Experience to its truth*. The third volume is theological in the strict sense and presents the usual arguments for the existence of God with refutations of anti-theistic theories.

These are volumes of unquestionable ability, learning, and candor. The positions taken are well considered and defensible and are defined and supported in clear and eloquent language. The author is free from all narrowness and bitterness, which, unhappily, characterize and vitiate so much of our apologetic literature, and addresses himself to his great theme in a calm, sober and positive temper of mind. He honors reason, science, and criticism, and has too secure a faith in the Christian religion, to decry the application to its truths and records of the tests of reason and history. He quotes at length and with approval the statement of Dr. Charles Hodge regarding the use of reason in matters of revelation in which he affirms that reason is presupposed by revelation, is com-

* *Studies in Theology*. Three volumes: I. *Prolegomena; Philosophical Basis of Theology, or, Rational Principles of religious Faith*. II. *Evidences of Christianity; The Supernatural Book*. III. *Theism; Cosmic Theism, The Theism of Nature*, By Rev. RANDOLPH S. FOSTER, D.D., LL.D., a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Hunt & Eaton, New York: Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati. 1889. \$3.00 per volume.

petent to judge of the credibility of revelation and to test its evidence.

On the great problem of Theism, Dr. Foster's position is that "from the things which are known, by a law of reason, we are compelled to affirm the existence of an eternal, all powerful, and infinitely wise God, who is the free personal cause of whatever exists in time, himself only being external and underived. The proof is absolute and must stand while reason holds its throne" (*Theism* 442).

No doubt these volumes, in view both of their author's position and ability, will become a part of the curriculum required of candidates for the Methodist ministry in preparation for their examinations for orders; and we are confident that, not only the Methodist church, but the "Holy Catholic church" will be profited by the teaching of a ministry who shall be nourished by the study of such strong and wholesome thought.

GEORGE B. STEVENS.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

ARTICLE IX.—PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED IN BATTELL CHAPEL,
JUNE 24TH, 1890, BY PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

DR. THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY—what was his life in Yale College, and what was his work for it? Let me try to give you the simple story as best I may, and thus recall to your minds the thoughts and memories of other days. They will be inspiring memories and pleasant thoughts, I am sure, and will come to you most fittingly on this new anniversary of our University—the one which first follows the date of the ending of his long career.

I look backward in my thought, quite beyond the limits of my vision, to a fair autumn day in the year 1816, and I seem to see a slender, gentle youth coming forward with hesitation, and yet with confidence, to the doorway of entrance into the College life. His clear and penetrating eye bears witness of the intellect which illumines it, and his slightly bent figure suggests the scholarly habit and taste which soon make themselves manifest. Evidently of a cultured family and carrying in himself the inheritance of character and refinement, he wins the interest of all who test his fitness for the course of study which he desires to begin. Because of his name he is, of necessity, placed last in the list of the classmates who form the newly-entering company, but by reason of his power he gives promise at the outset of what is realized at the end. He is to be first among them all in the honors and successes belonging to the college years, and in the work and fame which pertain to the future. For the College itself and the students gathered within it for nearly half a century, he is to become a vitalizing, energizing force of intellectual and moral life. What an interesting day that autumn day was, when viewed as the opening of the com-

ing time. It was the beginning of a life-course, whose record will ever remain as a cherished possession of this home of learning. The youth, who passed within the gates as its hours were closing, was in later years the man whom we revered as he walked along his scholarly and Christian way, beneath the elms, and ever turned our thoughts to the higher things.

We may trace the influences which rested upon him as he entered on his College life as far back as the earliest days of the College history. In the year 1709, his great-grandfather on the paternal side took his Bachelor's degree from the Collegiate school which had been founded only nine years before. Eleven years later, in 1720, his ancestor of the same generation on the maternal side, was sent forth as a young graduate to begin his illustrious career. It seems more than a fancy or a dream of the imagination that, from these two men, there came down, through the century that intervened, the power which made his life what it was, and was to be. The intellectual and spiritual force which dwelt in Jonathan Edwards, and constituted the grand inheritance that he gave to his children, may well have passed, in somewhat of its fullness, to this descendant of his family, as it had done to others in an earlier generation. And the inspiration of the genuine spirit of the College itself could scarcely have failed to come to him from one who had breathed it into himself at the very beginning, as had Benjamin Woolsey. The youth had surely a noble birth-right, and there was, as we might almost say, a Divine pointing, far away in the distance, toward the sphere and the character of his work, when the time for it should arrive. With these influences of the past, those which surrounded him as he began his course of study in the College must have coöperated most happily. The men whom he met here were men of inspiring power, and men who, in the manliest and most generous way, had consecrated themselves to the institution. The chief among them was the great teacher of his generation—a man, according to the universal testimony of his contemporaries and pupils, of lofty character, of peculiar magnetic power, and of wonderful gifts of mind and heart. He was nearly allied by blood to the youthful student, and had been an object of his admiration in his earlier years. The life of this honored man came

to its end, indeed, a few months after the date of which we are thinking, but we cannot doubt that the relationship and association between the two had given, before the end, much of the best impulse for true living to the one who was so ready to receive it. The other teachers were the men, then in the freshness and vigor of their manly years, who carried forward the institution so brilliantly and successfully during the first half of the present century—Day and Silliman and Kingsley. These men were full of the scholarly life and spirit which was then beginning to be awakened in the country. They were enthusiastically given up to the studies which they had chosen, and as enthusiastically devoted to the interests of the students and the College. They had taken into themselves the spirit of the founders of the institution. They were heirs of its freedom, its genuineness, its love of true learning, and its honest Christian faith. They believed in it, and lived for it. The lessons which such men taught were lessons characteristic of the place. They spoke not only of learning in itself, but of this home of learning, and carried always to the student's mind the influence of the latter intermingled with the more general influence of the former. The atmosphere of the College was thus adapted to the youth who was enrolling himself in its membership. It quickened, as he breathed it, the life-powers which had been given him from his ancestors. The Divine working for the early development of his educated life was in the line of the Divine pointing long before it began. The manhood, which was to be the result, could scarcely realize in itself any other character than that which had been prepared for it. The inheritance and the education united in making the intellectual scholar fashioned after the Yale type and characterized by the Yale spirit.

Such, as we picture him to ourselves, was Dr. Woolsey in the autumn of 1816—a bright, intelligent, studious youth, just closing his fifteenth year, with a mind eager for knowledge, a heart full of good impulses, a soul deep and rich enough to receive into itself whatever might strengthen it for right living. The gifts imparted by nature to himself and those which were transmitted to him from his ancestry combined to fit him for a life of highest usefulness in the intellectual sphere. They

combined also, and in like measure, to make him ready, in his preparatory years, for everything pertaining to that sphere which could be offered to him. Once entered upon his College course, he gave himself readily and appreciatively to the appropriate work of the place. Immediately he took a prominent position as a scholar, commanding thereby the respect and esteem alike of his teachers and his fellow-students. He was retiring in his manner, unassuming in his disposition, indisposed to press himself forward. His intellectual clearness and vigor, however, were recognized by all. He grasped every subject, to which his thought was turned, with ease and with force. His mind was open on many sides. He was thoughtful, conscientious, earnest. He was sincere and truthful, having deep convictions, and being true to them with a manly honesty. He followed a quiet pathway through his college life, but it was a pathway of honor and success. He moved along his course in closest, yet friendly, rivalry with Solomon Stoddard, his classmate who afterwards stood in the foremost rank among the Latin scholars of his generation, and in kindly association with Leonard Bacon, who became one of the leaders of men for the fifty years that followed. He surpassed the former in his scholarly record in the college years, and won from the latter the word of commendation which pronounced him the first of the whole brotherhood of the class as a man of intellectual power.

On leaving College he gave himself, for a year, to the study of law under the instruction of the eminent jurist, Mr. Charles Chauncey, of Philadelphia, and then, for nearly two years, to the study of theology at Princeton. The former study he seems to have taken up for the purpose of mental discipline and the broadening of his education, but without any intention of entering upon the legal profession. The latter study was the one which he thought of as opening the way for him to the work of life. The Divinity School of Yale College was not established, as a separate part of the institution, when he went to Princeton, but after his return to New Haven as a Tutor in the College, in 1823, he was connected with the school for a year. He received license to preach near the end of his theological course, and we may believe that, for a

time, he regarded himself as a candidate for the preacher's office. His self-distrust, however, with reference to his fitness to reach the high standard of this office, as he conceived of it, made him hesitate to undertake its duties. Moreover, the scholarly tastes, which had grown stronger with the passing of the few years since his graduation, were turning his mind and his desires towards another sphere of life. We may not doubt, also, that the keen-sighted mind of Professor Kingsley, under whose charge the linguistic studies in the College were then placed, perceived the capacity for true scholarship which the young graduate possessed, and that he used his strong influence to secure him for the scholar's field. The call to the Tutorship therefore came to him, no doubt, as a helpful thing in the determination of the question respecting his future career. While the position would afford him the opportunity of further prosecuting studies which were congenial to him, it would also give him a quiet resting-time for reflection and decision. To the College officers his acceptance of their invitation must have been most satisfactory, for it made it possible for them to test thoroughly his powers as a teacher, as they had already tested his capabilities as a student. In those days, the Tutors, to whom the instruction of the three younger classes was almost entirely intrusted, took charge, each of them, of all the studies of a particular division of a class. They were thus unable to concentrate their time and attention upon one branch of learning, as they may do now. It is easy to believe however, that, so far as was possible, the new Tutor turned his thought to linguistic studies. That he was of service to his pupils, by reason of his high ideal of scholarship, as well as his faithfulness as a teacher, is evident from the success of his subsequent career and from the testimony of the time. He continued in his office for two years, and then laid down its duties that he might engage in further study. Fortunately he was not limited in means, as many of his associates were. His father was a man of handsome property for that day, and was thus able to afford the son the privilege of a life in the foreign Universities—a privilege the enjoyment of which was much less frequent then, than it is at present. He pursued his Greek studies—the studies to which he particularly devoted himself

—at Leipsic, Berlin and Bonn. In these places he came under the guidance and influence of the great Greek scholars of the period, Hermann, Boeckh, and Welcker. These learned and remarkable men were in the prime of life when he met them as a student—the oldest being fifty-six years old, and the others forty-three and forty-four. They were working under the impulse and inspiration of their growing fame. To sit in their lecture rooms and listen to their words was, for such a young man, a privilege indeed. With all the facilities which we now enjoy, and with the results of German learning so largely in our hands, we can scarcely realize what an impulse must have been given him, as he breathed the atmosphere of those Universities and received the instruction of their Professors. It was a *new world* for the *inner life* which he found himself continually entering, as he was passing three happy years in the *old world* of which he had often thought in the former days. It was a world in which he was always receiving new knowledge, new life-power as a scholar, and new thoughts which would become seed-thoughts for all the future. The best influence of a student's life abroad is this stimulating and quickening influence. But, in that day, this influence added its gift to a measure of learning which was inaccessible at home, and a twofold blessing was thus bestowed upon the receptive mind. We cannot doubt that the blessing came in both of its forms to the earnest young graduate and tutor from Yale.

When the three years of foreign residence and travel had come to their end, he turned his face homeward. These years, with all which they had given him in the matter of inspiration and of learning, had borne him forward towards the hour of inevitable decision as to his life's career. The self-distrust with reference to his fitness for the ministry of the gospel had not diminished. At the same time, his love for the scholar's work and his desire to devote himself to it had naturally, and as if of necessity, increased. He returned to America, therefore, with doubtful mind. The opportunities might not open in the direction in which his wishes were moving. He must wait for the light which a day still in the future might throw upon his pathway. The Divine call would come, no doubt, in its own time, but it was not as yet possible to hear it. His ex-

perience was like that of many a young scholar, since that day, who has left the student-years abroad with mingled joy and sorrow—joy in the brightness and certainty of the season just closing for him, and sorrow for the uncertainty and possible disappointment of the season just opening. For more than one of us here present to-day, the voyage homeward from the old world has been attended, as we may well remember, with the same questioning as to the summons of duty and the possibilities of the future. But the uncertainties must have been much greater sixty years ago than they are now, for that was a time of small things in the field of University education. Places were few, endowments were very limited, the public demands were in their beginnings rather than their fullness. College teaching was scarcely, as yet, in any such sense a profession that a young man could, without presumption, choose it for himself, after the manner in which he might choose one of the other professions. We are living to-day in a far happier period, in this regard, than that in which the determination of this youthful scholar's course had to be made.

The plan of God for his life, however, was developing itself, though its clear revelation was delayed a little. The labors, and even the questionings, of the years had not been without a purpose. The mind and character were fitted by them for the sphere which would be divinely opened, and in which all the preparation would work into large and rich results.

When he reached his home on his return from Europe, he was twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age. He seems not to have waited long before he received some signs of recognition as a scholar of promise. One or two offers were made to him of professorships, or permanent positions in different institutions of learning. But none of these offers seemed to him to bear in themselves the call of duty, and he declined them. I well remember the words which he said to me, thirty years afterwards, concerning one of these positions, when, on a certain day in 1858, I went to his room to consult with him respecting the offer of a place, which I had myself just then been asked to consider. "When I was young, as you are," he said, "I was called to a professorship in a distant state, and I was almost ready to accept it. But, by the blessing of God, I did

not accept it; and a little while afterwards I was called to New Haven, and my life has been spent here. Wait a little, as I did, if you *can* wait, is my advice to you.”—And by the blessing of God I followed his advice.

The little time passed by, and the way was opened for him to come to Yale College. He entered on the professorship of the Greek Language and Literature in the autumn of 1831, when he was just at the end of his thirtieth year. The faculty of the Academical Department of the College consisted at that time of five professors, besides himself, seven tutors, and the President. President Day and Professors Silliman and Kingsley had been in the service of the College, as permanent officers, since 1803 to 1805. They were, accordingly, in the faculty of instruction when he entered college, and had been in their work for more than ten years before that time. Professors Fitch and Goodrich had received their appointment after the death of Dr. Dwight, and at the beginning of Mr. Woolsey's Sophomore year. Professor Olmsted had entered upon his duties in 1825. The reception into their company and fellowship of such an intelligent and gifted student, and the establishment of a new chair for his occupancy, must have been a matter of deepest satisfaction to all these older professors. The foundation of a new chair was a rare thing in those days. The discovery of such a man is a rare thing in any age. There were three hundred and thirty-one students in this department of the College at the opening of that year. The relation of this number of students to the number of permanent officers, which has just been mentioned, is suggestive for the men of to-day, and especially when we think of the work of education, which was done here for years through the efforts of these self-denying teachers.

Immediately upon the entrance of Professor Woolsey on the duties of his office, the work of the Greek department, of which Professor Kingsley had previously had charge in connection with the Latin department, was passed into his hands. He brought with him to the work the accuracy and breadth of scholarship, which had been acquired or developed in Germany, and the inspiration of mind which had there been given him. Not far from the age of the students, comparatively speaking,

and with the freshness of new ideas and, in some degree, of new methods, he naturally stirred the minds of his pupils to a deeper and more permanent interest in the studies to which he called them. They saw in him the true scholar, who had gained much for himself from the most beautiful of all languages, and they were impelled by the manifestation of his scholarly life, as well as by his daily instructions. My own personal recollections do not go back to that time. But I remember what I heard as a young boy, ten or twelve years later, from those who were older than myself, and I am assured that much of new life came into the whole College community by reason of the presence of the young professor. His thoughts moved in many directions; his reading was extensive; his intellectual interests were wide-reaching; and his aspirations in the sphere of learning and truth were high and manly. He was, therefore, always ready to coöperate with others like himself in all that would elevate, in a literary and scholarly way, the daily life of the College community, and the social life of the educated circle of the city in which he moved.

Very soon after he began his work of instruction as a professor, he undertook the preparation of text books for his students. The editions of the Greek classics which were then at command in this country were very imperfect. Nothing of value, or very little, had yet been published as the result of American scholarship. The riches of German learning and German methods had not been placed in our possession. Perceiving the need, he set himself to the work of supplying it. With the inspiration of his fine taste and his sense of beauty in thought and in poetry, he directed his studies to the tragedies of the great Greek poets, and brought them before the minds of his pupils. His editions of different plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides appeared as early as 1834, 1835, and 1837. They introduced a new era in Greek scholarship for our Colleges, and were so abundant in learning and so fully in accordance with the true method, that they long retained their complete hold upon teachers everywhere. Even now, after the great progress which has been made during the past thirty years, these works have the recognition

of all scholars, who look into them, as worthy of the highest esteem. A few years later than 1837, he turned his thought to the work of editing Plato's Dialogues, and in 1843 the edition of the *Gorgias* was published. This volume was characterized by the same excellences as those which had marked the volumes containing the tragedies. His intention, it is believed, was to prepare a series of such volumes for the illustration of Plato's thoughts. But this proved to be the only one, to the publication of which he was able to give his efforts. By reason of the new office which he was called three years afterwards to assume, his sphere of teaching was changed, and his scholarly efforts were demanded in other and far different lines. He laid aside his Greek instruction and his special work as a Greek scholar with reluctance. The summons of duty, however, was too clear to be refused. He was to become a greater and more useful man elsewhere.

The period of Mr. Woolsey's professorship extended from 1831 to 1846. During this period he was, beyond question, the rising scholar of the College—the one to whom the younger men looked with peculiar hope for the future, and the one in whom the older men trusted for the continuance to another generation of that spirit of sound learning which had dwelt in themselves. In the review of his professorial life we must take hold upon the recollections of men who are, at the present date, from sixty-five to eighty years of age. To most of the graduates now living it is a review of a historical period, almost half a century having elapsed since it came to its close. But it is not too much to say, that of the men to whom I have alluded, and whose time of College study was in that period, there are none who do not recall with pleasure the Greek instructor of their youth. They saw in him an honest student; a man of true culture; a teacher who demanded much of them, indeed, but was, at the same time, ready to open much before their vision; a friend who would ever inspire them with his own love of knowledge, and show them by his own example, how much better it was to be, than only to seem to be. As a disciplinarian he was strict, but yet always just. He was quick in temper, in decision, and in action, and was ready to sustain the authority of the College

government at all times. But he was never disposed to play, as some men are, with suspicions or half suspicions, and thus try to involve a supposed offender—by assuming to know more than was really known—in a confession of what he had done, or perchance of what he had not done. He was a manly man here, as everywhere. Though sometimes stern, he was acknowledged by all to be even-handed and fair-minded. He was thus respected, even by those with whom he felt compelled to deal severely. They were persuaded that he intended to do precisely what was right; and they honored the man, though they might suffer from his act.

The discipline of the College community was a different matter in those days from what it is now, and a matter which involved many more difficulties. The system adopted and carried out was largely the same with that which had been in existence a hundred years before. It was founded on the idea that a College government must be displaying its authority all the time. It took little account of the differences between young men and old men. It was suspicious of wrong everywhere, and had no thought of removing wrong except by violent measures. It lost sight of human nature, and attempted to regulate everything by a theory. We may not wonder that its successes were not uninterrupted, and that when they were realized, it was often after a hard struggle in which evil passion had been largely aroused. It was an unpropitious day for a young professor to attempt to introduce new ideas. It was a day in which he could scarcely be expected to have such ideas. The most that he could do was to carry on the system, so far as he was himself concerned, in a just and honorable way. This Mr. Woolsey did; and he did it fearlessly, as he did everything. It ought to be said also, that the student community was itself—independently of the government and its measures or theories—of a less orderly character than it is to-day. The progress of half a century and more has done much to humanize the subjects of College authority, as well as much to soften and make more reasonable the administration of it. The rebellions of sixty years ago and the disorders of ten and twenty years later were not due simply to the methods of governing. They were due also, and in no inconsiderable

measure, to the half-civilized condition—if we may use this strong expression to describe it, for the sake of emphasis—in which the students themselves were when they came into the College community. Happily those days have passed away—as we may trust, forever. It is a rare thing in this better age, when some unworthy alien to the true University spirit breaks in upon the quiet and orderly life of the home of learning with some act of violent disturbance or vandalism, such as was often repeated, in all our institutions, in the earlier days. And if such an act ever occurs now, it violates the spirit of the students, as truly it does that of other educated gentlemen.

The change in the system of government had its earliest beginnings some years after the close of Mr. Woolsey's term as professor, and at a time which is remembered as coincident with the official life of two or three of the oldest officers now in active service. The beginning was the work of one or two of the young men holding tutorships in the College, who had breathed a new spirit and were believers in a new era. They believed in other young men a little younger than themselves, and in governing them by persuasion, and friendship, and sweet reasonableness; and as they believed, they tried the new system, with the happiest results for themselves and the most hopeful promise for the future. There are letters of Dr. Woolsey which I have seen since his death, and other letters also addressed to him, which show who led in this movement for the better time. The reward of the movement is enjoyed by the faculty and students alike to-day. The teachers and their pupils are friends in the kindest friendship now, and the sons of the University, whether younger or older, are what they ought to be—a true brotherhood. It was an honor to Dr. Woolsey's administration that the change began in its earlier years, and that he had the open mind to appreciate the possibilities of good which it might involve in itself.

His administration had its beginning in the autumn of 1846. He was at that time just forty-five years of age—one year older than President Day was when he entered upon the Presidential office, and two years older than the first President Dwight, when he was called to the same duties. He was thus at the opening of the most mature and vigorous portion of his

life. He was in sympathy with the thoughts and wants of the new generation, while he was old enough to enter into the feelings of his older colleagues, and to keep firmly what they committed to him. He was an intelligent, cultured scholar, just ready for the dawning scholarly age. It was said, twenty years ago, by a prominent graduate of our College, when comparing this institution with another which he mentioned, that *men* had made the Presidents of that institution, but *God* had made the Presidents of Yale. No wonder that he made this statement respecting Yale College, as he was thinking of President Woolsey, whose term of office was not then ended, and of his two predecessors. For the great creative period of the College history, when new and comprehensive plans for the long future were to be laid, and far-reaching thoughts of what the institution ought to be, and might become, were to be originated, no man could have been more wonderfully fitted by qualities both of mind and soul, than was the first President Dwight. For the generation which followed, in which the results of the former work were to be gathered, and the foundations already laid were to be made secure,—when traditions were to be established, and the quiet order of successful movement was to be realized, President Day was the man of all men. Calm, peaceful, wise with the wisdom of conservatism, venerable in character at the beginning, and in years also at the end,—his dignified bearing a reminder of order and stability, and his very presence a benediction,—who could have appeared to preside over the quieter age so fitly as he?

The time had arrived, at the close of Dr. Day's administration, when a new forward movement was needed. Everything was ready for the development of sound learning, and of true scholarship in every line, in a far greater degree than had been known, or had even been possible, at any earlier period. A man adapted to the time was needed. For such a man a grand opportunity was presenting itself. It is not strange, therefore, that when, to the regret of all, Dr. Day felt obliged by reason of his far advanced age to resign his office, the minds of those who were interested in the welfare of the College were at once turned to Professor Woolsey as the one to succeed him. Mr. Woolsey had been absent from home, and residing or traveling

in Europe, for several months previous to this time, and was intending to remain abroad until the opening of the next College year. Without his knowledge, therefore, and apparently without any thought on his part as to what was taking place, public opinion in the institution was settling itself in the conviction that he ought to be made the new President. His friend Professor Kingsley, who had watched his career from the beginning with deep interest, communicated to him the sentiment in his favor a short time before his return to America. Mr. Woolsey appears to have been genuinely surprised at the choice which his friends and associates seemed, in their own thoughts, to be determining. He had no desire for the position, and did not regard himself as specially fitted for it. By reason of the extraordinarily high esteem which, in common with all his colleagues, he had for President Day, he doubtless felt a peculiar distrust of himself as the thought of entering into the office which had been so honorably filled was presented to him. How could he take the place and carry forward the work of so wise, so able, so serene, so holy a man—the holiest and most blameless, as he afterwards said when speaking of him, of all the men whom he had ever known. His reply to Professor Kingsley was an unfavorable one; and subsequently when the Corporation elected him to the Presidency and formally offered it to his acceptance, he gave a negative answer to their request.

In the light of the following time, such a feeling of hesitation and inadequacy seems strange to the reader of the history. That one who accomplished so great a work, and whose success was assured from the very beginning of his administration, should have deemed himself unequal to the requirements of the place, may well appear remarkable. That one whose Christian character was a power for good in hundreds of lives for a quarter of a century, and whose prayers and preaching impressed every hearer with a sense of the reality and richness of the soul's life beneath and behind them, should have doubted his fitness for ordination to the Christian ministry, will seem even more remarkable. But so it was. These scruples and questionings as to himself and his qualifications had to be overcome by the earnest persuasion of his friends, before he would

consent to withdraw his refusal of the offer of the Corporation and accept the new position. With reluctance, however, and at a late moment, he yielded; and every one, except himself, had an unmingled satisfaction. This satisfaction grew deeper and more satisfying as the twenty-five years of his Presidency moved forward. He was the man for the era, even as those who had preceded him had been the men for their times. He was summoned of God, as all believed, to a work the importance and blessing of which for our College cannot be over-estimated.

He was inaugurated as President on the 21st of October, 1846. On the same day, he received ordination as a minister of the gospel, and thus realized the full significance of his early thought and study in preparation for the preacher's work. That the setting apart of the new President to the ministerial office was the initial step in the entrance-way to the Presidential duties was, in Dr. Woolsey's case, a ground for thankfulness on the part of every friend of Yale College and every student within its walls. The life of Dr. Woolsey would have lost a large part—the richest and most useful part—of its fruit-bearing power in other lives, had he not lived among his pupils as a Christian minister. The character of many noble men, who studied here during the years of his administration, bears witness to-day of what he did for them by reason of his testimony, as a preacher, to the truth of God. The atmosphere of the College was purer, and the standard of its living higher, because he told here so often the Christian story. His administrative work, his instruction, and his preaching moved to a common end—the end of right thinking and pure living on the part of all who came under his influence.

The four main thoughts of Dr. Woolsey's inaugural address suggest to us the great ideas under the influence of which he carried forward his work. He spoke on the subject of the Christian teacher and the character of his teaching. It is impressive to our minds, as we think of the man to-day, to recall what he said at the beginning of his new service in the College. The Christian instructor, he said, will value training more than knowledge; he will study to improve all parts of the mind; he will estimate education, not so much by its

relation to immediate ends of a practical sort, as by its relation to higher ends, far more important than success in a profession and the power of acquiring wealth and honor; and he will, as far as lies within the range of his department, lead the minds of his pupils up to God. How characteristic these thoughts were of the man. How suggestive they were of that development of scholarship and learning under the power and guiding influence of the Christian faith, which he was to be instrumental in securing on these grounds during the quarter of a century that followed. How strikingly they lead us backward to the early days when Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Woolsey breathed the College atmosphere, and when the founders of the institution consecrated it to the work of diffusing light and truth, as they asked, first of all, the benediction of the Divine Father.

Previous to the beginning of Dr. Woolsey's official term, the President had had under his charge the instruction of the Senior Class in Mental and Moral Philosophy. In the year 1846, however, a Professorship in this department of study was established. A new arrangement of duties, accordingly, became necessary, and the incoming President turned aside to other studies. He devoted himself to the department of History, for the instruction in which he had conspicuous qualifications and a strongly-developed taste. He added to his work in History the teaching of Political Economy during the later portion of the Senior year. In connection with this arrangement, a much more full preparation of the students in these important branches was secured, than had been possible before. Dr. Woolsey's knowledge of history was abundant and accurate. He had a remarkable tenacity of memory, which enabled him to hold in his mind a great mass of facts and events. He had also the philosophical faculty, which fitted him to adjust the relations of things, and which made History for him not merely a collection of facts, but a science. This latter faculty was so dominant in his mind that, though himself possessed of such unusual power of recollecting all that he had learned, he was impatient of *memoriter* recitations on the part of his students, and thought little of the youth who could not rise above them. He desired his pupils to reason about what they

knew; and tried, according to his ability and opportunity, to make them thinking men. For nearly twenty years he continued his instruction of the classes in History. The foundation for a chair in this branch of study, however, having been secured in 1865, he willingly passed this portion of his teaching to another and younger man, and gave himself to the more full development of the other section of his work. From this time forward he accomplished more and more in Political Science and International Law—studies in which he had already, before this, rendered important service. He became, as we all know, a distinguished authority in International Law—recognized for his ability and learning in Europe, as well as throughout America. The first edition of his work on this subject was published as early as 1860, but it was enlarged and improved afterward, and passed through five editions in this country, and two in England—the last having appeared in 1879 in New York and London. His large work on Political Science was published several years after the close of his Presidential term, in 1877, and was an evidence of the activity of his mind, and of his earnestness in work, even when he had already become an old man. His power as a teacher was more conspicuous in these departments than it had been in history. His influence was a constantly growing one, and the young men in the successive Senior Classes met him with an ever-increasing admiration. Had he possessed the rare gift of magnetism as a teacher—a gift which he was himself conscious of not possessing, as he once frankly stated to me, and a gift which, so far as my knowledge of teachers extends, is far more rare than any other—he would have realized a completeness in his work for his students, in some aspects of it, which was not fully attained. But he had other and perhaps greater gifts in an extraordinary measure, and by means of them he left an impression on the students' minds which could never be forgotten. He had not the peculiar personal gift of inspiration for others which so strikingly characterized the late Dr. Mark Hopkins, but he lived as truly in the inmost lives of his pupils, though after a somewhat different manner, as did that eminent College teacher. To his instruction and the inspiring power of his scholarship, as I met him in the earliest years of my life as a graduate, I

owe my own best impulses as a student, and I cannot doubt that the experience of many others bears the same testimony which mine bears. He was, of all the men whom I have ever seen, the one who most fully realized my ideal of a scholar.

It is remarkable how widely his scholarly power reached. He turned his course from that of a Greek professor, whose studies and attainments had placed him in the foremost rank, to that of a teacher of History and Political Science, and then to that of a lecturer and writer on International Law; and in each science, in its order, he was as successful and able as he had been in the field which he first entered. Moreover, when he had finished his whole work in the College, he returned to that first field, once more, as he was called to a membership in the Committee for the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament. In that body of leading scholars in their own department, he was, all things considered, the leading man. His scholarship, for breadth and richness and accuracy, when measured together and in their mutual relations, was unequaled by that of any other person in the Company. His theological learning was also abundant, and as a preacher of intellectual force, of suggestive thought, of insight into the human soul, and of clear apprehension of the gospel truth, he was among the ablest in the country. He was, moreover, a keen observer of public life, an independent thinker in politics, an educated citizen of the highest type, and fully qualified to discuss the most important questions with men who had given all their thoughts and studies to the consideration of them. The fact that such a man was in the College community and that each Senior Class could meet him daily in the lecture-room was, indeed, an inspiration for all. Every graduate, as he left the institution, was conscious that he had been in contact with a truly great man.

In the administrative work of the College pertaining to the Presidential office, Dr. Woolsey was successful. The governmental element was strong in his character. He was born to command. But as he grew older, and as the changes of time came, he was able to appreciate the weaknesses of the old system of government to which allusion has already been made. He could understand the authority of love, as well as that of force,

and was far from thinking that because a thing had come down from the past, it must necessarily be firmly held as an undoubted good. At the very beginning of his official term, he relaxed the rule of early morning prayers, so far that they were placed half an hour later than they had been, in the time of his predecessor. Ten years afterwards, he consented to the entire abolishing of the old arrangement, and established the present system, in accordance with which we meet together for our daily worship at eight o'clock. In his intercourse with students under discipline also, he dealt with them in a manly way, as has been said a few moments since, and, though strict and firm in his application of the law, he respected the manhood in every man whom he met. The true proportion of the paternal and governmental elements in administration is never realized in this world. Men are ever excessive on the one side or the other, and the result is ever more or less of weakness. That Dr. Woolsey had more of the governmental element in his work as an administrative officer of the College, than was in accordance with the ideal measure, cannot be questioned. So had all the College officers of his generation, and he was in a peculiar degree a man of imperious nature. But he had much of tenderness in the depths of his soul, and he did not have a closed mind.

So far as discipline was related to studies, Dr. Woolsey made a marked advance upon the preceding time. He was enabled to do this partly by the additions to the force of instructors which the increase of endowments rendered possible. But it was partly the result of his high ideal of scholarship and his views respecting the demands for more thorough education. The Senior year was made much more effective and useful than ever before. Examinations of a far higher order were introduced, and the spirit of study throughout the entire College was called forth. Every student felt that a new life was infused into the institution. Every one knew that the original source of that life was the President. His inspiration, his courage, and his example moved the whole community. He did a great work, in this way, not only for this College, but for all Colleges throughout the country. He was a light and a power in the opening era of true scholarship.

To be such a light and power, and to do such a work for this institution, was his mission, to which he was called of God. The three successive eras had discovered their own men. It was a divine blessing to Yale College, that they were raised up to meet its needs, and that they appeared in the true order. That no one of them did the work of another, was no lessening of their greatness. They moved forward to the limit of their time, and left the future, and its planning and working, for those who should follow them. That future, whatever may be accomplished within it, will rest in no small measure upon what they did in their day.

The passing of a quarter of a century from the date of his entering, at the age of forty-five, upon the Presidency reminded Dr. Woolsey that he was reaching the limit of seventy years. He had long since determined to offer his resignation when he should arrive at this age, and no change of purpose came at the end. He laid aside his office when he was yet in the full vigor of his mental power, and when his associates in instruction and government would have willingly seen him still longer continuing his duties. He was himself persuaded, however, of the wisdom of his decision. He was assured in his own mind that the fitting time for him to retire had come. I recall an interview which, by accident, I myself had with him just at that season, in the course of which he said—in response to my suggestion that his resignation would be a loss to the College:—No: the hour has arrived for others to carry forward the work. His wisdom was greater than that of those who wished him to remain in his office. He retired to a rich, honorable, grand life of old age—with confidence in those whom he left behind him in the institution which he loved, and in the consciousness of the reverential regard of all.

The years from 1871 to 1881—from the close of his own seventieth year to the close of his eightieth—were filled with scholarly work. He devoted his time largely to preparing or revising his books which were issued during this period, and to the studies in the New Testament Greek which were connected with the work of Bible Revision. It was most pleasant to see how interested he was in this quiet work. His mind moved towards the new things as happily as it had moved, in

other days, towards the old things. The evening time was bright with its own peculiar light. The kindly affection and esteem of all men, far and wide through the land, gathered about him more largely than ever before, and he enjoyed the manifestation of the feeling with a deep and tender satisfaction. With all his force and energy and self-reliance, he had a sort of childlike dependence on others, which it was most interesting to witness in such a man. When the days of administration and teaching and public duty were ended, he seemed to enter into an appreciative sense of the loving relation between himself and other men, which was new in its fullness and its blessing.

His connection with the College was not wholly severed during these years, for at the termination of his Presidency he was elected a member of the Corporation. His advice and the results of his experience were thus easily made available, whenever there was need. The frequent consideration of important questions, also, kept alive his interest in the present life of the College. He rendered the institution the service which he could give as a friend who had long known its history and its wants, and quickened his love for it by means of every service. Even until he had nearly reached the age of eighty-four he retained this office, leaving it only a single year before the close of the Presidency of his successor. The relations between him and President Porter were ever most intimate and confidential. It will always be a pleasant remembrance to me, that his last official act, if we may call it such, was in connection with my own entrance upon the Presidential office. His presence at the services of the inauguration seemed to unite the present with the past, and to make the line of historic development in the institution a continuous, unbroken line.

The three years that followed brought for him with themselves greater infirmities of far advanced life, and the work of his long career of necessity ceased. The passing to the other life, he said to a friend, was that to which he looked forward as the next great event which now awaited him. The days and months moved onward through these years, and on the morning of the first day of July, 1889, the end came. We laid his body tenderly and lovingly in its last resting place,

four days afterwards, on a beautiful summer afternoon. Our thoughts followed him within the veil, and we rejoiced in hope of the future.

Such is the story, briefly told in an hour—to be filled out into completeness, and perfected as with a living reality, by the grateful memories of all who have listened to it. The man, of whom it has given its picture, was a man of clear and vigorous and powerful mind, of tender and loving, yet strong heart, of rich, deep, earnest soul. He was a scholar unsurpassed in his generation; a teacher who impressed all his pupils, and moved to earnestness in study and life the best among them; a preacher whose thoughts were ever fresh and stimulating, and whose insight into the workings of human character was so penetrating that his words had for every hearer the emphasis of the truth. He was honest, sincere, faithful, just—a manly man; a believing Christian; a disciple of the Lord Jesus, who laid hold upon the kingdom of God and endured as seeing the invisible.

That Dr. Woolsey was a faultless man, I would not say. He would not himself have said it, nor have wished it said concerning him. He had faults which, strangely enough, have been praised as striking virtues by friendly critics since his death, and which were imitated by some of his admirers before his death far more than his virtues were. But the faults were intermingled with the greatness of the man, and they did not destroy the greatness. They belonged to his native character, partly, and partly to the age in which he was educated. He fought them manfully wherever he recognized them, and grew, as all noblest Christian men do, into the good, and out of the attendant evil, more and more as life passed on to its later stages. He was indeed a noble Christian man, whose life was a testimony to manliness and truth, and an inspiration to duty for us all. My office is not to be his biographer—would that some truly appreciative friend might render this loving service. It is not to dissect, and describe in every part, his character. The historian, at some future day, may do this, when the pupils and the friends who revered him have passed on in their journey. We knew him, and we thank God that we did. We believe in the true, sincere, deep life of

the human soul more fully and undoubtingly because we knew him, and we thank God for the blessing of the belief.

Rather would I turn aside from all that the biographer might think of or describe, and bring these commemorative words to their ending with the remembrance of what he did for myself; of the impulse which he gave me in my studies long years ago when, with two or three young graduates, I met him in the freedom of his own room, and read Thucydides and Pindar under his instruction; and of the generous expression of his approval of my course in the Tutorial office, where I thought I saw a light sometimes and followed it, which he did not see; and of the kindly advice he gave me with reference to my life-work when I was questioning, in a German University, what that work should be; and of the equal kindness of his judgment, as he asked me to remain at Yale in a professorship; and of the confidence which he ever afterwards manifested in me and my associates, as we were building up one of the schools of learning here; and of the hearty welcome which he gave me as I entered into the succession of the Presidents of the institution. He was a generous friend through all the course, whose life was vitally related to my own at different stages, and whose thoughts never changed from the beginning. From out of the enjoyment and rich experience of my own life in Yale College, I look forth upon his life, and I feel that it may well be a sacred memory. And then, as I look upon one and another of the educated men who are now before me, and think of the College where they were taught and the University into which it has grown, I find the answer coming from within myself, and from within their minds and hearts also, to the question: What was the life in this home of learning—our early home—and what was the work on its behalf, which are represented to our thought and memory by the name of Theodore Dwight Woolsey.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DWIGHT AT THE
OPENING OF THE CHITTENDEN
LIBRARY BUILDING.

By a simple service, this afternoon, we consecrate the building in which we meet together to its appropriate uses. The central point of the intellectual life of a University is its Library. On its shelves are preserved the works of scholars and wise men of all ages, which become the treasures of learning for the entire student brotherhood. In the development of its resources all teachers and pupils are alike interested. For its safe-keeping may every true son of the University pray sincerely, even as he prays for the welfare of the University itself. When a home for the library is secured, therefore, or the means of increasing constantly the numbers of its books are provided, there may well be rejoicing on the part of all, and gratitude also. The future becomes more hopeful, and the blessing of the future more certain, as the present witnesses the realization of such results.

It is the privilege of our Academic community to-day, that we see our library-home enlarged by the addition of this building to the one which we have known so well in the former years. We shall dedicate it with a peculiar satisfaction and thankfulness. The older building was the result of much effort and self-denying generosity, nearly fifty years ago. At that time, the resources of the College were very limited, and its friends were by no means rich. The work of securing the necessary funds was continued for more than two years, but was only partially successful—the sum which was placed in the hands of the College authorities being a little more than eighteen thousand dollars, while the expense of the building was somewhat above thirty thousand. It is a suggestive fact, as indicating the difficulty of accomplishing such a work at that period, that of the amount finally secured nearly two-thirds were given by officers of the College. We may also find a suggestion as to the changes of time, in the fact that such a building could then be built for so moderate a sum. The work was completed and the building opened in 1845. Its plan was in accordance with the best ideas of adaptation for library purposes which were then accepted. The architecture was borrowed from University buildings in England, and the building was, not without reason, thought to be an ornament to the Col-

lege grounds. The space for books which the building afforded seemed sufficient, not only for the then present needs, but also for the needs of long years to come. The year 1890 appeared to the friends and officers of the College, at that day, to be in the far distance. They did not realize, and could not, what would be the immense progress both of learning and wealth before the year 1890 should arrive. They did a great work as they placed the building here, and we may well remember the service which was generously rendered by such leading men among them as Professor Salisbury and Dr. Woolsey.

It was about twelve years before the beginning of the effort and work just alluded to, that Simeon B. Chittenden left the home of his boyhood, and came to New Haven to become a clerk in a drygoods store. He was, at that time, of course, a stranger here, and doubtless had much of the solitary feeling which a young boy, under such circumstances, might naturally have. As the accident of life would have it, however, there was in the College a friend of his, from his own town, who had been here for a year or more, and was thus familiar with the place. To this friend's room he often turned his footsteps, and in it he found a welcome always, not only from the friend himself, but from another student who was the friend's room-mate. This other student, it is interesting for us all to learn, was the kindly man of the after years whom we have known so long as President Porter—a man in whose room many friendships have been formed and strengthened since those earlier days, and to whose genial welcome at the beginning the thoughts of many men, who are widely scattered now, return with most pleasant remembrance. To an eager and active mind, like that of Mr. Chittenden, the revelation of the privilege of the College life, which the often-repeated and delightful interviews with the two friends afforded, must have been most suggestive, as well as most interesting. The value of the privilege may have seemed greater, perhaps, by reason of the unlikeness of the life of which he was an observer to that to which he had devoted himself. The two friends were moving along one pathway, while he was moving along another. It could scarcely be possible that the outlook upon the two paths should not have stimulated his thought, and have led him, even in those days of boyhood, to appreciate what the College was doing. We may not doubt that, in that well-known room, the first movement of the generous affection for our University had

its origin, whose final result was manifested in the gift of this beautiful building.

As we stand here to-day, it is interesting thus to look backward. But all the way, which we retrace that we may reach the beginning, is a way marked by the evidences of a generous spirit. The early impulses of the boy moved after the same manner as the later impulses of the man. The boy began to give, from his small resources, more than many of those around him gave. The resources increased as time moved on, and the giving kept pace with the increasing means, until at last, when wealth had been secured by his large wisdom and business energy, the generosity of the man became known wherever the knowledge of the man extended.

To Yale College he was a giver many times—the total amount of his benefactions being nearly two hundred thousand dollars. It is a matter of interest to us, as friends of the University, that the largest gifts which he made will ever connect his name with the two central things in the University life—religion and learning. More than twenty years ago, observing that the fund which was designed to sustain the constant preaching of the gospel in the College was but a small one received in 1746 and 1755, he devoted the sum of fifty thousand dollars to this object. He was a firm believer in the infinite value of the Christian faith and the permanent power of the Christian truth. Under the inspiration of this belief, he was glad to take his part in perpetuating here the influence of the truth and the faith. The gift was made with confidence and hope respecting the future; and the future, which then began to open, has already, in its measure, realized the results. The working of the gift towards its legitimate end has been, in the years since it was received,—and it will always be,—in the line of the thought and the prayers of the fathers who founded the institution. The blessing arising from it will be seen, as it has been, in the Christian lives of many educated and earnest men.

Time moved on, and the advancing years brought increased responsibility and honor and wealth. Sorrow also entered deeply into the life's experience, and the manly soul grew gentler in its feelings and sympathies by reason of its lesson, even as it grew stronger and more heroic, through the influence of duty fulfilled and success achieved. With the heroic spirit he moved forward vigorously and enthusiastically, becoming a leader and inspirer

of others in the good enterprises which commended themselves to his approval. With tender sympathy he cherished the remembrance of those whom he loved, and was ever ready to render them service or to bear them in his thought. At last, life closed in upon him largely and he was much alone with himself. It was in the last years, that he began to think of some fitting memorial building, which should be helpful to the best interests of men, and should at the same time be commemorative of his daughter whose death, in 1871, was an ever fresh sorrow for his heart. Such a memorial building would, in the way most pleasant to his generous and his tender sentiment, carry the thought of her life and of his own, as united together, far into the future. Where should it be placed? His old affection for our University returned to him with new life and force, as he asked himself this question. The more he reflected on the subject, the more he became convinced that the true place for his gift was here. Where could the memorial of the two lives be so fitly erected, as in an institution in which learning and religion had their permanent home; and what institution of this order could be found so near to his life, and its history, as this University. The question was answered, and the resolution was formed.

As he thought of the possibilities of buildings here, and took counsel as to the needs of the University in this regard, it seemed to him that the building most appropriate as a memorial such as he desired would be one devoted to the purposes of the University Library. With the hearty approval of the authorities of the institution, he accordingly offered a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for such a building. The building was planned, in accordance with his own wishes and with ours, as we now see it—involving a reading-room, apart from, and in a wing adjoining the main edifice, which should have within itself the memorial feature. This plan, it was found, would render necessary a larger outlay of money than had been at first contemplated. So soon, however, as this fact was ascertained, he cheerfully offered an additional sum, which was sufficient for the purpose, and which made the total gift for the building one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He also provided, beyond the gift thus mentioned, for the expense of the beautiful memorial window which adorns the reading room.

The work upon the building was begun in the spring of 1888. Mr. Chittenden was greatly interested in it, and was desirous

that, in every respect, it might be adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. He hoped that he might live to see it completed, and to see the beginning of its witnessing for the loving life of the daughter and the living love of the father, which it should commemorate. We joined our hope with his, and trustfully waited the ending of the work. But the hope was disappointed. On the 14th of April, 1889, after a long struggle with disease and suffering which he endured with heroic fortitude, he passed away to the larger and better life beyond. And so, as we dedicate the building to-day, we place his name gratefully on the honored roll of those benefactors of our University whose earthly record is complete, but whose works of love and generosity will ever abide as a blessing for the future generations.

The development of our University in respect to its buildings within the past twenty years, and even within the past five years, gives us great promise for the future. The removal of the older buildings and those which are of an inferior character may be hoped for, and when this desired end shall be realized, the new generation will have the full vision of what we might well wish to see. The older buildings have nothing attractive in themselves, except their age and the fact that memories rest upon them which are pleasant to those whose College home was within their walls. The age of architecture in our country had its beginning long after they were erected. They were not located in the best position, if we view them as related to the true arrangement for the grounds. They do not partake, as the older buildings of the English Colleges do, of the ideal character of the University. We may see them pass away therefore without regret, when the appropriate time shall have arrived, and when other buildings, bearing in themselves the lessons of art and architecture, shall have been provided. The quadrangle will be a beautiful one, if the plan for it is rightly carried out, and the Academic life within it will have a new inspiration and new blessing for every student, whose privilege it shall be to spend the years of his education here.

But in the future to which we look forward, even more truly, if possible, than now, the Library Building—still further enlarged, and in its older part perhaps remodeled—will be the central one among all the buildings of the College grounds. Its presence here will teach the lessons of learning and of wisdom

with greater fullness and wider influence. The good which will be effected by it will be ever increasing. The gift which we make our own on this auspicious day, therefore, is a gift of good omen. It carries our thoughts forward to the future years, and assures us of the better things which it shall realize for those who come after us.

The givers of these buildings which we have seen rising on these grounds in the recent years will have the highest honor which the University can give them in return for their generosity. They will have a lasting remembrance within the walls of its home, and the sincerest gratitude of all its sons.

SOME STATEMENTS RESPECTING THE BUILDING.

The position and plan of the building were determined in great measure by the need of reserving as much space as possible for future extension. The present building is not more than one-third part of that contemplated, which, when complete, will have a frontage of 350 feet and a capacity of at least 1,000,000 volumes.

Plans for a building to cost \$100,000 (Mr. Chittenden's first proposed gift) were drawn in the summer of 1887, and re-drawn in the following winter, after the additional gift of \$25,000.

Ground was broken in April, 1888, and in the following August the walls were complete, but owing to the impossibility of procuring the terra-cotta roofing-blocks, the building was not enclosed until winter had set in.

This circumstance, and the changes which were afterward thought desirable in the setting of the memorial window, have delayed the opening until now. In this there is, however, no cause for regret; the building is much the better for the delay.

The construction is thoroughly fire-proof. Neither in the walls, floors, ceilings, or roof is any wood employed.

Perfect ventilation, on the exhaust system, is provided for by a fan in the basement of the building driven by an electric motor.

In the basement there is ample room for the unpacking and temporary storage of books.

On the first floor, the most striking feature is naturally the reading room with the memorial window (the cost of which with the recent changes must exceed \$10,000). The wall cases will hold, besides the current numbers of numerous periodicals, three or four thousand books of reference, and the tables accommodate ninety readers. A folding gate in the lobby will make it

possible to shut off the rest of the library and give access to the reading-room alone for evening use. In the delivery room, there will be space for additional tables for readers, if required. Out of this, open in front, three rooms, one of which may be used for the coin-collection and the others for offices of the librarians. Behind the delivery counter, are shelves for 25,000 volumes of books most in demand, and back of these open space sufficient for the cataloguing work.

The second and third floors are book rooms, holding each 80,000 volumes, all conveniently placed within reach of the hand and free from the danger to which the bindings of books are exposed in the superheated air of high galleries. Speaking-tubes and a dumb-waiter connect the different stories of the building and will thus make the library service more easy and more prompt.

Thanks are due to the architects, Messrs. J. C. Cady & Co., for the successful solution of a problem presenting not a few difficulties,—to the sculptor, Mr. J. Edwin Elwell, for the bust of Mr. Chittenden, and the bas-reliefs over the windows of the reading-room,—to Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, who designed the memorial window,—to the mason, Mr. George M. Grant, and to the carpenters, Messrs. Clark & Thompson, for solid and thorough construction.

YALE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

No. 128.—WEEK ENDING MAY 3, 1890.

Sunday, April 27.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Professor Brastow. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by Professor E. L. Richards.

Monday, April 28.—*Development and Structure of the Vertebrate Brain* (University Lecture)—Professor Williston. Room 11, Medical College, 3 P. M. *Battell Professorship of Music*—Inaugural Exercises. Room A1, Osborn Hall, 7.30 P. M. Followed by Opening of Music Rooms, 3 and 4 Treasury Building. *Philosophical Club*—Mr. Kumato Morita, on Confucianism: its Doctrine of Benevolence. Room D, East Divinity Hall, 8 P. M.

Tuesday, April 29.—*Classical and Philological Society*—Professor Seymour, on the Logical Value of the Homeric Caesura. Room C, East Divinity Hall, 8.10 P. M.

Wednesday, April 30.—*The Historical Element in Prophecy* (University Bible Club Lecture)—Professor Harper. Lecture Room A1, Osborn Hall, 5 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M. *Semitic Club*—Paper on the Titles of the Psalms, Professor Wm. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton. Room A1, Osborn Hall, 7.15 P. M.

Thursday, May 1.—*John A. Porter Prize Essays* due, 105 Grove St. *Townsend Premium Essays* due, 171 Farnam Hall.

Friday, May 2.—*Development and Structure of the Vertebrate Brain* (University Lecture)—Professor Williston. Room 11, Medical College, 3 P. M. *Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. *Lecture Preparatory to Communion Service*—Dwight Hall, 7.30 P. M.

Saturday, May 3.—*Senior and Junior Elective Returns*, Yale College, due 118 North College.

Graduate Fellowships and Scholarships.—Members of the Senior Class in College, or recent graduates in Arts, who wish to be considered as candidates for any Graduate Fellowships or Scholarships which may fall vacant at Commencement, are requested to communicate with Mr. Dexter before May 15.

Berkeley Scholarship—Yale College. The annual examination for the Berkeley Scholarship, yielding about \$55.00 a year to a resident graduate for the three years after graduation, will take place on Tuesday, May 6. Any members of the Senior class who propose to enter the examination must present their names to Mr. Dexter on or before Saturday, May 3.

NO. 124.—WEEK ENDING MAY 10, 1890.

Public Worship, followed by Communion Service—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. President Dwight. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M.

Monday, May 5.—*Development and Structure of the Vertebrate Brain* (University Lecture)—Professor Williston. Room 11, Medical College, 8 P. M. *Philosophical Club*—Mr. J. G. Hume, of Harvard University, on Method in Political Economy and Ethics and the Interrelation of Ethics and Political Economy. Room D, East Divinity Hall, 8 P. M. *University Reception*—Dwight Hall, 8-11 P. M.

Tuesday, May 6.—*Berkeley Scholarship Examination, in Greek*—121 North College. 9-11 A. M. *Berkeley Scholarship Examination, in Latin*—Professor Peck's Study, No. 124 High street, 4-6 P. M. *The Evolution of the Piano, from the Earliest Times to the Present* (University Lecture, under the direction of Professor Stoeckel)—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, of New York City, assisted by Mr. M. Steinert and Mr. Ansorge. Room A1, Osborn Hall, 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday, May 7.—*Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M.

Friday, May 9.—*Development and Structure of the Vertebrate Brain* (University Lecture)—Professor Williston. Room 11, Medical College, 8 P. M. *Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M.

University Receptions.—President and Mrs. Dwight will hold an informal reception for the University, at Dwight Hall, on Monday evening, May 5, from 8 to 11 o'clock. This is the fourth of a series of receptions to be given in Dwight Hall, on the first Monday evening of each month, to which all members of the University are invited.

NO. 125.—WEEK ENDING MAY 17, 1890.

Sunday, May 11.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. P. S. Moxom, of Boston. *Anniversary Sermon* before the Graduating Class of the Divinity School—Rev. Mr. Moxom. Center Church, 7.30 P. M.

Monday, May 12.—*Philosophical Club*—Professor George S. Fullerton, of the University of Pennsylvania, on the Study of Metaphysics. Room D, East Divinity Hall, 8 P. M.

Tuesday, May 13.—*Greek Religion, and Apollo at Delphi* (Illustrated Lecture)—Louis Dyer, Esq., of Oxford, England. Art School, 8 P. M.

Wednesday, May 14.—*Yale Divinity School Anniversary*—Addresses by members of the Graduating Class. Battell Chapel, 10 A. M. *Yale Divinity School Anniversary*—Alumni Meeting, and Discussion. Marquand Chapel, 2.30 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M.

Thursday, May 15.—*Last Day* for filing applications for Graduate Fellowships and Scholarships.

Friday, May 16.—*Berkley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. *Political Science Club*—Paper by Mr. Irving Fisher, on the Railroad, Steamship, and Telegraph in International Politics. Room E 2, Osborn Hall, 7.30 P. M.

Scott Prize in German—*Yale College*.—The examination for the Scott Prize in German will be held on Monday, May 19. Those intending to take the examination should report to Mr. Goodrich on or before Thursday, May 15.

Winthrop Prize Examination—*Yale College*.—Members of the Junior Class who wish to compete for the Winthrop Prizes, are requested to report their names to Mr. Dexter, on or before Friday, May 16.

Woolsey Scholarship Examination—*Yale College*.—Members of the Freshman Class who desire to compete for the Woolsey Scholarship, are requested to report their names to Professor Goodell, on or before Friday, May 16.

Graduate Fellowships and Scholarships.—Members of the Senior Class in College, or recent graduates in Arts, who wish to be considered as candidates for any Graduate Fellowships or Scholarships which may fall vacant at Commencement, are requested to see Mr. Dexter before May 15.

Anniversary of the Divinity School—May 14. Addresses will be delivered by members of the Graduating Class in the Battell Chapel, beginning at 10 A. M. In the afternoon there will be a meeting of the Alumni and Friends of the School in the Marquand Chapel, beginning at half past 2 o'clock, and including a Discussion on the desirability of changing the present method among Congregationalists of conducting Home and Foreign Missions for a representative system:—the Discussion to be opened by the Rev. Edward W. Gilman, D.D., of New York City, and the Rev. William F. Blackman, of Naugatuck, Conn.

NO. 126.—WEEK ENDING MAY 24, 1890.

Sunday, May 18.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Henry H. Stebbins, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the Rev. Dr. Stebbins.

Monday, May 19.—*Woolsey Scholarship Examination*, in Greek—Alumni Hall, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. *Winthrop Prize Examination*, in Greek—Alumni Hall, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. *Scott Prize Examination*, in German—Alumni Hall, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. *Solutions of Mathematical Prize Problems* from Juniors and Seniors in College, due before 10 P. M. Professor Newton's Study, 135 Elm st.

Tuesday, May 20.—*Woolsey Scholarship Examination*, in Latin—Alumni Hall, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. *Winthrop Prize Examination*, in Latin—Alumni Hall, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. *Berkeley Premium Examination*, in Latin Composition—Alumni Hall, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. *Mathematical Club*—Professor Gibbs, on New Methods in the Determination of Parabolic Orbits. Sloane Laboratory, 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday, May 21.—*Woolsey Scholarship Examination*, in Mathematics—Alumni Hall, 2 to 6 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 7 P. M.

Friday, May 23.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 7 P. M. *Oxford Club*—Half-hour meeting, to be addressed by the Rev. M. B. Chapman, D.D. Room 91, Dwight Hall, 7 P. M.

Saturday, May 24.—*Last day* for reserving rooms in College for next year.

College Rooms.—Occupants of rooms on the College Square who wish to retain their rooms for another year must leave a notice in writing at the Dean's office, No. 186 Farnam Hall, on or before Saturday, May 24.

College Mathematical Prizes.—Solutions of Problems in competition for the Prizes from the De Forest Mathematical Fund are due from Seniors and Juniors on Monday, May 19, before 10 P. M., and are to be handed to Professor Newton.

NO. 127—WEEK ENDING MAY 31, 1890.

Sunday, May 25.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Leander T. Chamberlain, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain.

Tuesday, May 27.—*Juniors* apply for College Rooms for the next year—Room F 2, Osborn Hall, 9.30 A. M.

Wednesday, May 28.—*Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 7 P. M. *Elective Returns* due, from Juniors and Sophomores in College, 186 Farnam Hall.

Thursday, May 29.—*Sophomores* apply for College Rooms for the next year—Room A 1, Osborn Hall, 9.30 A. M.

Friday, May 30.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 98, Dwight Hall, 7 P. M. *Lecture Preparatory to Communion Service*—Dwight Hall, 7.30 P. M.

Saturday, May 31.—*Solutions of Mathematical Prize Problems* for Freshmen in College, due before 10 P. M. Professor E. L. Richards.

Lucius F. Robinson, Latin Prizes, Yale College.—The competition for these prizes will be at Alumni Hall, on Tuesday, June 3, from 2 to 6 P. M. Candidates should hand in their names on or before Friday, May 30,—Seniors and Juniors to Professor Peck, and Sophomores to Professor H. P. Wright.

Date of Beginning the Fall Term.—The First Term of the next College year, in the Academical Department, the Sheffield Scientific School, the Courses of Graduate Instruction, and the Divinity School, will begin on Thursday, September 25 (instead of on September 18, as previously announced).

The examinations in September for admission to the College and the Scientific School (held in New Haven only) will begin on Tuesday, the 23d, at 9 A. M.

NO. 128.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 7, 1890.

Sunday, June 1.—*Public Worship, followed by Communion Service*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. President Dwight. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the President.

Monday, June 2.—*University Reception*—Dwight Hall, 8–11 P. M.

Tuesday, June 3.—*Examinations for Lucius F. Robinson Latin Prizes*—Alumni Hall, 2–6 P. M. *Annual Reception of the Art School*—Art Building, 8–10 P. M.

Wednesday, June 4.—College Semi-Annual Examinations begin, 4 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 7 P. M. *University Concert*, under the direction of Professor Stoeckel—Battell Chapel, 7.30 P. M. (Admission by ticket only.)

Friday, June 6.—*Berkeley Association (Evening Prayer)*—Room 98, Dwight Hall, 7 P. M.

Programme of Commencement Week.—Saturday, June 21, 10 A. M. Speaking for the DeForest Prize Medal, in the Battell Chapel, by six members of the Senior Class in College. Sunday, June 22, 10 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon, by the President, in the Battell Chapel. 7.30 P. M. Praise Service, in the Chapel. Monday, June 23, 11 A. M. Presentation Exercises of the Graduating Class of College, with the Class Oration and Poem, in the Battell Chapel. 2 P. M. Reading of Class Histories on the College Square, followed by planting of the class ivy. 5–6 P. M. Opening of the Chittenden Library to the graduates and the public. 8 P. M. Anniversary Exercises of the Sheffield Scientific School, in North Sheffield Hall. 9 P. M. Promenade Concert of the Senior Class, in Alumni Hall. Tuesday, June 24, 9.30 A. M. Meeting of the Alumni, in Alumni Hall. 11.30 A. M. Memorial Address on the late President Woolsey, by the President, in the Chapel. 2 P. M. Address in Medicine, in the Chapel, by Professor Francis Delafield, M.D., of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. 2–3.30 P. M. Polls open in the Library for election of a member of the Corporation. 3.30 P. M. Anniversary Exercises of the Law School, in the Center Church, with Address by Charles J. Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore, and Townsend Prize Speaking by three members of the Senior Class. Meetings will also be held, at different hours on Tuesday, of members of the College Classes of 1840, 1850, 1855, 1860, 1865, 1870, 1875, 1880, 1884, and 1887. Wednesday, June 25, 9 A. M. Commencement Exercises in the Center Church. 2 P. M. Dinner of the Alumni, in Alumni Hall. 8–11 P. M. Reception by the President, in the Art School. Thursday, June 26, 9 A. M. Entrance Examinations to Yale College and the Sheffield Scientific School begin.

Examinations for Admission.—Examinations for admission to the Freshman class in Yale College and in the Sheffield Scientific School will be held in the following places, at the same time as in New Haven, beginning on Thursday, June 26, at 9 A. M.: In Concord, N. H., in the rooms of St. Paul's School; in Exeter, N. H., in the rooms of Phillips

Academy; in Andover, Mass., in the rooms of Phillips Academy; in Easthampton, Mass., in the rooms of Williston Seminary; in Norwich, Conn., in the Slater Memorial Building of the Norwich Free Academy; in New York City, on the fourth floor of the Young Men's Christian Association Building, 23d street, corner 4th avenue; in Albany, N. Y., in the rooms of the Albany Academy; in Canandaigua, N. Y., in the rooms of the Canandaigua Academy; in Buffalo, N. Y., in the Buffalo Library; in Pittsburgh, Pa., in the rooms of the Shady-side Academy; in Cincinnati, O., in the Hughes High School building, 5th street, head of Mound; in Chicago, Ill., in the rooms of Bryant's Commercial College, North-East corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street; in St. Paul, Minn., in the rooms of the Barnard School, Selby avenue, near Western; in Denver, Colorado, in the rooms of the High School; in San Francisco, Cal., in the rooms of the Urban School, 1017 Hyde street; in Portland, Oregon, in the rooms of the Bishop Scott Grammar School.

Cobden Club Essays.—Essays in competition for the Cobden Club Medal are to be handed in, at 118 North College, not later than 12 o'clock, noon, of Saturday, May 31.

Special Honors—Yale College.—Theses from candidates for Special Honors must be handed in, not later than Saturday, May 31.

University Receptions.—President and Mrs. Dwight will hold an informal reception for the University, at Dwight Hall, on Monday evening, June 2, from 8 to 11 o'clock. This is the fifth of a series of Receptions to be given in Dwight Hall, on the first Monday evening of each month, to which all members of the University are invited.

Yale School of the Fine Arts.—The School year closes on Saturday, May 31. On Tuesday evening, June 3, from 8 to 10 o'clock, the twenty-first Annual Reception of the School will be held, in the Art Building; members of the Senior and Junior classes of other departments are invited to be present.

NO. 129.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 14, 1890.

Sunday, June 8.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., of the Center Church. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the President.

Wednesday, June 11.—*Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 7 P. M.

Friday, June 13.—*Last Day* for return of Books—Linonian and Brothers Library, 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 1.30 to 4 P. M. *Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 93, Dwight Hall, 7 P. M.

Library Notice.—All books belonging to the Linonian and Brothers Library must be returned on or before Friday, June 13. All books belonging to the General Library of the University must be returned on or before Wednesday, June 18.

NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

No. CCXLV.

AUGUST, 1890.

ARTICLE I.—THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

EIGHTY-SEVEN years ago, on the banks of the Mississippi River, where St. Louis now stands, with its mammoth store-houses, magnificent public buildings, and nearly half a million of inhabitants—then a mere trading post, with a little cluster of log cabins and cheap houses to shelter the traders from the heat of summer and the driving winds of winter—there was to be seen a party of thirty persons, under the direction of Captain Lewis and Captain Clark, constructing three rough flat-bottom boats, one of twenty-two, one of seven, and one of six oars, in which, with their supplies, they were to ascend and explore the Missouri River, and all the vast unknown region drained by its waters, now estimated to be 518,000 square miles of territory. Truly an insignificant outfit for so great an undertaking!

Capt. Merriweather Lewis was born in Virginia, August 17th, 1774. He enlisted as a volunteer in the troops called out to suppress the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1795, and became Captain in 1800. Capt. William Clark was born

in Virginia, August 1st, 1770. He entered the army as a private, at the age of eighteen, and spent six or seven years in active service, engaged in a crusading warfare against the Indians. He was made Lieutenant, March 7th, 1792, became Quartermaster in 1793, and served till 1796, when he resigned.

Thomas Jefferson, coming to the Presidency March 4th, 1801, selected Capt. Lewis to be his private secretary. On the 30th of April, 1803, Jefferson, through his accredited agents and ministers, bought of the French nation a large farm, and his practical eye selected these two young men, Lewis and Clark, to look it over. His instructions were very explicit, to examine minutely into the condition, traditions, and peculiar characteristics of the Indian tribes, the physical geography of the country, its rivers, mountains, temperature, animals, minerals, and vegetable products, and to make report of their doings and findings to Congress.

A herculean task was before them; but these brave men comprehended the magnitude of the undertaking, and entered upon their work with heroic zeal and patriotic purpose.

Lewis was the scientific and Clark the military director of the expedition, both by fitness and common consent, but Lewis was senior officer, to whom instructions were committed.

Completing their outfit at St. Louis, they slipped their moorings, swung their floating craft out into the Mississippi River, and pulled up stream to the mouth of the Missouri River, about twenty miles above St. Louis.

Here they met with an obstacle not anticipated. The commandant of a Spanish post at that place, in conformity with the policy of his government, refused to let the expedition pass, and they retired to the opposite shore of the Mississippi River, within the unquestioned jurisdiction of the United States, and communicated the cause of their delay to the President at Washington. The difficulties of communication at that early date were so great, that they were obliged to go into winter quarters where they were, in sight of the Spanish flag that proclaimed the omnipotence of the Spanish government over all of the territory beyond.

At the time of which we speak, the western boundary of the United States was the Mississippi River, and the Spanish flag

floated over the territory west of that river from the British Possessions on the north to Brazil on the south.

The southern boundary of the United States was the 31st parallel of latitude, and the Spanish Floridas occupied all the intervening country below that line from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River, completely shutting off the American people from all communication with the Gulf.

About forty years before this period, seven years of bloody war had come to an end in Europe, in 1762. Victory had perched upon the English banners both upon land and upon sea, in Europe and America. Quebec had surrendered to the victorious army of General Wolfe in 1759, and soon after the French government ceded to the British crown all of her Canadian possessions stretching westward from the waters of the St. Lawrence, acknowledging the supremacy of England over the Canadian Provinces.

A few years later, November 3d, 1762, France ceded to Spain "that portion of the Province of Louisiana lying east of the Mississippi River and the City of New Orleans;" and on the 13th of the same month, by a separate transaction, ceded "the said country and colony of Louisiana, and the posts thereon depending, likewise the City and Island of New Orleans, to Spain," thereby parting with her entire American dominions.

Shortly after, Spain, February 10, 1763, ceded to England all of her American possessions east of the Mississippi River, except the town of New Orleans, and we were exposed to be harassed by a British army upon the north and south, and by her navy on the east. British exactions culminated in the stirring events of the Revolution. The disasters of that war so embarrassed England in the control of Florida, that, in 1783, the government ceded it back to Spain, and the Spanish flag once more floated from the eastern coast of Florida to the Pacific. October 1st, 1800, Spain, by a secret treaty, transferred "the Colony or Province of Louisiana back to France, with no restrictions as to limits, but with her ancient boundaries as they were when France in 1762 had ceded the province to Spain."

October 16, 1802, two years after the cession, Don Morales, Spanish intendant of Louisiana, issued a proclamation prohibiting the further use by the citizens of the United States of the City of New Orleans as a place of deposit for merchandise, and free transit for our ships down the river to the sea.

December 15, 1802, President Jefferson notified Congress of the secret transfer of Louisiana by Spain back to France, and of the Spanish pronunciamiento, prohibiting American citizens from using the wharves of New Orleans.

Great excitement ensued throughout the country. Congress remonstrated against the manifesto, and the Western States threatened to resist the edict by force rather than submit to its exactions.

January 10, 1803, James Monroe was appointed special Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, and directed to proceed at once to Paris, to act in concert with our Ministers, Livingston at Paris and Pinckney at Spain, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty, and securing commercial privileges at New Orleans. Congress granted \$2,000,000 for the purposes of this mission.

At that time war clouds were again hanging thick and threatening over England and France. England was arrogant and powerful. France was humiliated and in want of money. England was preparing to seize the French possessions in America, which had two years before been ceded back by Spain to France, and New Orleans and the Mississippi River were the objective points of attack. Twenty ships from the British navy were cruising in the Gulf of Mexico off the mouth of the river, waiting for the conflict. Napoleon was alive to the situation, and resolved to checkmate England in her plan to obtain the coveted prize.

Accordingly, on the 10th of April, 1803, Napoleon announced to two of his counselors, that he had determined to sell his American possessions to the United States, which had so gallantly defeated the English in the Revolutionary war. His startling proposition met with opposition. The next day he held audience with them again, and when the latest dispatches were read, it was then and there decided that war with England was inevitable, that money was needed to carry it on,

that they could not hold their American territory against England—and the only alternative being an immediate sale of the country for money, or a seizure without it, they resolved to sell.

Livingston, our Minister at Paris, was apprised of this proposition, but it so far exceeded the limits of his instructions, that he could not negotiate without authority from Washington. To communicate with Washington, and obtain a reply, would occupy about three months. Such a delay would be hazardous to the interests of France and the United States. But the new Minister, James Monroe, was already on his way to Paris, and fortunately arrived there April 12th, 1803. The proposition was submitted to him, and though it exceeded his instructions, he took the responsibility of making the treaty, and it was signed April 30th, 1803. It stipulated that the United States should pay 80,000,000 francs; and, as part of the same transaction, twenty million francs should be applied by the United States, at Washington, to the payment of certain claims owed by France to American citizens, if they should amount to that sum. The amount finally agreed upon was \$3,738,268.98.

The whole sum actually paid was in round numbers \$16,000,000—less than two cents for each one hundred acres of land conveyed.

Never before was a treaty between National Powers hurried to conclusion so rapidly. The matter was conducted so secretly and expeditiously, that the Minister of England at Paris knew nothing of the negotiations till after the treaty was signed. On learning that fact, he at once demanded his passports and left for England.

The French Ambassador at the Court of St. James also took his passport and left. These two eminent men, between whom ties of personal friendship existed, on their way to their respective governments met at Dover, amid the shadows of the great calamity, which each felt was soon to break upon the world in terrible reality.

The events which followed need no description here. The clash of arms between these two great powers and their allies shook the world from center to circumference. Napoleon,

who had carried the eagles of France in triumph through a hundred battles, went down in the conflict at Waterloo, and the Iron Duke mounted the pedestal of fame, as the conquering hero of the world. The armies of England and her allies dictated terms of peace and conquest in the French Capital, and Napoleon, a prisoner of State, on the 8th of August, 1815, turned his face in banishment from the city and people he loved so well, and went into exile at St. Helena, to behold them no more forever.

The light of his life went out May 15, 1821, and his bones rested on the wave-washed shores of St. Helena, till 1840, when they were brought back to his beloved Paris, amid triumphal arches, and the plaudits and peans of a nation devoted to his name.

Americans who visit his tomb should remember that it was his act that gave us the title deeds to the greatest real-estate transaction ever recorded. The "Louisiana Purchase" was hardly second in importance to the Declaration of Independence, in the history of our government.

Although Spain had ceded the Colony or Province of Louisiana back to France two years before France ceded it to the United States, yet France had never taken formal possession of any part of it. Not a Spanish flag had been lowered, or a French flag raised any where, to indicate that there had been a change of national sovereignty or of national supremacy. Even at New Orleans, Spanish rule continued, and we had paid tribute for the right to deposit our products and merchandise for export and import, and for the right of ingress and egress to the Mississippi river, and even those rights had been suspended by Spain in an imperious, arrogant manner, without protest from France. Spanish rule had become odious to the American people, especially to those living in the Western States, and they chafed for deliverance from their exactions and prohibitions. Congress was even debating the question of removing them by force of arms, and of seizing New Orleans. A crisis would have been precipitated but for the cool, calculating, far reaching wisdom of Jefferson, who had plans for a peaceable acquisition, not then divulged to the public ear. But Jefferson could not long have kept the people

quiet, if the treaty had not been made. Spanish restrictions and the geographical lines favored an enterprise for the conquest of the country, and the people were ripe for the undertaking. England was also about to attempt the seizure; and England and America would have contended for the prize, as they afterwards did in the war which culminated in victory for our forces under Gen. Jackson, January 8th, 1815, which saved New Orleans and the river from British interference.

The treaty having arrived in this country July 1st, 1803, President Jefferson called an extra-session of Congress, which assembled October 17th, 1803; and, two days after, ratified the treaty, clothing Jefferson with authority to enforce it. He lost no time in taking possession, and proclaiming the sovereignty of the United States over it as fast as events would justify. The ships, on the coast, carrying the figure-head of the British Lion on their bows, and flying the flag of St. George at the mast head, ready to seize New Orleans and all other French American territory, retreated from the Gulf without a shot, at the sight of the American flag, and New Orleans was ours. England had lost her opportunity, and America had gained it.

In the meantime, the Spanish officials, at the mouth of the Missouri river and other points in the territory, had been notified that they were no longer needed to stand sentinel at the opening gate-way of a country larger in extent than Spain and France together, and that the United States had acquired possession of all the vast realm beyond, to provide homes for its rapidly increasing family. Accordingly, Lewis and Clark now received instructions to move on; and on the 4th of May, 1804, armed with passports from foreign ministers, and backed by the United States Government, they again started on their mission, passed without opposition the Spanish post, where the autumn before they had been turned back; and, bidding farewell to civilization, entered the unknown country, to open up to the eye of civilization the value of the "Louisiana Purchase."

The Territory covered by this "Purchase" was of vast extent and undefined proportions. Not a boundary line was given or referred to in the treaty, and the only reference to the

locus in quo was "the Colony or Province of Louisiana with the same extent it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States."

Could language make anything more ambiguous and uncertain? At first it was supposed that the treaty and cession carried all the Floridas, but Spain claimed the Floridas under conquest and cession from Great Britain, and refused to surrender possession; but did surrender New Orleans and the Province of Louisiana to France, November 30th, 1803, only twenty days before France formally surrendered them to the Government of the United States. John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Thomas H. Benton, and other able statesmen claimed that the treaty covered Florida and the whole of Texas to the Rio Grande. But this claim was denied by Spain.

The American Government claimed that the purchase embraced all the Northern portion of the country bordering the British possessions from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. This claim was on the strength of the French explorations by Marquette in 1663 on the Mississippi River from Canada to the Gulf followed by French explorations of the river and country under Lasalle in 1680. .

The United States also set up an independent claim to the Oregon country, based, first, upon its original discovery by Captain Robert Gray, an American navigator, who discovered and sailed up the Columbia River in 1791, giving to the river the name of his ship: secondly, upon the fact that a trading post had been established by Americans on Snake River, west of the mountains, in 1808, and thirdly, that another trading post had been established at Astoria, in Oregon, by John Jacob Astor, who gave the town his own name.

Thus the discovery of Oregon by Americans had been followed up by actual settlements in the country.

These claims to the Oregon country were denied by Spain, which contended that all the region west of the mountains was Spanish Territory, stretching from Mexico to the British possessions, basing their rights on prior discovery, and the fact that Spanish settlements had been made on the Pacific Slope.

Which of the two claims was the stronger, and the better founded in national or international law, in fact or in presumption, we need not discuss. The subject of the boundaries, and the right of national supremacy in the Oregon country, in Texas, and the complicated relations in the Spanish Floridas, were matters of grave dispute and serious concern between Spain and the United States, to be settled either by the arbitrament of war or by diplomacy. General Jackson, in his hot chase after the Seminole Indians, followed them with his army, without the orders or consent of his Government, across our Southern boundary into Florida in 1818, where he burned Spanish towns, shot Spanish subjects upon Spanish soil, seized a trader at a Spanish post and an Englishman—court-martialed them, hung one upon the yard-arm of an English vessel of which he was an officer,—riddled the other with American bullets, as he sat upon his coffin with arms pinioned and eyes bandaged, captured Spanish Forts along the gulf, and garrisoned them with American forces. England, Spain, and other foreign powers were greatly exasperated over what was deemed a flagrant violation of national compact, and international law by Jackson in this raid and murder upon foreign soil.

War with Spain was imminent, and England threatened retaliation for the murder of her subjects upon Spanish soil, and was contemplating an alliance with Spain for offensive operations against the United States.

Bitter feelings and divided sentiment among eminent statesmen in Congress also sprung up over the lawless acts of Jackson, which crystallized into political parties, that lasted while Jackson lived, and lived after Jackson died.

James Monroe, who secured the treaty with France, was then President of the United States, and his practical wisdom did much to keep down the turbulent elements of political animosities, and guide the affairs of State into a channel of peaceful deliverance from threatened danger. Knowing the absence of definite boundaries, the inherent obscurities and patent ambiguities in the Articles of cession which conveyed the purchase, Monroe regarded the matter of sufficient importance for negotiation and compromise. Negotiations were

opened, and to secure a final adjustment of all difficulties between Spain and the United States, a Treaty was formed, February 22d, 1819, and ratified February 22d, 1822, by which we gave up our claim to Texas from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and Spain gave up Florida and abandoned all the rights that she had claimed to the North land, west of the mountains. Our release of Texan territory was regarded by many as an unnecessary surrender to Spanish demands, but the settlement freed us from complications which Spain could not overlook, and our Government could not justify.

The acquisition of Florida not only added to our national domain a territory more than seven times larger than Massachusetts, but gave us an unbroken line of sea coast from Nova Scotia, on the north to the Sabine Pass, on the south, with no foreign waters washing our shores, and no unfriendly settlements to embarrass our commerce.

Thus a full settlement of our boundary lines and border difficulties was effected. The soil of Florida, moistened by Spanish and English blood spilled by Jackson, peacefully passed under the flag of the United States, and Spanish grievances were ended.

England, learning the turn that events had taken with Spain, blustered for a while, then bandaged the eyes of her Lions, and we were at peace with all the world, with a country united from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Jackson, was rewarded for his audacity, made United States Senator from Tennessee, and then President of the United States from 1829 to 1837; and tradition has it, that there were those who continued to vote for him for that office long after his death, June 8th, 1845.

The extent of the territory embraced in the Louisiana purchase is but little known, understood, or comprehended by the people of this country to-day. It is a territory larger in extent than the thirteen original States of the Union, it is greater in agricultural resources, it is richer in mineral wealth, it has a greater variety of climate and soil. Its mountains are the largest and most magnificent in grandeur on the continent, its

scenery is the finest, its natural curiosities the most remarkable in the country; and its river courses are the longest in the world.

This whole territory was shut up in seclusion, with its solitudes unbroken, except by the war-whoop of the Indian, and the growl of wild beasts echoing through the forests. The buffalo and wild horse roamed at will over its vast prairies; the stately elk, the timid deer, and the sprightly antelope, chewed their cuds in contentment. The bear and the wolf were monarchs of the forest, and snapped their teeth at settlers as they reared their rude cabins in the wilderness. The beaver built its dams, and the otter gambolled in its waters unmolested. Feathered game and feathered songsters reared their young undisturbed, and caroled their songs upon morning air, laden with the perfumes of eternal summer. Tropical fruits ripened and dropped in abundance upon the land at one extremity, while icy chains locked the water springs, and covered the earth with snowy mantles at the other; gentle breezes from grassy plains, and sea air from salted waves, swept the land, over a region of country stretching from the Gulf to the Lakes, and the Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, a country large enough for an empire, and rich enough for the ambition of kings.

In the history that we are so rapidly making, in the marvelous achievements that we are familiar with, it is well to remember the beginnings, that we may the better appreciate results. The human mind is aided in comprehending magnitudes by familiar comparisons.

To this end we will call attention to the fact that Connecticut has only a territorial area of 4,990 square miles; Massachusetts 8,315; and the State of New York 49,170 square miles.

Now, the "Louisiana Purchase," excluding Texas, embraced a territorial area 260 times larger than Connecticut; 150 times larger than Massachusetts, and 26 times larger than New York.

What have we done with this magnificent empire farm, purchased 87 years ago?

In 1812, we admitted Louisiana as a State into the Union, with 48,720 square miles.

In 1821, we admitted Missouri, with 69,415 square miles.

In 1836, we admitted Arkansas, with 52,250 square miles.

In 1845, we admitted Iowa, with 56,025 square miles, and the same year admitted Florida with 58,680 square miles.

In 1858, we admitted Minnesota, with 83,365 square miles.

In 1861, we admitted Kansas, with 82,080 square miles.

In 1867, we admitted Nebraska, with 76,855 square miles.

In 1876, we admitted Colorado, with 103,925 square miles. A portion of this State, lying west of the Rocky Mountains, was not included in the Louisiana Purchase, but was obtained by the "Gaudalupe Hidalgo Treaty" which gave us Utah, Arizona, etc. So we will put down for Colorado only 60,000 square miles as obtained by the "Purchase."

February 22, 1889, at one dash of the pen, we admitted North and South Dakota, with an aggregate area of 150,932 square miles, and Montana, with 146,080 square miles.

Wyoming with 97,890 square miles was admitted into the Union in 1890.

Twelve great States, each nearly double the size of New York, have already been admitted into the Union out of territory east of the Rocky Mountains; and we have in addition, the Indian Territory, with 64,690 square miles, and the Yellowstone, or National Park, with 3,575 square miles.

The strip of land, like an index-finger pointing westward, seen on the map of the Indian Territory, was ceded by Texas to the United States, December 13, 1850. Call the Indian Territory 55,000 square miles under the Purchase.

There was also taken from Florida south of the 31st-parallel of latitude 2,300 square miles to be added to Alabama, and also 3,600 square miles which was added to Mississippi to give to those two States a water front upon the Gulf of Mexico.

In the territory west of the mountains, we have Oregon, with 96,030 square miles, admitted into the Union as a State in 1859; Washington, with 69,994 square miles, which was admitted as a State, February 22, 1889; and Idaho, with 84,800 square miles, admitted into the Union as a State in 1890; making fifteen States already admitted out of the Louisiana Purchase.

Whether all these political divisions of territory west of the mountains and Florida were actually embraced in the Louisiana Purchase or not, that Purchase was the key that confirmed our title, and gave us quiet possession of a land that receives the last golden baptism of the sun, ere he sinks behind the billows of the Pacific; and also gave us the land of flowers and tropical fruits, in the Peninsula of Florida.

We have discussed this matter as though there might be a shadow of doubt as to whether this North Land, west of the mountains was included in the Louisiana Purchase. An eminent historian gives the crest of the Rocky Mountains as the western boundary of the "Purchase," but the first time we find that boundary line mentioned, is in our treaty with Spain in 1819, when we were settling disputes and difficulties growing out of disputed boundaries and other complicated relations.

The Congressional Records compiled in 1884, which describe the public domain that we have acquired by treaties, cessions, and conquests, after careful investigation and analysis of each, classify these three political divisions Oregon, Washington, and Idaho as embraced within the Louisiana Purchase.*

Take another fact. Remove all the 65,000,000 people of the United States, into the States and Territories covered by the "Louisiana Purchase," and it would give less than 50 persons to the square mile, while the Census of 1880 gives Connecticut one hundred and thirty-three; Massachusetts two hundred and twenty-eight, and the State of New York, one hundred and six to the square mile.

* We find on examination of "Congressional Records" concerning this North Land, the following bit of history.

"The French, prior to the sale of the Province of Louisiana and possessions to the United States, claimed the country south of the British possessions and west of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, by reason of discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River. This claim the United States, being the successor of France, also urged and stood upon."

"The United States held an independent claim to that portion of the Louisiana purchase known as Oregon, based upon the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia River in May 1791, by Capt. Gray, of Boston, in the ship *Columbia*, naming the river after the name of his ship."

Let us now go back to our starting point, a period of time covered by the memory of men living to-day, an inconsiderable period in the history of a nation, and behold the rapid strides we have made, in all the physical realities of life. Take one more look at the little band of explorers, toiling up at the expense of sinews of flesh and blood, paddling, wading, pushing and pulling their rough boats up the turbulent waters of the Missouri, filled with snags and sand-bars, its banks lined with trees and tangle wood, and follow them in imagination as they overcome one obstacle, just in time to encounter another, stopping where night overtakes them to gather strength for the next day's experiences. Think of them in the wilderness, in the years of isolation from civilized life, mindful only of the scenes they are passing through, and of the great work before them; then drop a memorial leaf to the memory of faithful men, who served well their country in their day and generation.

We annually set apart one day in three hundred and sixty-five to recount the brave deeds, and strew flowers upon the graves, of the heroic dead who fell in the great struggle for a nation's unity, and we do well; but no one generation has the exclusive honor of furnishing heroes who fall in life's battles. Struggles for a fuller and a higher development of all the agencies that crown duty's call and life's faithful work everywhere call for gratitude. In the sweep of events, where brave deeds and heroic work are forgotten, let us not forget Captains Lewis and Clark, whose memory should be cherished while years revolve and the sun shines. They did their work faithfully, grandly, well, and we are enjoying the fruits of their labor. Since their day, how changed the realities of our national life. The mighty Missouri river—with its swift current, its shifting sand-bars, here to-day and there to-morrow, filled with snags which have come down from mountain forests—still rolls its floods to the sea, in some places miles distant from where those first explorers passed over its murky bosom, not then as now bearing the wealth of a nation.

Instead of boats creeping up its waters and propelled by oars, now steam power, harnessed to great ships, more numerous than the ships of Tarshish, laden with passengers and freight, plow up and down its waters for thousands of miles, opening

up to settlement and civilization a vast, rich country, which our countrymen can have, almost for the asking.

Great cities line the river banks. Railroad bridges span its waters from shore to shore, civilized homes, cultivated fields, and rich harvests brighten the landscape, greeting the eye in all directions. Ponderous railroad trains move over its vast plains, winding through dismal chasms, and climbing along frightful precipices, drawing the wealth of nations from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf.

A short time ago, a cargo of two thousand tons of tea from Yokahama, arrived at Tacoma, in the State of Washington, consigned to St. Paul, Chicago, and New York. To move this tea, required twenty freight trains of ten cars each, at an expense of \$35. a ton—or $1\frac{1}{2}$ of a cent a pound, to transport it from Yokahama to its destination. This tea came by the Northern Pacific Railroad, over a route part of which was traversed by Lewis and Clark, in their expedition to the Pacific. Its transit from Tacoma to New York occupied eight days and four hours. It took Lewis and Clark two years, four months, and nineteen days of weary travel to make the journey from the Mississippi River to Portland, Oregon, and back. Now railroad trains with luxurious compartments come and go regularly between the Pacific and the Mississippi River, with civilized homes brightening the landscape in all directions, where not one in all the region greeted the eyes of Lewis and Clark.

This Territory between the Mississippi River and the Pacific ocean, then an unbroken wilderness, is to-day a great empire, bustling with activities—its development too rapid to be calculated, and its possibilities too great to be guessed at.

Railroads penetrate the country in all directions. Iowa alone has more miles of railroad than all the six New England States combined.

The telegraph flashes daily intelligence from Rocky Mountain homes into editorial rooms in New York, London, Paris, and St. Petersburg; the steam press catches it up, sending it off at the rate of 100,000 impressions an hour, and it is read in every part of the civilized globe, in different languages, before the pointers on the dial-plate complete their circuit.

The widely separated dates between the signing of the Treaty at Paris, April 30th, and its arrival at Washington, July 1st,—between the draft of instructions to Capt. Lewis in April, and the signing of them June 30th, seems almost incredible to us, accustomed as we are to quick thinking and rapid execution, but when we remember, that it was in 1807 that the first steamboat plowed the waters of the Hudson to Albany, that it was in 1826 that the first railroad was constructed, running four miles from the Quincy quarries in Massachusetts to tide water, that not a telegraph wire was then stretched in the land, that 87 years ago, the Post Rider mounted his horse with mail pouch and saddle bags, and traveled on horseback through the wilderness and over the mountains from Washington to the Mississippi River, we can realize in some measure the delays and difficulties of the journey of Lewis and Clark.

It took President Jefferson weeks to communicate a line or a word from Washington to the Mississippi River in any direction. Now when the President delivers his inaugural message at Washington, one telegraph wire catches it up and sends it to the Pacific ocean; and though it covers a printed page of a newspaper, it is there received, three thousand miles distant, three hours in point of time before its delivery,—is there published, without the loss of a word or omission of a comma, and read simultaneously in point of time with its delivery in Washington. Another wire starts it down to Mexico and the South American States; another sends it through the ocean to London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and on to the Isles of the Sea.

We had supposed that the telegraph, having annihilated distance and time, could have no rival in the field; but lo! the telephone appears, a man may sit at one end of the wire, and call to a friend at the other, who listens to the words of a familiar voice, delivers his commercial orders, and pockets his ducats, before a telegraphic message could reach its destination.

These magic wires stretching over all lands—through all waters—are earth's heart-cords, making this planet of ours a living creature, sensitive through every fiber of its gigantic frame, along whose quivering nerves and throbbing pulses,

the great human mind thinks, and the great human voice speaks of realities that crown our national life with achievements, greater than Jefferson comprehended or dreamed of.

Instead of wind-bound, storm-baffled sailing craft, with forty-day manifests from London, Liverpool, or Paris, such as Jefferson depended upon for means of communication in his day; now great floating steam palaces, with home comforts, come and go in their six day pastimes, regardless of wind or weather, with holiday entertainments the journey over. Instead of a mail pouch hung across the saddle-tree, carrying a week's mail from Washington to the Mississippi river in a month's time as in Jefferson's day, now thirty span of horses could not haul one day's mail from Washington to St. Louis, in any one month of the year.

No man, however extensive his reading, his knowledge of statistics, can have by such means any adequate idea of the vastness and value of the "Louisiana Purchase." He will fall short of the great reality, which can only open before him as he journeys over it by steam power day after day, week in and week out, in a continuous direction, and comprehends by comparison and contrast, that the great Empire State of New York is, after all, a mere speck upon the surface, but dust in the balance, when weighed against the mighty Empire embraced within the "Louisiana Purchase."

Much of the historical influence leading up to the negotiations and acquisition of this territory was due to a Connecticut man, John Ledyard, born in Groton, in that State, in 1751. He entered Dartmouth College at the age of nineteen to prepare himself as a missionary among the Indians. He left college at the close of the first year, shipped as a sailor to Gibraltar, there enlisted as a soldier. Obtaining his discharge, he accompanied Capt. Cook in his voyage to the Pacific in 1776. He revisited Connecticut in 1782, but neither the quiet old town of Groton or the State possessed attractions for him. His restless spirit chafed with the love of adventure. He recrossed the Atlantic, and went to Paris to persuade a mercantile firm there to enter into the fur trade on the west coast of America, near the mouth of the Columbia River.

While in Paris, in 1787, he had frequent interviews with Thomas Jefferson, one of the three Commissioners sent by Congress to Paris with treaty-making powers for commercial purposes. His conversation was upon the subject and desirability of this government acquiring possession and control of the territory between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean.

So firmly was the frontier guarded against incursions into it from our side, that Jefferson says he proposed to Ledyard to go by way of Kamskatska, cross over in some Russian vessel to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of Missouri, and then penetrate through to the United States.

Jefferson says: "Ledyard eagerly seized the idea, and only asked to be assured of the permission of the Russian government to the undertaking." Jefferson interested himself in obtaining that permission, and Ledyard started with a passport obtained through Jefferson's agency for that purpose.

At 200 miles from Kamskatska, Ledyard was pursued, overtaken, and arrested by an officer of the Empress, who had changed her mind, forbidding him to proceed. He was put into a close carriage, and conveyed back without stopping, day or night, till they reached Poland, where he was left with a warning not to return, and his undertaking was abandoned. Chagrined at the disappointment, he resolved upon, and afterwards undertook, a journey into Egypt, but with health shattered by fatigue and exposure, he died at Cairo on the way, January 17th, 1789.

So interested had Jefferson become through his interviews with Ledyard, as to the desirability of our government acquiring this territory, that in 1792 he proposed to the American Philosophical Society to start a subscription and engage some competent persons to explore this region by ascending the Missouri River. This was done. Capt. Lewis and a French botanist were selected for the undertaking. They started, and when they arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, they were overtaken by an order from the Minister of France to the French botanist, to relinquish the expedition, and it was given up.

But Jefferson never lost sight of the Star of Empire which seemed to him to hang over the region west of the Mississippi

River, and his sleepless eye watched with jealous care all the movements in reference, not only to Spanish possessions stretching westward from the east coast of Florida to the Mississippi River, but also he had longing desires to extend our domain west of the Mississippi, and Mr. Monroe felt authorized, by conversations with Jefferson, to exceed the limits of his instructions, and he took the whole of the French possessions in America, pledging the credit of the nation for its purchase. It was a large sum for our country to assume at that early date, and yet, the sum paid for the entire purchase is not equal to the product of the mines in Montana for one year, or the wheat of Kansas, or the corn of Iowa, for a single year.

Jefferson, though doubting his constitutional right to make the purchase, was greatly pleased with the result of the negotiations, though many of his countrymen were displeased with what seemed to them the enormous price to be paid. Jefferson encountered fierce opposition by reason thereof throughout our scattered population, but Congress promptly ratified the treaty, and opposition soon turned to praise.

When Jefferson prepared his instructions to Lewis and Clark, he spoke of all that western territory as foreign land. We find in his instructions the following :

“As your movements while within the limits of the United States will be better directed by occasional communications adapted to circumstances as they arise, will not be noticed here. What follows will respect your proceedings after your departure from the United States.

“Your mission has been communicated to the Ministers here from France, Spain, and Great Britain, and through them to their governments and such assurances given them as to its objects as we trust will satisfy them. The country of Louisiana, having been ceded by Spain to France, the passport you have from the Minister of France, the representative of the present sovereign of the country, will be a protection of all its subjects, and that from the Minister of England will entitle you to the friendly aid of the traders of that allegiance with whom you may happen to meet.”

Armed with these passports, and backed with assistance and orders of our government, the expedition started, and faithfully completed the work assigned them, returning to St. Louis, September 23d, 1806, having crossed the country from

the mouth of the Missouri River to the mouth of the Columbia on the Pacific coast and back again.

General Sherman's march to the sea was not attended with more anxiety to the government and the country than was the absence of this little band unheard of for more than two years. Their return to St. Louis was heralded with delight all over the country, and a great burden of suspense lifted from the heart of the nation.

Many of the rivers, mountains, rocks, and places received names from them which they bear to-day.

Their observant eyes, practical wisdom, and marvelous surmounting of difficulties, will not cease to be a wonder to all who are acquainted with their great work. The writer, having traveled by easy conveyance thousands of miles over the country by the route they pursued, can never cease to wonder at the marvelous achievements of those brave, persevering men.

Capt. Lewis soon after his return was made Governor of the territory of Louisiana, and Capt. Clark, General of its Militia, and agent of the United States for Indian affairs in that department.

Lewis, with poor health, and a constitution shattered by the fatigues and exposures of the expedition, committed suicide near Nashville, Tennessee, on his way from St. Louis to Washington, October 11th, 1809.

President Madison appointed Capt. Clark Governor of Missouri in 1813, which position he held until Missouri was admitted into the Union.

In 1822 he was appointed Superintendent of Indian affairs, which office he held at his death in St. Louis, Sept. 1st, 1838.

A debt of gratitude to the men who composed the Lewis and Clark expedition was recognized by Congress, and a donation of public lands was made which at that early day was of small value. Men of less public consideration have received greater public rewards.

How much this nation and the world at large is indebted to Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, for the peaceful acquisition of this territory amid threatening and impending difficulties, can never be told or comprehended.

This purchase gave us the breadth of the continent from ocean to ocean, the command of its rivers and harbors, the wealth of its mountains, its plains and valleys, a country sweeping from the Gulf to the Lakes and the Lakes to the Sea, in which is being worked out the sublimest problems of human life and of self-government in the interests of the people.

We cannot speak particularly of each State and Territory carved out of the "Louisiana Purchase." A country so vast, extending through so many degrees of latitude and longitude, embracing so many States and Territories, such a variety of climate and natural features, cannot be individualized or grouped together in a single paper.

Each State and Territory has its own individuality, in many respects different from its fellows. The writer has only shown the Genealogical Tree from which these several States and Territories have sprung, and brought together such data as it may be desirable to remember.

Possibly enough has been said to lead up to other fascinating fields of inquiry, where investigation will be rewarded with pleasure and profit.

L. E. MUNSON.

ARTICLE II.—A POETICAL HEART-BREAK.

SOME years since the writer while idling in a London hotel reading-room casually picked up a copy of the *St. James's Gazette* of the day, and in glancing over the pages, his attention was arrested by a letter purporting to be written by *Clara Vere de Vere* to her *niece*, who (as it appeared by the context) had repeatedly importuned her aunt to give her the *true version* of the tragic incident of the suicide of "young Laurence," so unsparingly denounced by the poet as being the direct result of this haughty lady's unfeeling coquetry in her youthful days. The letter was a most admirable and artistic piece of literary work; assuming and maintaining a verisimilitude of reality in all of its details, and reproducing in a very life-like way the characteristics of the famous "*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*," as stamped upon her portraiture for all time in the poet's scathing lines. There were the same patrician calmness and impassivity in the tone of the reply which she made to her young correspondent's inquiries that might be expected, but along with this, and in place of the lofty superciliousness with which she might be supposed to treat the subject, the easy dignity and apparent sincerity with which she met and repelled the early poetic scandal attached to her name were a surprise to the reader. In effect (as it is now recalled) her version was that the "young person" referred to by the poet was no other than the son of the head-gardener (or perhaps game-keeper) of the family estate, whom she knew merely as such, and was scarcely aware of his existence at all until some circumstances connected with his untimely death (entirely dissociated from herself in their origin) brought him to her notice, when she rendered some kindly service to the mother of the young man, for which instead of the "bitter word" which the poet alleges he "heard" the mother speak, she received appropriate thanks, and was regarded somewhat as a benefactress. I am not able from memory to do any justice either to the substance or style of the very cleverly

conceived disclaimer made by the "Lady Clara" of any personal responsibility for or concern in this famous poetic tragedy; but it was so very good in its way that it made something more than a passing impression as a literary trifle; so much so that it led to a careful re-reading of "Lady Clara's" letter with a view to get from it a more distinct impression of the suggestion it contained of some new fact underlying this episode which was made to appear like a bit of genuine biography. This closer reading led to the imagined discovery, under the calm and high-bred mixture of frankness and reserve with which the "Lady Clara" brushed aside an unfounded poetic slander, of an unmistakable undertone of regretful reminiscence in which she *was* concerned, and in which some one else than "young Laurence" was concerned with her, namely, the poet himself. This suggestion, combined with the significant dating of the letter from "The Towers," indicating that she had never changed her residence from the time when she was scornfully left to "pine among your halls and towers," and the signature of her *maiden* name of Clara Vere de Vere, pointed to the possibility of there being quite another side to this story which has never been told. This new view of the matter was followed by a kind of idler's reverie of trying to imagine what kind of a reply certain other ladies, whose names have become almost household words through the medium of the same poet, would make to similar inquiries about the reputed escapades in which they are made to figure in the earlier Tennysonian verses. Of these, the first to occur to mind was "Cousin Amy," almost or quite a contemporary of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" in her poetic advent upon the scene, where she is first made the subject of ecstatically amatory followed by bitterly cynical verses in "Locksley Hall." Then came "Maud" of the Garden and the dark tragedy so despairingly bewailed. Again, memory recalled the lighter and rather grimly amusing escapade of "little Letty" by the "Lake"—each and all bearing the common impress of a "course of true love that did not run smooth," and each by incidents and catastrophe suggesting one and the same severe heart-break, with a never-ending heart-ache venting itself in different moods. Without attempting to invent any such clever correspondence

as that by which an anonymous contributor to the *St. James's Gazette* brought out the supposably true story of the "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" episode, the writer came by degrees to recall some of his own early impressions in regard to these poems, and to see or imagine such resemblances in these differing phases of the grand passion as to indicate one and the same origin for all, and that one a *reality* which evidently made and left its life-mark on the poet's heart and mind. Probably nothing in his known biography may point with any certainty to the true history of this suspected heart-tragedy, but as his verses are public property it is allowable to indulge in such speculation as they seem to warrant. The more so if it shall be made to appear that the poet has given form and voice to a real or imagined personal experience that sounds all the heights and depths of a lover's bliss and woe, and that will find an echo in the endless recurrence of this experience through all time. Most certain it is that with it began the higher lyrical inspiration of this bard, and equally certain that it is this inspiration that will carry some of his verses down among the very latest that will be forgotten in the surviving pages of his contribution to the world's poetry.

Assuming then that there is such a *reality* within and between the lines of the poems referred to (as well as in some others in a lesser degree), it is not difficult to trace this reality, almost step by step, through its idealized transformations, from its first appearance in what another poet (Coleridge), in his own regretful and penitential confession of a similar but much briefer experience, calls

The frantic burst of outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen,

down through all of its later and more subdued phases, to the tender regrets and loving memories in which it finally dies out from public utterance in the silence of accepted fate. It will perhaps be rather hard at first to believe that the lady depicted as the proud and scornful and utterly heartless "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" is, in reality, the same person who, in another mood of the poet, appears as "Cousin Amy," and in still other moods as "Maud," and "little Letty," and finally as all of these and much more, combined in a nameless *ideal* that

haunts much of the poet's contemporary and somewhat later verse; yet it needs no very close scrutiny to discover that the story and catastrophe are essentially the same in each and all of these different revelations. It is the story of an ardent and highly sensitive young lover, who, even in his first reputed encounter with the "daughter of a hundred earls," does not fail to receive a certain degree of encouragement, but meeting with or imagining some slight, or rushing impetuously against some of the many obstacles that would be likely to stand in the way of any serious suit in that direction, in his first great outburst of wounded pride and unreasoning love charges the misfortune directly upon his sweetheart's coquetry; no doubt very unjustly, since it can hardly be taken for granted that a lady of the recognized position of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" was wantonly flirting when she "smiled" upon this ardent and doubtless attractive young admirer, nor that she was setting a "snare" for the younger son of the village rector merely to kill time in a dull country parish. This would have been too much of an actual condescension for such a cold-blooded aristocrat as she is represented to be. On the contrary, as read both in and between the lines, it may much more reasonably be conjectured that the poet not only had been but was even then irretrievably in love with the lady whom he was scolding and berating so outrageously. The rage is much too earnest to be affected. It is also much more than likely that she on her part, instead of being the miracle of incrustated indifference and impassivity pilloried for all time on the poet's page, was in fact quite a flesh and blood woman, who not only pitied but reciprocated the poet's tender sentiment, and it was only when she found it impossible to overstep the conventionalities of her station, still less to rise to the full height of a poet's rhapsodies, that this "lover's quarrel" began which was never to end. This fact comes out much more plainly when she is next presented in the character of "Cousin Amy." Here the mutual love is fully recognized in all of its ecstasy, and again it is when obstacles intervene, and a supposed-to-be successful rival is conjured up, that the poet cries out, in a more subdued but still intensely bitter upbraiding, mingled with the very wail of desolation:

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

Followed by lines which change the accusation of cold pride and selfishness made against "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" to one of a different kind :

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

which, if not flattering, or respectful to "Cousin Amy's" parents, at least seem to indicate that her only fault was that of being forced into a disagreeable and unwelcome match, which nevertheless did not take place, since we have this elusive lady-love again presented in the gentle and loving "Maud," with a new night-mare of difficulties encompassing the unfortunate lover, wherein all responsibility for the catastrophe is changed over from her to himself, in the hasty blow and fatal duel with her brother—the inevitable rival, the "babe-faced lord," gloomily shading the background, and the remorseful cry coming back across the now impassable gulf :

"The fault was mine, the fault was mine !"

Still again, and finally, we have the story told over once more in the much more matter of fact garb of the almost typically idyllic rendezvous with "Little Letty" by the "Lake," wherein all of the tragic elements are toned down to a very natural and quite possible escapade of two young lovers, of whom the poet was one, and the other a very brave little girl who escaped from the dragons that guarded her, according to the promise implied in her motto : "*Elle vous suit.*" So far well, and there is a fair prospect at last of bidding defiance to the inexorable conventionalities of English match-making, when down swoop the "trustees and aunts and cousins," and carry off the struggling girl to be afterward married to "lands in Kent and messuages in York, and slight Sir Robert with his watery smile and educated whisker," leaving the finally frustrated lover and almost venomously satirical poet either to face the tender mercies of the sheriff as a trespasser, or make a hasty escape out of the "rainy isle" that recognizes only a "rent-roll Cupid."

It is curious to notice, in this connection, the dates of these different phases of the same passion, so far as these can be

gathered from the published volumes. Thus we find that in the very first book of verses in which this author was alone concerned, issued in 1830, the poet (then a young man of 20) is clearly heart-whole, and his Muse is quite passionless; such sentimentality as there is being of the artificial and conventional order, somewhat as young Romeo played at love-making with Roxalinda in stilted rhymes before his "betossed soul" met its fate in Juliet. The same is proximately true of the second issue, published in 1832; the qualification in this instance being that it contains the first of the series of personal lyrics now under consideration, and marks the beginning of a new phase of life-experience in the bold and, as it afterward proved, youthfully rash defiance and challenge of the Boy-god in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Then follows a silence of some ten years, during which interval there was abundant time for the development of this new experience, and the great upheaval of a strong nature which it involved, and which next finds expression in that most remarkable poem of the volume issued in 1842 which was the first to find an universal audience by its clear ring of true human feeling combined with perhaps the highest lyrical expression ever reached by this poet. It is hardly necessary to say that this poem is "Locksley Hall," nor to add that, in the view we are now taking, this maturer lyric is almost a necessary sequel to its earlier forerunner "Lady Clara Vere de Vere"—both, as has just been surmised, having their origin and inspiration in the same source, and that a deep personal disappointment and heart-ache, with the touch of bitterness and resentment that attend a first disillusion. Note also that his friend, Arthur Hallam, died in 1833, nine years before this volume appeared, and yet not a verse of the elegiac *In Memoriam* was given to the public till still eight years later, in 1850—a circumstance that will be adverted to again in commenting on that poem. Of course it is not necessary nor important to prove or claim any strict chronological sequence of dates in tracing the shifting phases of romantic love. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say that the dates of the published poems coincide remarkably with the view which is now being taken of the personal heart-history written in many of these lines. In the absence of any actual knowledge of this

supposed fact, or of the personality of the real lady who inspired these poetic creations, it would be a curious speculation to attempt to fashion one who should combine them all, and yet retain such identity as to be easily recognized as one and the same person. Certainly it would seem to require a very wild flight of even a poet's imagination to transform the simple and confiding "little Letty" into a "Clara Vere de Vere," or *vice versa*. Yet there is no accounting for the vagaries that float through the brain of a baffled and perplexed lover even of the commonplace order, much less that of a highly sensitive and poetic one, whose galled spirit chafes itself into a frenzy in its futile attempts to burst through the unyielding environments of circumstance that close and tighten the more against its hopeless struggles, until it finally loses consciousness of all else in a blind rage that vents itself in unreasoning denunciation of this supposed oppression. This would make a "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" out of a possibly very amiable and affectionate though high-spirited girl, who was not to be had merely for the asking, and who regarded at first with amazement, and afterward with indignation and high-bred scorn, her lover's unfounded and unjust reproaches. This also would not hesitate to call cousin Amy "shallow-hearted," when in reality she was perhaps quite as broken-hearted as the poet himself. In a word, we are brought by the poet's own successive admissions almost face to face with the real "sweet-heart," who comes through all this storm of bitter denunciation and upbraiding in the silence and forbearance of a true and loving woman. In effect, a veritable "little Letty" who fulfils her part quite as well as her lover does his in all that pertains to the *heart*, but who was not, and *could not be*, a mate for him in that larger world of the poet when he felt

The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about his soul.

This conclusion is reached not merely by conjecture but is fully confirmed by the poet himself in all of his later and retrospective references to this early experience, which brings us to the consideration of some passages in the *In Memoriam*, which must be interpreted by it. This poem purports to be a

monody of grief, and philosophic-spiritual self-consolation for the loss of his early friend, and doubtless had its first suggestions and inspirations in real and lasting regrets for that loss; but it cannot be read in its full significance by this light alone. It has already been noticed that an interval of seventeen years had elapsed since the death of Arthur Hallam, and before these commemorative verses were made public, though doubtless some, perhaps many, of them had been written considerably earlier. But in the meantime there cannot be much question that a greater loss and a deeper grief had overtaken the poet in a heart tragedy of which we have had many glimpses. Here then, in this retrospective poem, is an almost unconscious blending of these heart wounds, affording a key to many passages that would appear to be almost fantastic and overwrought, as well as inconsequent, irrelevant, and well-nigh unintelligible as pertaining to the main theme proposed, but which, when read in the clearer light thrown upon them by the past which has just been reviewed, assume a new meaning, and a far more touching tone of pathetic revelation. Let us read again some of these passages, and see if we do not find in them unmistakable reminiscences of all these different phases of early love and early disappointment, softened by time and resignation to the inevitable—purged of all the dross of unjust suspicion, unfounded jealousy, harsh judgment, and unreasoning invective; leaving only the tender regrets and longing memories that mark the lasting effect of a first and last and only great and true love.

The passages that might be cited from the *In Memoriam* for this purpose are so many that they may be said to constitute almost the warp and woof of the entire poem, since they run through the whole fabric in greater or lesser degree. Still some of the more striking verses may be quoted and italicized to illustrate the significance now claimed for them. A key to the poet's own interpretation of much of his inspiration is found in one of the earlier quatrains, where he says :

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth ;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep *transfers* to thee.

Again :

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day ;
But I'll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love.

And so, from the very beginning of the poem, he blends his lost friend and his lost love ; the transition from one to the other being sometimes almost imperceptible at first, but growing and glowing into a higher strain and a more musical rhythm as the friend is merged in the lover, as in the verses commencing :

I cannot see the features right
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know ; the hues are faint,
And mix with hollow masks of night.

This would apply to his dead friend, but the closing verse evidently has another inspiration :

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a *wizard music* roll ;
And through a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

Again, it is with the sweetheart only that he communes in the verses commencing :

O' wast thou with me, dearest, then
While I *rose up against my doom.*

So in these and following lines :

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt,
I lull a fancy trouble tost.

Here are some verses which either "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" or "Cousin Amy" might accept as a special apology for the violence of his early outbursts against them :

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some *bitter* notes my harp would give ;
Yea, though there often seemed to live
A contradiction on the tongue.

Yet Hope had never lost her youth :
She did but look through dimmer eyes ;
Or Love but played with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fixed in truth.

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song ;
 And if the words were sweet and strong,
He set his *royal signet* there.

Again, apparently seeking reconciliation with this living sweet-heart :

My heart though widowed may not rest
 Quite in the love of what is gone,
 But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another human breast.

Ah ! take the imperfect gift I bring,
 Knowing the primrose yet is dear ;
 The primrose of the *later* year,
As not unlike to that of spring.

Note the *present* tense employed in expressing these longings, pointing, not backward to the long-closed grave of Arthur Hallam, but to the still open grave of a love not wholly dead but, as it were, buried alive in hopeless estrangement.

From what precedes we are prepared to understand in its full significance the infinite pathos of the following verses, standing by themselves in one of the many intimate communings of the poet with his ever-present and ever-living ideal :

You thought my heart too far diseased ;
 You wonder when my fancies play
 To find me gay among the gay,
 Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost ;
 Which makes a desert in the mind ;
 Has made me kindly with my kind,
 And like to him whose sight is lost.

Whose feet are guided through the land ;
 Whose jest among his friends is free ;
 Who takes the children on his knee,
 And winds their curls about his hand :

He plays with threads, he beats his chair
 For pastime—*dreaming of the sky* ;
 His inner day can never die ;
 His night of loss is always there.

These quotations may be concluded aptly with the series of verses in which the poet submits his heart-ache to a psychological analysis, bringing himself and his idealized love face to face, and telling pretty much the whole story in a very signifi-

cant way, every line of which may be read as if italicized with personal meaning :

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye ;
 Their hearts of old have beat in tune ;
 Their meetings made December June ;
 Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away ;
 The days she never can forget,
 Are earnest that he loves her yet,
 Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone—he sits apart ;
 He loves her yet, she will not weep,
 Though wrapt in matters dark and deep,
 He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind ;
 He reads the secret of the star ;
 He seems so near and yet so far ;
 He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before ;
 A withered violet is her bliss ;
 She knows not what his greatness is ;
 For that, for all, she loves him more.

* * * * *
 Her faith is fixed and cannot move ;
 She darkly thinks him just and wise ;
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes ;
 "I cannot understand—I love."

Thus, at length, the poet rights all wrongs (so far as this is now possible) done to his sweetheart, whether in the guise of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "Cousin Amy," "Maud," or "little Letty," by frankly confessing that he has so *idealized* his love that she "cannot understand" him, nor fulfil the visions of beauty which have led his poetic fancy far beyond and above the realm of possible human womanhood, and held him spell-bound there, while he has become more and more a stranger to the "simple heart" that still remains true and faithful within the narrower limits of its own woman's world of reality and trusting affection. Of course, it would be an impertinence to attempt to pursue the inquiry further by trying to surmise who it was (and perhaps still is) that was left so long ago to "pine amid her halls and towers" in a lover's petulance ; but not until after she had wrought such havoc in the poet's heart and mind that

“ . . not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world,”

could henceforth “medicine” them into forgetfulness. Even poets, however, have certain reserved rights which we are bound to respect. Hence, let the secret remain undisturbed. Meantime it is permitted to say that what may have been his own great and lasting misfortune has had its compensations in giving to literature some of his best inspirations. The strong and ultimately prevailing manhood did not fail to reassert itself, as nobly resolved in the verse which announced that these wounds if not healed were stanchd :

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met ;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

Nor has the poet hesitated to give to the world, without much reserve, the full benefit of these fierce heart-struggles through which he fought his way to peace if not to happiness. In this respect he may be said almost literally to have “coined his heart and dropped his blood for drachmas” which the kindly Muses have changed into pearls. Who can wonder, then, if in all of his later verse the intellect prevails over the heart, and philosophy subordinates passion, calling the poet away from that glorious if hapless spring-time when “a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” to deal with graver and less personal themes in graver and less stirring tones. The old time rhythm remains, and the wealth of choicest words clothing elevated poetic thought and imagery, but it is the light without the heat.* The fancy no longer kindles and glows from the same inner source. It is no longer Euterpe and Erato mingling their melody and fire in lyrics that throb with life, but stately Calliope commemorating in classic verse the epic of the Arthurian knights. The heart is dead and dying sang its own requiem. Let it rest in peace ; and if in “Locksley Hall Sixty Years After” there is a tinge of morbid

* This was written before the appearance of the recent volume of new poems by the Poet-Laureate, which certainly contains some lyrics that are a strong reminder of the earlier days. At least verifying his own lines already quoted in the text that the “primrose of the later year” is “not unlike to that of spring.”

pessimism in contrast with the brave struggle and hopeful outlook of the earlier day, it is only as another great poet and wise man looked back over a life-time which to ordinary mortals would seem to have reached the culmination of human felicity, and wrote upon it: *all is vanity*—the despair of the Finite groping in the shadow of the Infinite.

Other poets have had their ^{*}heart-breaks. Indeed, it is an experience rather common to the favorites of the Muses. The exceptions are mostly in the cases where the lover *precedes* the poet, and forestalls illusion with the cares of matrimony; as when Shakespeare marries Ann Hathaway before he begins to imagine such women as Portia and Rosalind. Even among the more precocious bards who have mingled the ideal and the real in a hopelessly inextricable maze there are many types, each differing from the other according to the nature of the man who stands behind the poet. Not to dwell upon the wholly spiritualized Beatrice of Dante, and the partly genuine but rather more than half affected sighs of Petrarch and Tasso, we find Byron, after apostrophising an impossible *Ianthe*, turning misanthropic and dissipated. Coleridge bids a fond and apparently a final adieu to *his* idealized love in one of the most musical and regretful sonnets in the language,* then turns his eye inward and becomes metaphysical and snuffy. Swift, with his coarse nature, after tantalizing “Stella” and “Vanessa,” becomes wholly grim and sardonic. *Et alii aliter*. Tennyson, almost alone of the heart-broken poets, is in genuine and dead earnest throughout, and fights the battle out honestly and bravely to the end, and shows only honorable scars in his defeat. Of no one can it better be said than of himself that he

. . touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.

And still more emphatically that

He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind;
He *faced* the spectres of the mind,
And *laid them*.

One phase of this struggle, and probably the chief one, is graphically outlined in the poem entitled “Love and Duty,”

* Sonnet II., “On a Discovery made too Late.”

which might well be quoted at length, since it is in itself a whole heart history compressed into a few lines of gravely intense and realistic force, wherein Duty conquers at the expense of young life blood ; first asking

Of love that never found his earthly close
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?

And answers these questions as a *man* disciplined and tried as by fire rather than as a poet, or a mere lover. Yet in this final triumph of a wholesome nature, and with the crown of laurel, and the coronet of four pearls achieved, who can doubt that he looks

. . . back on what hath been
As some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began,

and remembers the day when the lack of such honors, and the conventional prestige they are supposed to confer, appeared to his heated imagination to have cost the aspiring younger son of the rector of Somersby his heart. Probably it would not have made the slightest difference, either in the wooing or in the catastrophe, if the young poet had brought both of his later titles of Laureate and Lord to aid his suit. Being a poet first of all, he could see only with a poet's eye, and feed his heart only upon the utterly unattainable visions of a poet's dreams—

“A light that never was, on sea or land.”

This is the conclusion reached by himself, at the end of all this long heart-ache, in the final confession addressed directly to the nameless *some one* whom he had pursued as an *ideal* through all the regions of love and despair :

I send you here a sort of allegory,
(For you will understand it) of a soul,
A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
*That did love Beauty only** (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind),
And Knowledge for its beauty ; or if Good,

* Byron reaches the same conclusion, but in quite a different spirit, in the verse in “*Childe Harold*” commencing : “Of its own beauty is the mind diseased.”

Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

Thus he ends, by taking upon himself all the blame, and bearing like a martyr all the penalty of a *poet's love*. This is his side of the story, very poetically, and upon the whole very frankly and manfully told, interfused not only with genuine and lasting regrets and self-reproach for early rashness and injustice, but with many efforts to "set matters right" which, though wholly unsuccessful, were nevertheless earnestly tried and reluctantly abandoned. What the lady chiefly concerned in all this might say, if she were equally gifted, is left, as is usual in such cases, so much in the dark of womanly silence and reserve as to afford no clue for conjecture or speculation. It is reasonable, however, to hope that the mere fact of having *inspired* such a love in the foremost of living poets, and to have retained it so long even as an *ideal*, is (or has been) some compensation for all the faithfulness and trust attributed to her, to say nothing of her share of heart-ache. Evidently she needs but a name to take her place in immortality with *Beatrice*, *Laura*, and *Leonora*. Till such name be found let her be called *Inspiranda*. For the rest, and to the world at large, it is a revelation, that to the ordinary and casual reader may convey no other impressions than those awakened by following the flight of a highly imaginative fancy wandering and playing at will among "airy nothings;" while to others, perhaps more nearly akin to the poet in sensibility and temperament, and possibly with similar though unsung and unspoken heart-wrenchings of their own, it is a key that unlocks a psychological mystery. Hence, whether or not the conjectured significance of these poems as applied to the author is true or merely fanciful, all these latter, and doubtless many

yet to come can say: *mutatis mutandis de me haec fabula narratur.*

* * *

Stripped of its poetry and sentiment, and reduced to the plainest and most matter-of-fact form of statement, it means simply this: That for all classes of the human family, from the lowest and most insignificant up into and through the average and commonplace, and in exceptionally favorable instances, much higher in the social and intellectual scale, nature has kindly provided some sort of counterparts in the opposite sexes, more or less suited to the mutual need in quality of head and heart (and usually the less of either the more practically adapted to fulfil the primordial mandate "to increase and multiply and replenish the earth"), but for the specialized supersensitive organisms—the poetic in sentiment, aspiration, and inspiration—to look for *mates* behind the shallow masks that inspire *ideals*, is to seek the impossible, to struggle with mockeries, and to end—sometimes in despair and madness, more frequently in misanthropy and gloom, but very rarely in such a melodious outpouring of a troubled spirit of its unsatisfied longings, disappointed hopes, and lingering regrets, tempered and finally subdued to philosophic calmness and peaceful acceptance of the inevitable, as in this record of a real or wondrously well-feigned Poetical Heart-break.

Doubtless a shorter and more worldly-wise statement and solution of the same enigma are found in Touchstone's motley philosophy (in which it is not at all impossible that Shakespeare may have had some reminiscences of his own days of sonnet writing): "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a small room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical." Equally worthy of remembering is the very practical and philosophical remedy which this wisest of fools applies to himself by taking Audrey *as she is*, and making the best of it: "An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own."

Meantime, westward across the wide Atlantic and eastward to Australian shores, wherever the English tongue is known, these melodious lyrics have travelled, and will continue to

travel with the language they beautify and enrich, carrying with them the grace and fervor of a purified Anacreon or Sappho, the rhythmic perfection and wholesome philosophy of a christianized Horace, with something added, better and far more grateful to the Anglo-Saxon ear and mind, and heart—something that can be known hereafter only as Tennysonian.

University Club, New York.

ARTICLE III.—GEORGE ELIOT AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF HER TIMES.

THE theory that thought flows over the world in waves has been expounded so often within this century that it is not necessary now for us to enter into reasons for it, or give varied illustrations. We may venture to accept it as a fact. These thought-waves have different manifestations in government, society, religion, and literature. Indeed literature may be called their index, giving often a perfect reflection of their manifestations in society and religion. Justin McCarty says that each reform or era of reform has its accompanying wave of writers as well as statesmen. Whipple believes that every change in the habit, opinions, manners, government, and religion of society calls for and creates a new epoch in literature, and Bascom has made the presence of these literary waves the basis of his philosophical survey of English literature. Moreover there have been borne on every new flood of thought that has swept over the world some individuals who have personified the predominant idea of their era;—men whose antecedents, education, and temperament have made them typical of the mass of their cotemporaries; men whose actions or whose words have voiced the peculiar theories of their times. They have not only been prominent for their intrinsic genius, but types of their era—either in action, in philosophy, or in literature.

The present century has been what the Germans would call a *Sturm-und-Drang* period. It began in revolutions, and at times seems likely to end in the same turbulent fashion. The overpowering rush of new ideas has been made manifest by the excitable French in bloody revolutions and the establishment of futile republics, by the phlegmatic and dreamy Germans in new and startling philosophies, by the conservative and practical English in peaceful political reforms and fresh and highly imaginative literature.

The philosophical exposition of the different mental attitudes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may be found in Hegel's definition of dogmatism, scepticism, and mysticism. The abstract or dogmatic thinker, he says, fixes his eyes on the ideal forms in their purity and unity, he believes the object of his adoration to be simple and disconnected from its surroundings, he ignores natural phenomena where this uniformity and simplicity are wanting. The sceptic or negative reasoner appeals to reality, shows that identity and permanence of forms are contradicted by nature and human history. Instead of unity he sees multiplicity, instead of a whole, parts. He represents the spirit of unrest, of progress, of change; he is the enemy of convention, of conservatism. But reason is not negative only, it is constructive as well. The mystic or the constructive reasoner holds to the primal unity without ignoring the diversity of phenomena. The universe is a process or development of the primal ideal—a manifestation of God. During this century, thought has rushed from the extreme of dogmatism to the extreme of scepticism and is but now beginning to find its way back to the equilibrium of mysticism.

At the close of the last century this dogmatic, arbitrary tenor of mind was represented in religion by a lifeless set of mere forms; in statesmanship, by the despotism of the Bourbons in France, and the domination of the aristocracy in England; in literature, by the servile imitation of Boileau and Pope. The beginning of the change from dogmatism is described by George Eliot's own words:—"Our civilization, and yet more, our religion, are an anomalous blending of lifeless barbarisms, which have descended to us like so many petrefactions from distant ages, with living ideas, the offspring of a true process of development. We are in bondage to terms and conceptions, which having had their roots in conditions of thought no longer existing, have ceased to possess any vitality, and are for us as spells that have lost their virtue. The endeavor to spread enlightened ideas is perpetually counteracted by these *idola theatri*, which have allied themselves, on the one hand, with men's better sentiments, and on the other, with institutions

* *Westminster Review*, Jan. 1851 (Review of Mackay's *Progress of the Intellect*).

in whose defence are arrayed the passions and interest of dominant classes. Now although the teaching of positive truth is the grand means of expelling error, the process will be very much quickened if the negative argument serves as its pioneer—the master-key to this revelation is the recognition of the presence of undeviating law in the material and moral world—of that invariability of sequence which is acknowledged to be the basis of physical science, but which is still perversely ignored in our social organization, our ethics, and our religion. It is this invariability of sequence which can alone give value to experience, and render education, in the true sense, possible. The divine yea and nay, the seal of prohibition and sanction are effectually impressed on human deeds and aspirations, not by means of Greek and Hebrew, but by that inexorable law of consequences whose evidence is confirmed instead of weakened as the ages advance; and human duty is comprised in the earnest study of this law and patient obedience to its teaching. While this belief sheds a bright beam of promise on the future career of our race, it lights up what once seemed the dreariest region of history with new interest, every past phase of human development is part of that education of the race in which we are sharing; every mistake, every absurdity, into which poor human nature has fallen, may be looked on as an experiment of which we may reap the benefit. In this view, religion and philosophy are not merely conciliated, they are identical, or rather, religion is the crown and consummation of philosophy—the delicate corolla which can only spread out its petals in all their symmetry and brilliance to the sun when root and branch exhibit the conditions of a healthy and vigorous life.”

This is the new doctrine seen in the roseate of dawn. Nearly half a century has passed, the heat of day has scorched the plants rooted in the barren ground of theory, and looking at the drooping stems and the dry seed-stalks we cannot but agree with Thos. Hughes when he says:—

“I think this method is worth using now and then because, no doubt the popular verdict of this time is against idealism. If you have not already felt it, you will assuredly feel, as soon as you leave these walls, that your lot is cast in a world which longs for nothing so much as to succeed in shaking off all

belief in anything which cannot be tested by the senses, and gauged and measured by the intellect, as the trappings of a worn out superstition. Men have been trying, so runs the new gospel, to live by faith, and not by sight, ever since there is any record at all of their lives, and so they have had to manufacture for themselves the faith they were to live by. What is called the life of the soul or spirit, and the life of the understanding, have been in conflict all this time, and the one has always been gaining on the other. Stronghold after stronghold has fallen till it is clear almost to demonstration that there will be soon no place left for that which was once deemed all-powerful. The spiritual life can no longer be led honestly. Man has no knowledge of the invisible upon which he can build. Let him own the truth and turn to that upon which he can build safely—the world of matter, his knowledge of which is always growing, and be content with the things he can see, and taste, and handle. Those who are telling you still in this time that your life can and ought to be lived in daily communion with the unseen—that so only can you loyally control the visible—are either wilfully deceiving you or are dreamers or visionaries.

“So the high priests to the new gospel teach, and their teaching echoes through our literature, and colors the life of the streets and markets in a thousand ways; and a mammon-ridden generation, longing to be rid of what they hope are only certain old and clumsy superstitions which they try to believe injurious to others, and are quite sure make them uneasy in their own efforts to eat, drink, and be merry—applauds as openly as it dare, and hopes soon to see the millenium of the flesh-pots publicly declared and recognized.”

These represent the beginning and the culmination in idea of the movement peculiar to this century—the exaltation of man and law.

This movement might be more accurately compared to a tide than a flood, for it had its ebb and flow, its spring and neap tide, its law of action and reaction. Starting from conventionalism in the eighteenth century, there has not been one grand sweep on to a Utopia of perfect liberty in the close of the nineteenth. Although we have not yet seen the close of

the century we can distinctly trace the ebb and flow of the great idea—liberty, and see that it has limitations and a law of control.

The first political wave appeared in the French Revolution of 1792, when the Bourbon dynasty, representing the tyranny of the feudal system was overthrown. The tide rose to a destructive height in the Reign of Terror. License was found to be a greater tyrant than an absolute monarch. Popular feeling, especially in England, revolted from the new movement. This high tide was followed by an ebb in the emperorship of Napoleon I., and the new movement seemed utterly defeated and conservatism to be again in the ascendant after the battle of Waterloo. It was during this period of reaction when the old dogmatism was again dominant, and new ideas were fermenting in secret, that George Eliot was born and attained maturity. The new movement broke forth again in the French Revolution of 1848. With minor tides of success and defeat, political freedom has since steadily advanced in France, and by reflex action in England also.

The American Revolution of 1776 had shaken England out of some of her old ideas, when by the constitutional monarchy, inaugurated by William III., she had already placed herself one step in advance of other European countries. For this reason and because of the natural conservatism of English people, the danger of bloody political revolutions was not great in England, but her peaceful reforms indicated the growth of the liberating impulse. The labor trouble and plots that were brewing under the arbitrary policy of Castlereagh were counteracted by the liberal policy of Canning. In 1829, England emancipated the Catholics. In 1832 she passed the Reform Bill which gave the large towns representatives in Parliament, and two years later restored to them their right of self-government. This was the most important step in her political reform. In 1833, she abolished slavery, and struck a blow at monopolies in commerce by opening the East India trade to all merchants. In 1846, the protective Corn Laws were repealed and the principle of free-trade established. In 1867, the new Reform Bill and national education made the last steps to political freedom. All these changes were per-

meated by that spirit of democracy and charity towards one's fellow men, that is the best element of the nineteenth century movement.

Lecky* says: "Men like Bacon, Des Cartes, and Locke have probably done more than any others to set the current of their age. They have formed a certain cast and tone of mind. They have introduced peculiar habits of thought, new modes of reasoning, new tendencies of inquiry. The impulse they have given to the higher literature has been by that literature communicated to the more popular writers, and the impress of these master minds is clearly visible in the writings of multitudes who are totally unacquainted with their works."

The minds of men at any one era might be represented by a placid lake, into which the theory of some great thinker, thrown like a pebble, creates ripples, at first small, but gradually widening to the farthest shore. If several pebbles were thrown about the same time, the result would be more or less confusion of ripples upon the water. This was somewhat the condition of thought in the middle of the century.

Dowden says, in speaking of an earlier part of the century: "When the Church had forgotten Christ, when the State had forgotten man, the French philosophers came to mock away old hypocrisies and to pluck at the roots of selfish power and privilege which overshadowed the life of society. They effected a clearance and opened a vista beyond which new ideals might arise before men's eyes. A positive faith and a creative sentiment underlay their rage of destruction—a faith in human intellect, and the sentiment of social justice." Comte's positivism was one of the important influences of the time, and a review of it may open our eyes to the prevailing philosophical ideas, and help us to understand other thinkers and writers. In 1822, Comte said: "Modern society is passing through a great crisis due to the conflict of two opposing movements—the first a disorganizing movement owing to the break-up of old institutions and beliefs; the second a movement towards a definite social state, in which all means of human prosperity will receive their most complete development and most direct application."

* *Rise of Rationalism in Europe.*

Comte tried to formulate a philosophy of the second movement (towards regeneration) in his science of sociology. The basis of this was his classification of the sciences, and his Law of the Three States. The first state of thought, or the theological, attributes every thing to a supreme or supernatural power; the second, or the metaphysical, to an abstract force residing in the object, yet existing independently of it; and the third, or the positive, acknowledges neither outside power nor internal force, but simple law or regularity of action and growth. His classification of the sciences was founded on the theory that each science was dependent upon, and rose out of the one preceding it, and was as follows: (1) mathematics, (2) astronomy, (3) physics, (4) chemistry, (5) biology, (6) sociology. The relations of the facts of human society cannot be discovered without reference to the conditions of animal life; the conditions of animal life cannot be understood without the laws of chemistry, and so on.

It is natural that the sixth should remain longest under the influence of theological dogmas, and should be the last to come into the positive stage. But the facts of history must be explained, not by providential intervention, but by referring them to conditions inherent in the successive stages of social existence. The predominant agency in social development has been the reason. The history of intellectual development is the key to social evolution. The key to social regeneration, according to Comte, is the victory of the social feeling over self-love, or Altruism over Egoism. No change in political mechanism, or violent and artificial redistribution of wealth, but a moral transformation must precede any real social advance. Patriotism is a loftier feeling than mere family or feudal spirit, but higher yet is the brotherhood of humanity. The deity of positivism is humanity, past, present, and future, conceived as a Great Being—a God. That Great Being is governed by its own inalienable laws which must be studied. Under this religion, women were to be the priests—to be highly educated, yet excluded from gross contact with the public, human sympathy was to be the sublimest feeling, and utility the supreme test of every act or institution.

This religion of humanity is the key note to the most liberal thought of the century. The ideas expressed by Comte have

been, in one form or another, either partially or wholly believed by almost every prominent man during the last fifty years, and published in every popular magazine. Even the conservative element—the mystics as Hegel would call them—who still held to their belief in a Supreme Power outside humanity, dwelt more often than formerly upon Christ's second commandment and preached more frequently from the text of "the good Samaritan."

The bitter contest between science and religion has now settled down into an amiable compromise in which religion has adopted science; but we are principally interested in the *Sturm-und-Drang* period when this conflict was one of the straws of the popular current. The great age of the earth, as told by geology, was an agitating missile thrown by science, but probably the largest pebble from that source was Darwin's theory of evolution. This may be considered both as a result and a cause. It was an outgrowth of the system of investigation and method of thought used by Darwin and his scientific cotemporaries. It has been also a great impetus to the growth of the materialistic, as opposed to the spiritualistic, theory of the origin of man. A belief in the law of evolution does not now necessarily imply a disbelief in a divine Creator, but for a long time it did. The fallacy lay in the supposition that law was itself a creator, and not a method of action. The scientists of the century have done a missionary work in discovering and explaining laws of nature; but they have made the mistake of deifying law, as the positivists have man.

A third pebble was John Henry Newman, and the Oxford movement. The Tractarian gospel was a protest against the formalism of the Established Church.* It wished to convince churchmen that they did not belong to a mere national institution, but to a living branch of that great Catholic Church which Christ had founded eighteen centuries ago. They wished to make the dry bones live, to turn formal devotions into joyous acts of faith and piety. Coleridge had partly paved the way for this movement in calling attention to the writings of the earlier Anglican divines and in his transcendental philosophy. Both Newman and Coleridge were as far as possible

* *Scribner*, June, 1888, *Cardinal Newman* by Augustine Birrell.

from the materialists in most points; they only agreed in opposition to the old dogmatism, and in belief in a divine element in man. They differed on the source of this divinity—Coleridge and Newman deriving it from God, the materialists from nature. Coleridge, being most of a philosopher, turned to Unitarianism; Newman, a devotionist, to Roman Catholicism. The apparent result of Tractarianism was the rise of ritualism, and a great revival in the charities which had become a neglected fringe upon the garment of the Church. The practical outcome of positivism and ritualism was the same—a greater devotion to the needs of humanity.

Another pebble in the pool of English thought was the iconoclast, Thomas Carlyle. He was not the founder of any philosophy, but as a fearless disciple of truth he demolished many idols of Dogmatism. He might be called the Grand English Sceptic. If like a reckless pioneer he sometimes blazed the wrong tree, yet he most effectively cleared out the underbrush, and gave those who came after him a chance to see his mistakes and avoid them. He carried with him a healthful mental breeze that has cleared the fogs from the brain of many a young student.

In the literature proper of England during the century, we can even more easily trace the ebb and flow of this religion of Humanity and Nature. While Cowper and Burns were both unconsciously rebels against the literary canons of their times, Burns also joined with it the intense love of his human brothers. "A man's a man for a' that," is one of the first notes in the literature of manly independence. Wordsworth was consciously rebellious against literary canons of style and subject. He worshiped the abstraction known as humanity, not concrete men, and in spite of his natural conservatism it raised him to the heights of enthusiasm over the French Revolution, and sunk him in despair at its failure. Coleridge's speculative mind was more affected by German mysticism than by French iconoclasm. The popular exponent, however, of the ideas of the first part of the century, of the first French revolutionary period, was Lord Byron. Wordsworth and Coleridge idealized the thought of the time and colored it by their own individuality; but Byron had no individuality that would modify the

French popular ideas. He possessed by nature the extravagance, the rebellion against outward tyranny, the selfishness, the daring of the dominant element during the Revolution and the Reign of Terror. Shelley was a more ethereal embodiment of the best of these revolutionary impulses. It is only in Manfred's defiance to the lower spirits that Byron touches on the real divinity of man, which Shelley understands much better. Both Byron and Shelley were a bundle of impulses, the only difference lies in the source, which in one was pure and in the other vile. It is one of the symptoms of this first outburst of belief in humanity that it believed in impulses, rather than customary restraint or duty. Whatever is natural to humanity is right, and impulses are natural, therefore right, was their crude syllogism. Man had not yet learned the philosophy of self-control or internal restraint. The wild enthusiasm and extravagance of youth spent itself, and the young nineteenth century settled down to business in the form of science. Scientists crowded out the poets in popular esteem, and why not when they had more interesting stories to tell? Spencer, Lewes, Huxley, Miller, and Darwin were the eminent men in literary circles. The poets were of the conservative, philosophical type, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold preëminently; for Browning does not in spirit belong to that period, but to the present when spirituality is again on the increase in popular favor. Novels became the popular form of literature, because they presented humanity in all its phases; and man and nature were the principal studies of men. To the enthusiastic, Dickens became the great expositor, and his works almost their bible; to the cynical, the realistic,—who could not help seeing how far short man came of his ideal standard, and yet who had lost faith in a Supreme Power that should raise him again—Thackeray became the enlightener and his books their manual.

To this period, sceptical in religion, scientific in method, philosophical in thought, fond of prose drama and the novel in literature, belongs George Eliot. We now wish to show that in antecedents, education, temperament, and in her writings she represents the mass of her contemporaries—is a type of her era.

Her birthplace was in the Midlands where the good, old-fashioned agricultural and Tory element was just beginning to feel the encroachments of the manufacturing towns, but had not yet lost the rural characteristics. Mr. Cross says of her, "Her roots were down in the pre-railroad, pre-telegraphic period—the days of fine old leisure—but the fruit was found during an era of extraordinary activity in scientific and mechanical discovery."

Her father was a Tory of the best type—conscientious in his business, thorough in his work, and naturally conservative. She has represented him in *Adam Bede* and *Caleb Garth*. And what she says of Caleb Garth was no doubt true of her father: "Though he had never regarded himself as other than an orthodox Christian, and would argue on convenient grace if the subject were proposed to him, I think his virtual divinities were good practical schemes, accurate work, and the faithful completion of undertakings, his prince of darkness was a slack workman." Her mother was a shrewd, practical woman of much natural force, and with a dash of Mrs. Poyser's wit.

This origin and these surroundings account for the conservative element in her, the expression of which crops out in all her books, from the opening of *Clerical Sketches*, where she says:—"Mine, I fear, is not a well regulated mind: it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses; it lingers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and top-booted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors," to "Looking Backward" in *Theophrastus Such*. The fine eulogy at the close of the third chapter of *Adam Bede*, on "Fine Old Leisure;" was no doubt prompted by the feeling she expresses as Theophrastus Such: "To me, however, that paternal time, the time of my father's youth, never seemed prosaic, for it came to my imagination first through his memories, which made a wonderful perspective to my little daily world of discovery."

This love of the old, and aversion to change, link her with her countrymen. The average Englishman of the middle of the century had his origin in such communities as those described in *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *Felix Holt*, and *Mill on the Floss*. To fully understand the average man of the century,

we must know not only the French influences that worked upon him but the good English soil from which he sprung; not only the liberal thought of his later life, but the narrow conventionalism of his childhood. "I share with you this sense of oppressive narrowness; but it is necessary that we should feel it, if we care to understand how it acted on the lives of Tom and Maggie—how it has acted on young natures in many generations, that in the onward tendency of human things have risen above the mental level of the generation before them, to which they have been nevertheless tied by the strongest fibers of their hearts."* Both the beauty and the narrowness of this life of our grandfathers is reflected from her novels; the beauty especially in *Adam Bede*, and the narrowness, in *Mill on the Floss*.

Another fine old English trait that is inherent in George Eliot is love of home. In one of her letters to Sara Hennel she says, "I must have a *home*, not a visiting place." In all her writings she makes prominent the soothing, strengthening influence of home life, the sacredness of home loves and home duties. Even the mistakes of her life do not contradict this, for in her union with Mr. Lewes she made a new home, and did not violate a former one, for it did not exist.

Her middle-class birth, also, makes her a representative of a numerous class of Englishmen. The well to-do farmer, the intelligent artisan, and tradesman, form the bulk of her characters. The very aristocratic, or the very poor, enter upon her pages but as supernumeraries. In this she is in perfect sympathy with her age. The great struggles of the century have been to emancipate this middle-class, and place them, socially, mentally, and politically, on a level with the highest. They have become in reality the ruling power in England.

In looking at her life, we see then a child of middle class parents, born and bred in middle England among a rural old-fashioned people, and surrounded by conservative influences. Upon this foundation of conservatism is engrafted a capability of intense feeling. She says of herself: "I never can live long without enthusiasm in some form or other." This capability for feeling is the main element of a religious character, if as Adam Bede says, "religion's something else besides notions and

* *Mill on the Floss*.

doctrines. It isn't notions sets people doing the right thing—it's feelings."

With this emotion there was in her mind as in Dorothea's "a current into which all thought and feeling were apt sooner or later to flow—the reaching forward of the whole consciousness toward the fullest truth, the least partial good."

"She yearned toward the perfect right, that it might make a throne within her, and rule her errant will."*

In communities where it was held that "it does as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching,"† and whose inhabitants like those of Raveloe, "were not severely regular in their church going, and perhaps there was hardly a person in the parish who would not have held that to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with Heaven, and get an undue advantage over their neighbors"‡—in such communities there would not be an intense religious feeling. But to one of strong feelings, and having an innate love of truth, an active religion was a necessity. Therefore it was but natural that Marian Evans should become imbued with the first intense religious fervor she became familiar with. This was in Coventry, at the school of Miss Franklin, whose father was a Baptist minister, said to be portrayed in Mr. Lyon of "Felix Holt." Though she never joined the Baptist communion she returned from school with ultra-Evangelical tendencies. No doubt her own religious experience at this time is portrayed in Maggie Tulliver's "some have an emphatic belief in Alcohol, and seek their *ekstasis* or outside standing-ground in gin, but the rest require something that good society calls enthusiasm, something that will present motives in an entire absence of high prizes, something that will give patience and feed human love when the limbs ache with weariness, and human looks are hard upon us—something, clearly, that lies outside personal desires, that includes resignation for ourselves and active love for what is not ourselves. Now and then that sort of enthusiasm finds a far-echoing voice that comes from an experience springing out of the deepest needs. And it was by being brought within the long lingering vibrations of such a voice that Maggie, with her

* *Middlemarch.*

† *Amos Barton.*

‡ *Silas Marner.*

girl's face and unnoted sorrows, found an effort and a hope that helped her through years of loneliness, making out a faith for herself without the aid of established authorities and appointed guides—for they were not at hand, and her need was pressing. From what you know of her, you will not be surprised that she threw some exaggeration and wilfulness, some pride and impetuosity, even into her self-renunciation; her own life was still a drama for her, in which she demanded of herself that her part should be played with intensity. . . . That is the path we all like when we set out on our abandonment of egoism—the path of martyrdom and endurance, where the palm-branches grow, rather than the steep highway of tolerance, just allowance, and self-blame, where there are no leafy honors to be gathered and worn.”*

Her lingering tenderness for Evangelicism is shown in her loving portrayal of Dinah Morris, and Mr. Tryan. Although religious in feeling she is antagonistic to all mere piety, or anything that savors of hypocrisy. In Mr. Bulstrode, a perfect representation of a *natural* hypocrite, she has entered her protest against the “I am holier than thou” religion.

Mr. Cross speaks of her “chameleon-like nature.” This is due not only to the activity of her sympathies, but to her quickness in comprehending ideas. To the capacity for deep feeling, she also adds the keen, investigating intellect that brings her in harmony with the thought of her era in France, Germany, and England. Her true intellectual development began during her life at Coventry, after her brother's marriage. There she came in direct contact with town-life, with the eager, restless spirit of the artisan, the dissatisfaction of the laborer; and by social intercourse with the Brays and Hennels into contact with religious scepticism. This is the opening of the revolutionary and sceptical period of her life. Although not an ultra-revolutionist, nearly all her books have a revolutionary spirit—some one character that goes contrary to the conservatism of its surroundings. If those surroundings are not Treby, they are the Dobsons and Maggie is the rebellious radical, or Dorothea and Lydgate in *Middlemarch*. Her strongest embodiment of political radicalism is *Felix Holt*.

* *Mill on the Floss*.

The keystone of the intellectual faculties is the reason, and George Eliot had a thoroughly logical mind. In one of her letters she speaks of a book that is full of *wit* to her. "It gives me that exquisite kind of laughter that comes from the gratification of the reasoning faculties." This book—Mr. Hennel's Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity—was the awakener of her scepticism. It expressed the reaction of reason against the arbitrary or miraculous system of explaining the facts in the New Testament. He attempted to show that leaving out of account miraculous agencies, Christ's life could be explained in a logical way. His proof in detail is not conclusive to us, but its significance lay in the fact that men were beginning to dare to apply reason to the fundamental facts of Christianity. George Eliot expressed this daring when she said: "To *fear* the examination of any proposition appears to me an intellectual and a moral palsy, that will ever hinder the firm grasping of any substance whatever. For my part, I wish to be among the ranks of that glorious crusade that is seeking to set Truth's Holy Sepulchre free from a usurped domination." Carlyle was a leader in this crusade that fearlessly said: "Two and two make four, in religion, and society, as well as mathematics."

A further educator in the same line was her translation of *Strauss' Life of Christ*. Here a slight mental reaction sets in, as from an overdose of intellectual physic. She says: "I am afraid I have not made this dull part of Strauss (the Crucifixion and the Resurrection) even as tolerable as it might be, for both body and mind have recoiled from it." "I am never pained when I think Strauss is right; but in many cases I think him wrong, as every man must be in working out into detail an idea which has general truth, but is only one element in a perfect theory—not a perfect theory in itself." Her logical faculty is as strong an element in her, as her emotions, and her life from this on is a struggle between religious feeling and intellectual scepticism. Of other writers of this era, Tennyson mirrors the same struggle in *In Memoriam*, and Matthew Arnold in his futile attempts to be an agnostic. It was truly the *Strum-und-Drang* period, and these men and women of the time were tossed about between the buffets of

dogmatism and scepticism till their poor weather-beaten boats were almost unseaworthy.

George Eliot's life in London as Mr. Chapman's assistant on the *Westminster Review*, and her union with Mr. Lewes strengthened her scepticism, and, at least outwardly, identified her with positivism. Let us next consider in how far she agreed with the main ideas of Comte's theory. She believed there was a law governing human society; that nothing came by chance; that every event had its logical cause in preceding events; that every act had its reason in the nature of the individual. Mr. Irwine says in *Adam Bede*:—"A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action; and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to our ounce of wisdom." Again she says in *Silas Marner*:—"Favourable Chance is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in. . . . The evil principle depreciated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind." And in *Romola*:—"Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil which gradually determine character." "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness."

In the delineation of her principal characters she follows a natural law and not a false criterion of perfection. "The blessed work of helping the world forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful. The real heroes of God's making are quite different; they have their natural heritages of love and conscience which they drew in with their mothers'

milk; they know one or two of those deep spiritual truths which are only to be won by long wrestling with their own sins and their own sorrows; they have earnest faith and strength so far as they have done genuine work; but the rest is dry, barren theory, blank prejudice, vague hearsay.*

In her fictitious world, the heroes and heroines grow by a series of misfortunes and mistakes to know their weaknesses and conquer them. "No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted."† Heroism consists in facing the results of mistakes, not succumbing to them. Dorothea bore with self control the yoke she assumed in ignorance. Adam Bede learned charity in the one way a strong and determined soul can learn it—by getting his heart strings bound around the weak and erring "Hetty" so that he must share not only the outward consequences of her error, but her inward suffering. Romola learned humility and patience. "Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet, and say, 'This world is not good enough for me?' If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust." Janet Dempster conquers her acquired taste for liquor, and Maggie Tulliver flies from sin even after she had begun to yield to her temptation.

George Eliot's princes of darkness are not intrinsically bad; but are fallen angels like Tito Melema, Hetty Poyser, and Rosamond Vincy—fallen through a persistent course of self-indulgence. Or they err "in one of those lawless moments that come to us all if we have no guide but desire, and if the pathway where desire leads us seem suddenly closed; 'ready to follow any beckoning that offers' an immediate purpose."‡ No supernatural power, either good or evil, intervenes to assist or hinder the acts of her characters. Each man is his own spirit of evil, and within himself lies the feelings that are to be his regeneration.

But as Mr. Farebrother says: "You have not only got the old Adam within yourself against you, but you have got all those descendants of the original Adam who form the society about you." How to conquer the external Adam is the problem of social regeneration. In solving this problem the posi-

* *Janet's Repentance.*

† *Romola.*

‡ *Romola.*

tivists have deduced from experience the same law that the Christians have by revelation ; that self-interests must be sacrificed where they interfere with the interest of all. We are too closely bound together to have separate interests.* “So deeply inherent is it in this life of ours that men have to suffer for each others sins, so inevitably diffusive is human suffering, that even justice makes its victims, and we can conceive no retribution that does not spread beyond its mark in pulsations of unmerited pain.” “We are children of a large family and must learn, as such children do, not to expect that our hurts will be made much of—to be content with little nurture and caressing, and help each other the more.”† Brotherly love then is the regenerating influence of the world and self-sacrifice is its natural attendant. To love we must know, and to know we must look carefully for the good as well as the evil in man. As Dinah Morris says: “That is our trial: we must learn to see the good in the midst of much that is unlovely.”

“Surely the only true knowledge of our fellow man is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and works, the life and death struggles of separate human lives.” This seems like the spirit of Christianity, why need Comte start any new doctrine to arrive at this conclusion. You and I looking down at these positivists from the superior height of the last of this century—made superior by the general diffusion of liberal thought—enjoying the fruits of such thinkers as Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, and George Eliot herself, can well be in a position to criticise Comte. But George Eliot‡ replies: “I am not poised at that lofty height. I am on the level and in the press with him, as he struggles his way along the stony road, through the crowd of unloving fellow men. He is stumbling; perhaps, his heart now beats fast with dread, now heavily with anguish; his eyes are sometimes dim with tears, which he makes haste to dash way; he pushes manfully on, with fluct-

* *Mill on the Floss.* † *Adam Bede.* ‡ *Janet's Repentance.*

uating faith and courage, with a sensitive, failing body; at last he falls, the struggle is ended, and the crowd closes over the space he has left."

Our duty, however, is not to extol nor condemn this religion of humanity. Simply to ascertain as accurately as we can, its place and value as a regenerator. The general theory of monotheism is that there is a divine being, a God who created the universe and man. Man is dual consisting of an earthly or bodily life connecting him with the material universe, and a spiritual or soul life connecting him with his Creator. The generally accepted religion of the western world—Christianity—has two laws; Love thy God, and Love thy neighbor. These two were meant to be equally binding; but gradually in the course of centuries, the second fell into disuse. The church imagined it was fulfilling the first law, but it is hard to love a being of whom one has no immediate knowledge. The idea of God became more and more indistinct. Theologians created gods from their own minds whom they set up for worship, and these became the deities of the Christian church. This error would have been avoided if the second law had been rigorously obeyed; for man was originally created in his Maker's image, and the love of one's neighbor, and the self-denial necessary thereto, would have taught man some of the most important attributes of divinity. The spark of divinity which God had placed in man—the soul—was smouldering for lack of fuel, and that once out, man would be forever alienated from his Creator. Man had lost faith in the divinity within him, and was by his theology putting his God farther and farther away. Since the time of Luther there had been no widespread Reformation among Christian nations, and they had reached such a state of religious torpor that one was necessary. The Reformation of the nineteenth century, therefore, has been to revivify the second commandment, Love thy neighbor.

"The movement was good, though it had that mixture of folly and evil which often makes what is good an offense to feeble and fastidious minds, who want human actions and characters riddled through the sieve of their own ideas, before they can accord their sympathy or admiration." *

* *Janet's Repentance.*

The folly lay in ignoring the first law, Love thy God. Dogmatism said, "There is a God;" and scepticism reacting from that said, "How do you know? We know nothing but what we can prove." They denied *in toto* the divine authority of both commandments: but deduced the second from human experience. God has two means of revelation—his material creation, and the spiritual nature of his creature, man. Communicating through the spiritual natures of the first races of men, he had by inspiration—so called—produced a Bible or written law, and afterward through his special prophet Christ, a more advanced gospel. This had been accepted by the church as sole authority, and its correlative, nature, had been ignored. Without this key, or safeguard against misinterpretation, God's written law became a blind guide. In the course of time, man so tortured its meaning, so overlaid it with his own misconceptions, that church Christianity became null as a means of regeneration to the average man. The reformers very naturally took the other extreme, and, ignoring God's written law, exalted his natural law. They would believe only in such a god as they could learn from nature. As far as it goes, nature is a more accurate expositor of God than the revealed word; but it is incomplete since it cannot reveal man's spiritual nature, nor its own origin. The Bible and nature were meant to be complements, and by adopting one and denying the other, the reformers made themselves liable to error.

The natural scientists were the most liable because their investigations ceased at animal nature, and it was easier there to deny a Creator, than for the sociologists who carried their studies on to man's social and higher nature. Thus arose materialism which would naturally become popular with a large class of people who were ready to accept any religion that released them from obedience to a spiritual law.

"Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which, once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them woefully coarse, feeble, or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out that the melody itself is detestable." *

* *Janet's Repentance.*

The sociologists, like Comte, advancing one step farther and detecting the presence of a higher spirit in man, deified him as the culmination and highest evolution of natural law. Some stopped here and began to worship Humanity. Others discriminated two natures, an animal and a spiritual, and the supreme law of this spiritual nature was love. These were the most devout followers of the law, Love thy neighbor. Living up to this law of love, and studying man's spiritual nature more closely, learning accurately its dependence on the material nature, and so also its independence, they were gradually led to believe in its divine origin, and thus to a belief in a Supreme Creator. But this was a slow growth and required years of study and experiment. Indeed we have but just arrived at it now, and the liberal Christianity, mysticism—call it what you may—of to-day is its expositor. The errors of materialism, which would cut man and nature off from their divine source, are becoming more and more apparent; but in the time of which we are writing they were partly hidden.

Each new thinker—in this new movement—took a step in advance, and we shall now see how George Eliot advanced upon Comte. She belonged to the class of investigators who were studying the higher nature of man. She believed in its spiritual existence, and in studying and expounding its laws she drew nearer the truth that it must have a divine origin. She believed in a divine element in man that had its own laws, and could live at least partly independent of material. "Justice is like the Kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning."

In speaking of herself in a letter to Miss Hennel she says: "Without any affectation, I feel myself to be acquiring what I must hold to be a precious possession, an independence of what is baptised by the world external good. There are externals (at least they are such in common thought) that I could ill part with—the deep blue glorious heavens—the sights and sounds of this lovely earth. These and the thoughts of the good and great are an inexhaustible world of delight, and the felt desire to be one in will and design with the great mind that has laid open to us these treasures is the sun that warms and fructifies it." Here she is recognizing nature, and man's spiritual life

as akin, and proceeding from a common source. While the externals to them are the laws and customs made by man in his ignorance, while cut off by his own blind wilfulness from communion with Divine Truth. This is illustrated in Dorothea, who cuts herself loose—too violently perhaps—from externals, and lives out the interior law of her nature.

Duty as an external obligation had little force with George Eliot. She made her heroines act as if they believed "the real tie lies in the feelings and expectations we have raised in other's minds."* Duty without some affection to prompt it was void of force. "What force was there to create for her that supremely hallowed motive which men call duty, but which can have no inward constraining existence save through some form of believing love."

In this last sentence lies the germ of the distinction between the idea of duty as it had become under the old religion, where fear was the compelling force, and the new idea of duty where love is the compelling force. Still she is conservative enough to see the expediency of fear while love is so feeble a force in the world. "That guardianship (of fear) may become needless—but only when all outward law has become needless—only when duty and love have united in one stream and made a common force."

Then comes the practical difficulty. There are various affections in the world. When their interests clash, which shall give way? Without a formal rule called duty, how is one to determine the higher bond?

Poor Maggie Tulliver faces this difficulty, and after a bitter struggle decides that, "Love is natural; but surely pity, and faithfulness, and memory are natural too. And they would live in me still and punish me if I did not obey them."†

But each individual has to decide this matter for himself, has to say which affection is the holier and shall be obeyed. Whereas under the old regime, an ironclad law of duty, enforced by fear, and promulgated throughout the world, would always ensure correct action without individual decision. But in experience did it work, were there not always rebels in spite of punishments, and as the rebels increased did it not

* *Mill on the Floss.*

† *Mill on the Floss.*

destroy the law? May it not be God's design that there should be individual judgment and choice? Is it intended that the actions of men should be perfect in this world, or that men should grow perfect in character and judgment through struggles and mistakes?

George Eliot not only had faith in the divine element in man to help him make this decision—"You must have it inside you that your plan is right—";* but she believed in its partial independence of material causes; in this she advanced upon Comte.

She believed also that this divinity grew, and by its growth came human regeneration. The method of its growth was by sorrow and by love. "It would not be well for us to overleap one grade of joy or suffering; our life would soon lose its completeness and beauty."†

She expresses the philosophy of sorrow in speaking of Adam Bede: "For Adam, though you see him quite master of himself, working hard and delighting in his work after his inborn inalienable nature, had not outlived his sorrow, had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling, if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown, toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love. . . . Desire is chastened into submission; and we are contented with our day when we have been able to bear our grief in silence, and act as if we were not suffering. For it is at such periods that the sense of our lives having visible and invisible relations beyond any of which either our present or prospective self is the center, grows like a muscle that we are obliged to lean on and exert."

* *Middlemarch*.

† Letters.

She believed in the self-regenerating power of love, not to the recipient but to the lover. With Romola, Dorothea, and Milly Barton, to love was a "divine necessity;" they had a "sublime capacity" for it. Dempster's love for his mother was the only hope of regeneration in his degraded nature.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward: and the hand may be a little child's."* So Silas Marner was saved from becoming a soul-dwarfed miser.

The love of the best we know, is Carlyle's idea of hero-worship:

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."†

Through the best human love, Browning leads his men and women up to a Divine love. And George Eliot also in *Adam Bede* says:—"Our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery." And: "The growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength: we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula."

The feeling that there is some one in the world better than ourselves gives us spiritual rest and strength as it did Romola when she recognized the truth of Savonarola's teaching. As Adam Bede said of his love for Dinah Morris; "I shall look to her to help me see things right. For she's better than I am—there's less o' self in her and pride. And its a feeling as gives you a sort o' liberty, as if you could walk more fearless, when you've more trust in another, than y' have in yourself. I've always been thinking I knew better than them as belonged to me, and that 's a poor sort o' life, when you can't look to them nearest t' you, t' help you, with a bit better thought than what you've got inside you a'ready."

* *Silas Marner.*

† Tennyson.

The necessity of human love to lead us to God's love is felt by us all sometimes. Janet's experience is not strange to most of us.

"Janet's nature did not belie her grand face and form; there was energy, there was strength in it; but it was the strength of the vine, which must have its broad leaves and rich clusters borne up by a firm stay. And now she had nothing to rest on—no faith, no love. . . . She was tired, she was sick of that barren exhortation—Do right, and keep a clear conscience, and God will reward you, and your troubles will be easier to bear. She wanted *strength* to do right—she wanted something to rely on besides her own resolutions; for was not the path behind her all strewn with *broken* resolutions? How could she trust in new ones?" So she pours out her troubles, unlocks the chambers of her soul to Mr. Tryan, and finds in him the human mediator between herself and God.

This belief in the power of human beings to save each other from soul destruction by leading them to a Divine love, is a great advance upon Comte; because it implies a God, and his direct communication with at least some of his creatures. There comes a time in the life of all when the human helpers fail. Janet's last temptation came when she was alone, and it was an impulse rather than a resolution that finally caused her to dash the brandy bottle down. Romola, after she lost faith in Savonarola, fled again from duty, until some unseen power floated her to the pestilence-stricken village, and she learned God's love afresh.

To what then has George Eliot's conscientious study of humanity led her, and how far from the materialists and Comte? To a belief in the divinity in man that is directly dependent on a Divine source. That she does not altogether believe her own conclusions, seems to be proven by her life. That she had learned to depend on human love, without looking sufficiently at the Divine love beyond, seems to be the secret of her marriage to Mr. Cross. She dreaded loneliness. She felt no *companionship* with an unseen power, though she might believe in its existence. She had worked out her problem carefully and slowly; but in so doing she had exhausted

her strength and was not *sure* of her conclusions. Like Amos Barton she could *think* herself strong but not *feel* herself so.

Her religious belief cannot be put into a formula. As Mr. Cross says: "Her whole soul was so imbued with, and her imagination was so fired by the scientific spirit of the age—by the constant rapid development of ideas—that she could not conceive that there was, as yet, any religious formula sufficient to be final." She herself says: "Speculative truth begins to appear but a shadow of individual minds. Agreement between intellects seems unattainable, and we turn to the *truth of feeling* as the only universal bond of union."

Her religion was a growth. "I have always been finding out my religion since I was a little girl." And in the same place she defines that religion to be, "That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

Thus George Eliot living in a period of change and upheaval represents the conflict. By her antecedents and early surroundings she is joined in the bonds of love to her countrymen; by her intellectual development she is linked to the democratic, active spirit of her mature age. Her innate love of truth, her fearless avowal of it, and her contempt for dogmatism, are common attributes of her contemporaries. By her capability for deep emotion, and by her lingering affection for the old, she more truly represents her countrymen than more skeptical thinkers do. Like the mass of the people through all the conflict she held latent in her the capability of evolving a new religion. In her faith in the *truth of feeling* she foreshadows the present era, which would guide, not repress emotion by reason. If she had lived after the struggle of opinions was over, and a new peace and joy were lighting the world with promise, we know not how much more perfect her life and philosophy would have been.

But: "Many Theresas have been born, who found for themselves no epic life, wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur, ill-matched with the

meanness of opportunity ; perhaps a tragic failure, which found no sacred port and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstances, they tried to shape their thoughts and deeds in noble agreement ; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness ; for these later-born Theresas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their order alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood ; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse."—*Middlemarch* (Prelude).

"Certainly those determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of young and noble impulse struggling amidst the conditions of an imperfect social state, in which great feeling will often take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion. For there is no creature whose inward being is so strong that it is not greatly determined by what lies outside it."—*Middlemarch* (Finale).

IDA M. STREET.

ARTICLE IV.—WHAT IS ATMOSPHERE IN A PICTURE?

WITHOUT atmosphere, no outdoor picture can be accurate or faithful; nor, it may be added, can it be successful. As is the case in nature's own work, this same atmosphere must abound—even more than that, it must literally be omnipresent.

Without this presence, whether in broad effect or minute detail, there can be no truthful reproduction of any view as God made it—no genuine work of art—no picture worthy the name.

This is a point which has been, at times, singularly ignored by painters of too much experience not to know better, and that too under circumstances where ignorance is not to be excused.

And as ink, in literary work, when unfecundated by brains, must always be sterile or unfruitful, so, in the case of a picture, pigment untempered by atmosphere may be applied to canvas not only without profit, but with positive waste of good material.

It may be said, in passing, that the word atmosphere is often employed in metaphor and for expression of thought wholly foreign to the matter in hand—as, for instance, “the entire neighborhood was drowsy with an atmosphere of peace.” But that meaning or idea has nothing in common with the atmosphere of which we now speak. The one we are now concerned with is an entity, actual, and copied from nature as closely as ability allows.

Mathematically stated and reduced to lowest terms, our equation reads—pictorial atmosphere = sky reflexions.

Foliage is no inconsiderable factor in the production of visible atmosphere. It is, therefore, interesting to note the different effect on the grand total produced by trees wholly unlike in limb and leaf. The maple leaves, for instance, are broad, numerous and close. They overlap each other and thus form a substantial thatch over the rafter twigs and branches. These leafy roofs, regularly irregular, mount like a flight of

stairs to the very top. Every step of these sweeping, graceful arches invites and receives the sunlight. In clear sunshine, each separate leaf seizes upon its own high-light of blue-gray or gray-blue.

To see into all this movement and surprise our tree-leaves in the very act, there is no better moment than just after a passing shower, when the hidden sun again breaks out, and when, glancing round a tree, its brilliance seems everywhere caught on nature's own fresh varnish.

Now it cannot be difficult to conceive that a quantity of gray reflexions should be given off by this tree, and thus, as atmosphere, pass into the landscape, or to remember that this tree is one of uncounted millions.

And besides, the maple leaves being large, the inner shadows made by them will be dense, sombre, and in marked contrast with the outer, sun-lit surface. Consequently, the self-assertion of this tree will be positive, and as part of the landscape it will be strong and heavy, or as painters say "harder" than its neighbor the elm. Elm leaves being smaller, less pendulous, and attached to a more open construction of twigs and branches, the tree exhales atmosphere less sensibly, but melts into it more freely. When both are in easy sight and equally distant from the eye, the inner shadows of the elm are weaker, warmer, and more transparent than those of the maple.

But now another look, still farther away, brings us to the horizon. There the terminal line of foliage, in spite of gaps and breaks and general unevenness, appears, in various lights, darker and more substantial than it really is.

And here, before this view the beginner adjusts his easel. Working with more or less inexperienced sight, he paints what he thinks he sees, and in tone as he really supposes it to be. It is possible that he may hit upon the actual tint visible in nature. But even then he may be counted upon to leave out the atmosphere, and of course the work cannot fail to look unnatural, or to be hard. Thus painted, no sketch can reproduce the effect of nature. The sketcher is at his wits end to know why. But to those who are in the secret, the reason is not far to find.

Now, if such be the case on *terra-firma*—if the moderately shiny surfaces of land and leaf thus receive the sunlight and give it back in pictorial atmosphere, what may not be expected from shimmering swells on lake or sea, or from the broad expanse of ocean?

There the ever-present vapor or mist, peculiar to bodies of water, has its own softening effect on all surroundings. This all-becoming haze really is exaggerated atmosphere and suggests as a second definition, pictorial atmosphere = visible air. In theatric effect, we are familiar with the expedient of interposing invisible lace between the stage-scene and the audience. This beauty-giving artifice is common to pageants on the grandest public stage, and to modest "tableaux" at home. In the effect thus produced, this lace curtain for the time being practically becomes atmosphere. Its excellent imitation acts on and sets off the mimic scene indoors very much as the genuine article assimilates and combines everything in the widest view.

Of course, what is true in landscape is true in figure-painting. Flesh tints are always and distinctly toned by sky-reflexions, and this is especially the case when the model is out of doors. It follows, therefore, that studio efforts to reproduce natural color in portraiture without the tone reaction of these reflexions, must prove to be only waste of time. To the layman or non-student, it may seem strange to be assured that woman's fairest forehead, cheek, and chin—and lips as well—are gray with pictorial atmosphere! On the warm reds and yellows that largely compose flesh tints and combine to produce what painters call the local tone, fall countless and ubiquitous sky-reflexions. These blue-grays are simply pictorial atmosphere. They soften the complexion on canvas, and, of themselves, go far to supply the natural look that is so much prized in the painted likeness. They introduce tone reaction according to color-law.

Thus, in a line or two, there is revealed one of the grand secrets of *nature* in portraiture!

Nor is it difficult to imagine the hardness—the metallic or wooden hardness—the stony stare of the unhappy likeness painted without abounding atmosphere.

Just as for animal life, air is indispensable, so, in the "life" of pictorial art, the presence and aid of its atmosphere is needful to harmonize and unify items too distinctly and persistently individual—to reconcile neighbors, sullen and surly if not actually warring—or in studio parlance, to make the picture "go together."

F. WAYLAND FELLOWES.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HARVARD GRADUATES WHOM I HAVE KNOWN.*—Two years ago, we called attention in this REVIEW [July number, p. 58], to a charming book which had then just been given to the public by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, which contained his "reminiscences" of some seventy of the college officers at Harvard, whose names had appeared with his in the several catalogues in which he had been registered as student and instructor. Dr. Peabody has lately added to the obligations under which he then placed all college men, by publishing a companion volume, in which he has given his reminiscences of twenty of the gentlemen whom he has known personally, who have been either benefactors of Harvard, or members of one or more of the boards of government or instruction. Of this second volume, we can say nothing better in its praise, than that it is fully equal in interest to the first, which was published in 1888. We may add, also, that there is no place, outside of Cambridge itself, where it will be read with more interest than in New Haven. If it were not for the names, which are so intimately associated with the University at Cambridge, Yale men, as they turn over the pages, might feel that they are reading about the sons of their own *alma mater*. They will certainly find references to the same college experiences that characterized life in New Haven a hundred years ago. The men who are spoken of go through the same curriculum which was prescribed at Yale; they have the same obstacles to meet, in prosecuting their studies; they are exposed to the same temptations; they were subjected to substantially the same discipline.

For instance, Dr. Peabody, in speaking of Dr. Joshua Fisher, tells us that he graduated in 1706, at the age of seventeen, and of Nathan Dane, that he prepared himself for college in eight months, "with little or no aid from teachers." So, in New Haven, in 1716, according to the biographer of Jonathan Edwards, that distinguished man entered college a few days before the completion of his thirteenth year. In 1783, also,

* *Harvard Graduates whom I have Known*. By ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY, D.D., LL.D. Boston: 1890. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, pp. 255.

President Stiles examined Lucinda Foot (of the family in Cheshire, Conn., from which the late Admiral Foot descended) at the age of twelve, and found that her proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages was such, that he gave her the following certificate, written on parchment, that she was fully qualified, except in regard to sex, to be received as a member of the Freshman class. "Præses Collegii Yalensis omnibus, S. P. D.—Vobis notum sit quod Dominam Lucindam Foot, Ætat. 12, Examine probavi, eamque in linguis edoctis, Latina et Græca, laudabilem progressum fecisse; et, ut familiariter et reddidisse et tractasse repirivi, tum verba tum Sententias, alibi in Æneidi Virgilii, in selectis Ciceronis orationibus, et in Græco Testamento. Testorque omnino illam, nisi sexus ratione, idoneam ut in classem Recentium in Universitate Yalensi alumna admitteretur. Datum à Bibliotheca Collegii Yalensis, 2d die Decembris, Anno Salutis, M. DCC. LXXXIII. Ezra Stiles, Præses." In the last century, such an early preparation for college was not at all an uncommon thing. And, not less surprising, was the rapidity with which this preparation was often made, as appears from what is said in this volume of Daniel Appleton White. "He studied never less than fourteen, often sixteen hours in the day; and he computed the actual period in which he worked at that rate, in order to fit himself for college, at seven months and a half." In connection with this statement, Dr. Peabody remarks: "We are sometimes surprised in learning how little time was spent in preparation for college by men of earlier days, and are apt to underrate the requirements for admission. But when we consider that about a third of the school year is now consumed in vacations and holidays, and that games and athletics occupy fully half of the normal school-day, young White's amount of study would be equivalent to three years or more of school-life at the present time. My belief is that, while the facilities for certain branches of study and the possible attainments in them were much less than now, the actual amount of study performed, and of knowledge acquired, by an average scholar, from sixty to a hundred years ago, largely exceeded the utmost amount now performed and acquired by the best scholars." This statement, we must confess, we should ourselves be disposed to qualify a good deal, and as we find our opinion supported in the current number of *The Nation* [July 10] by no less an authority than Professor T. D. Seymour, we will quote what he says on the subject. "Latin, Greek, and mathematics

were so long the staple of the college curriculum that many believe college graduates of a hundred years ago to have been more widely read in the classics than men to-day. This is a mistake. Latin was, indeed, the scholastic language, and was used on many occasions where men now use English; but that Latin was in quality not unlike the French of those boarding-schools where 'no language but French is allowed at the table.' The MS. of the Latin Valedictory of Jonathan Edwards, at Yale College, in 1720, is in existence, and its latinity is (to say the least) no better than that of the average Latin Salutatory of 1890."

But we will pass to another point of similarity between the experiences of the students at Harvard and those at New Haven—the difficulty of procuring Latin and Greek books. We are told by Dr. Peabody that John Pickering, in May, 1794, wrote to Philadelphia, to his father, Timothy Pickering, who was then a member of Washington's Cabinet, "expressing his desire for a copy of *Tacitus*, telling him that none is to be had in Boston, and asking him to procure one, if possible, in Philadelphia. His father could find no copy there. The son, in September, 1795, begs his father to make a second search. In November, he acknowledges the receipt of a copy, and then asks his father whether by any chance a second copy can be found for a friend of his who wants one." There was the same difficulty in Connecticut. It may not perhaps be out of place for the present writer to say that he has in his possession a copy of the Greek Testament, which was obtained by a young man who was preparing for Yale about the time that there was such a search for a copy of *Tacitus*; when the Greek Testament was finally obtained, it was only a second-hand copy, and in a very dilapidated condition, but it was the *only* copy that could be found after long and diligent search, far and near. Prof. Seymour, speaking of the same period, says: "A hundred years ago, neither Yale or Harvard had a copy of *Æschylus*, and there is no evidence of the existence of a copy of that 'father of Greek tragedy' in the libraries of Columbia or Princeton at that time. Harvard seems to have had no complete copy of the Attic orators in 1790."

The administration of what is commonly called "college discipline" was also substantially the same, at Harvard and Yale. Dr. Peabody says: "College laws and rules were at that time needlessly rigid, and irrespective of the moral distinctions that should have been first of all recognized. An irreverent word to

an intrusive proctor, who might himself have been in the wrong, was punished with a severity befitting an absolutely vicious act. The omission of a necktie in the early darkness of morning prayers incurred for the offender an admonition from the chairman of the parietal board; the throwing of a snow-ball was reported to the Faculty; the question was raised whether the making of a snow-ball without throwing it did not deserve censure; and the blowing of a horn was a capital crime." But it is to be remembered that a hundred years ago the state of things on the college campus at both Yale and Harvard was very different from what it is now. Dr. Peabody says: "The French Revolution in its demoralizing influence was strongly felt in college, and Paine's scurrilous attacks on Christianity were diligently circulated. The early college law which forbade the use of 'distilled spirits, or any such mixed drinks as flip or punch' had been so far modified as to license punch, 'it being, as now generally made, not an intoxicating drink;' why, it does not appear. In the Buttery kept in Massachusetts Hall by a salaried graduate, wine and stronger drinks were for sale to the students—an arrangement sagaciously devised to prevent them from purchasing such commodities at shops and taverns, and of great convenience to the young men, as such purchases were charged on the term bills. At least one-fourth of every class became sots. The Gallican spirit rendered many of the students restive under due restraint, and there were never wanting embers of mutinous discontent which a mere breath might kindle into open rebellion. College work was sometimes suspended for several days, the entire Faculty being employed in inquest into some recent escapade or outrage. Discipline was publicly administered in the chapel at morning prayers, and Judge White relates one instance in which a student met a sentence of rustication by brandishing a huge cane and swearing at the Faculty. On this occasion, one of the Faculty moved a change of the sentence to expulsion; the question was instantly put by the President, and the vote was passed unanimously." We fear that at the same period, and especially about the time of the close of the administration of President Clap, there was much that took place at Yale that was as little creditable.

We cannot forbear making reference to one more trait of Harvard men, as it is illustrated in this volume, which will be appreciated and honored by the graduates of Yale—we refer to

their loyalty to their *alma mater*. The beautiful tribute which Dr. Peabody pays to the Rev. John Pierce, of Brookline, who graduated in 1793, will be read by all college men everywhere with sympathetic appreciation. We quote his opening paragraph. "I now commemorate a third benefactor of the college, who bestowed not money, indeed, but the loyal service, devotion, and love of a lifetime, and who of all its friends that I have ever known was the staunchest and firmest. To him its site was the dearest and most sacred spot on the earth; its prosperity and honor were held second only to the well-being of the Church of Christ, of which he was a faithful minister. In his boyhood he used to walk to Cambridge, to feast his eyes with the sight of the college. He attended sixty-three out of sixty-four successive Commencements; the record broken only by his mother's funeral on Commencement Day, while he was an undergraduate,—an occasion which in his memory evidently had its sadness intensified by the time when it occurred. He was a tutor in his early manhood, an overseer *ex-officio* for fifty-two years, Secretary of the Board for thirty-three years, and probably never absent from a meeting till his last illness. His genial presence carried with it whole stacks of sunbeams, and there never was a college occasion of any kind that was not graced and blessed by its full radiance. What he did not know about the University no man knew; what there was in it that merited praise had no so hearty eulogist; its short-comings no man was so ready to condone, so earnest to retrieve. If he desired length of days, it was that he might live to be its oldest graduate; and if there were among the added stars in the successive triennial catalogues any as to which a ray of comfort blended with the unfeigned sorrow of his vividly sympathetic nature, it was in those classes earlier than his own. His social relations among liberal givers were large and intimate, and it is impossible to say of how many benefactions to the college, he may have been purposely or unconsciously the inspirer."

We should fail of doing full justice to the book, if we did not at least refer to the fund of anecdotes with which it is enlivened. We must content ourselves with repeating only a single one. Of the celebrated Nathan Dane, to whom the University owes the gift of "Dane Hall," Dr. Peabody says that he was severely simple in his personal habits. "After the dedication of Dane hall, at which he was present, he dined with President Quincy, who told me that when their usual desert of dried fruit was put upon

the table, and Dr. Dane was asked to take some, he replied: 'I will depart so far from my invariable rule as to take three almonds.' Yet, however little of a sybarite himself, he lived elegantly, hospitably, and generously."

Books like the one before us are valuable in very many ways. It is not alone that they preserve college traditions, but they help the men of later generations to understand the spirit which animated their predecessors in the past.

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

PERSONAL CREEDS.*—These are words of sincerity and truth. They bear evidence of the preacher's insight into the needs of a class of men who are perhaps increasingly numerous in many of our more intelligent Christian congregations, and of his genuine sympathy for others in their mental perplexities. They reveal also an apprehension of the ethical aspects of the religious life and of the practical working aspects of some of the truths of our religion which can not fail to be effective in any man's ministry. They are helpful words of practical wisdom and they are words most fitly and felicitously spoken. They do not undertake to go far into the depths of the subjects discussed, but they often strike a good way down without seeming or affecting to do so. They do not enter the higher ranges of Christian truth, but the truths they touch are not insignificant and in the utterance of them the preacher reaches a high elevation of Christian feeling and his words are suggestive and quickening. There are eight discourses whose design is to emphasise the close connection between faith and life. Here faith appears in its true ethical significance and the content of faith is vitalized and made real by personal conviction. Who can deny that this is the true conception of the Christian creed, that it shall be a personal expression of that which is real to the experience of the inner life?

LEWIS O. BRASTOW.

PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.†—A collection of lectures and pamphlets in book form. They are on the whole worth collecting and preserving. They discuss social questions, questions that are of special importance to the people of this country and

* *Personal Creeds*, or How to form a Working Theory of Life. By NEWMAN SMYTH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1890.

† *Problems in American Society*. Some Social Studies. By JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. Boston: George H. Ellis, 1889.

in which they are specially interested. In his preface the author says: "One of the most hopeful indications of the hour is this growing interest in all matters which pertain to the problem of living." This is true and the fact that books like this find ready sale is evidence of it. The theological tendencies of the writer make themselves easily manifest in some of the papers and sometimes warp his judgment. In discussing "The Religious Destitution of Villages" he recommends the substitution of naturalistic theology and rationalistic ethics for the presentation of the doctrines of the church. The charge that the pulpits of our country churches are manned by men who are intellectually inferior to the people to whom they preach and that they preach the old church doctrine in a dry and ineffective manner, and that this accounts for the decay of religious life in the country, is based on a narrow observation of facts. The defect of preaching in our day, whether in the country or elsewhere, is not that it is excessively doctrinal, but that it almost wholly lacks this quality. And the notion that the utterance of humanitarian sentiment can be successfully substituted for the content of supernatural revelation as the subject matter of preaching is irrational and without the support of human experience.

LEWIS O. BRASTOW.

HOW SHALL WE REVISE?*—These "papers" all relate directly or remotely to that exceedingly interesting question which is at present agitating the Presbyterian Church of this country, the revision of the Westminster Confession. They have been collected and edited by Prof. Briggs, who furnishes an appropriate preface. Three of the papers, the most important of them all, as bearing upon the subject suggested by the title of the book, are from his hand. Some of the papers discuss the general question without reference to the method of revision. Others intimate, but not very definitely, the character of the revision demanded. Dr. Vincent presents a very successful exposition of Paul's argument in Romans x.-xi., but makes no reference whatever to the question in discussion. Prof. Briggs deals with the question definitely, and in his vigorous and straight-forward manner, in the first paper entitled "The Advance toward Re-

* *How Shall we Revise the Westminster Confession of Faith? A Bundle of Papers.* By LLWELLYN J. EVANS, ERSKIN N. WHITE, MARTIN R. VINCENT, CHARLES H. PARKHURST, SAMUEL M. HAMILTON, CHARLES L. THOMPSON, CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

vision." It appears that he does not advocate revision at all, either by omission, insertion, or reconstruction. He would have the confession stand as it is, and would supplement it by a new creed that shall be adapted to liturgical or devotional use, one that shall express the common experience of the Christian life, that shall be used in the religious education of children and in the training of converts, and that shall formulate such Articles of the Christian faith as are inadequately stated by the old confession, but are regarded as of special importance in our day, and thus shall be better adapted than the old confession to apologetic use. How a creed can successfully combine the liturgical and apologetic elements, and be used devotionally in confession as a part of public worship and didactically as a sort of theological syllabus in the defense of the Christian faith, is not so manifest. To draft such a creed would prove to be a very difficult piece of work. But Prof. Briggs will without doubt find a very large number of people outside the Presbyterian Church who agree with him in the opinion that no effort should be made to revise the old confession. The most significant and interesting thing in Prof. Briggs's whole discussion of the question is his acknowledgment that, after all, the real question is the question of subscription and his advocacy of a new creed in the interest of honest subscription. But how a new creed will give permanent relief with respect to the ethical difficulties involved in subscription, without a well settled theory of subscription and without general agreement in it, and how any theory of definite subscription that regards it as unconditionally valid in the ecclesiastical sense, that regards it as an ecclesiastical test rather than as the testimony of Christian faith, is to prevail and bring permanent peace and confessional purity to the Presbyterian Church or to any other church is not evident to an unbelieving Congregationalist.

LEWIS O. BRASTOW.

HOLINESS AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE WRITERS OF THE BIBLE.*

—The author is a well known Biblical scholar, whose commentaries on different books of the New Testament, notably that on the Epistle to the Romans, have proved particularly valuable to preachers. He shows unusual skill in detaching the main from

* *Holiness as Understood by the Writers of the Bible.* A Bible Study. By JOSEPH AGAR BUNT. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe, 1889.

the secondary thoughts of a passage in discussion, in holding closely to them and in handling them with brevity and clearness. His skill as an expositor in these and other respects appears in this little monograph. It is a good, thorough, suggestive piece of work, done in brief compass. The conception of holiness here presented is that of a religious possession. A holy object is an object that God has made his own special personal possession, an object detached by God from secular or sinful use and taken to himself as his own; the recognition of this fact and the self-detachment of the subject in accordance therewith constitutes the human aspect of holiness. He who recognizes himself as God's possession and detaches himself from all sinful alliances is holy. That quality, whatever it may be, or that complex of qualities in God that leads him to seek out objects to be his own special possession, is his holiness. This thought is found in the Old Testament, in the Septuagint, and in the New Testament. It would prove to be a fruitful investigation with reference to practical use in the pulpit for any preacher to take this discussion and follow out its practical suggestiveness.

LEWIS O. BRASTOW.

MARION GRAHAM.*—The story of Marion Graham moves throughout in an atmosphere of literary culture, and of lofty moral and spiritual aspirations and character. Its interest centers on a highly educated man who is led to reject Christianity through identifying it with harsh and misleading forms of statement found in the history of theological doctrines, and who at last through a fuller understanding of its essential history and significance, becomes a hearty believer in the historical Christ and his kingdom among men, and in God's revelation of Himself through Him.

The persons in the story pass through scenes involving the most intense excitement of feeling, but, the interest is in the inward life, in the development of thought and character, rather than in outward adventure. Like Robert Elsmere, the story centers on the religious problems of the day; but the lines of thought all tend to establish the truth and reasonableness of Christianity.

SAMUEL HARRIS.

* *Marion Graham*; or "*Higher than Happiness*." By META LANDER, author of "*The Broken Bud*," "*Light on the Dark River*," "*The Tobacco Problem*." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo, \$1.50.

(To be published in August or September.)

Shelley's Defense of Poetry. Edited by ALBERT S. COOK, Professor in Yale University. Ginn & Company, publishers.

SHELLEY'S DEFENSE OF POETRY.—Shelley's Defense may be regarded as a companion-piece to that of Sidney. Both are the productions of poets who are also distinguished for their prose, of poets essentially lyrical whose highest praise is given to the epic and the drama; and in both a substantially identical philosophy is set forth with fervid eloquence. In their diction, however, the one is of the sixteenth century and the other of the nineteenth. For this reason a comparison of the two is of interest to a student of historical English style. But, apart from this, the intrinsic merits of Shelley's essay must ever recommend it to the lover of poetry and of beautiful English. The truth which he perceives and expounds is one which peculiarly needs enforcement at the present day, and it is nowhere presented in a more concise or attractive form. This edition is provided with all needful helps, and is the only one now current of the Defense printed by itself, apart from other prose works of Shelley.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS IN MEDICINE, YALE UNIVERSITY. BY FRANCIS DELAFIELD, M.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR IN THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN NEW YORK.

THERE are some subjects and questions which are old and trite, which have been discussed and written about, concerning which we often have a feeling of fatigue and yet which are of such a character that they will not be let alone. No matter how tired we may be of hearing about them, no matter how fruitless the discussions concerning them may seem to be, we still go back to their consideration year after year. We may say the same old things, we may strive in vain for new points of view, but something we must say.

Such a subject is "Medical Education." We have all heard more than enough about it, but we must all hear more; and the reason is simple, it is the profound dissatisfaction that we all feel with medical education as it now exists, and the equally sincere conviction that we ought to make it better.

In its broadest meaning, medical education includes everything necessary to qualify a person to take care of the diseased conditions of human beings. A much narrower view is the office of medical colleges in fitting persons to begin their career. It is to this narrower aspect of the subject that I confine myself. Still further I confine myself to the problem as it exists at this time and in this country, and my point of view is that of a person who has been engaged in teaching for many years.

The problem is, given the present condition of American civilization, what is the best that can be done by American medical colleges, and what is the best product they can turn out?

The evolution of the American medical college and of the American medical student has been of the same character as that of many other things in the United States. For many years a vast country with a scattered population and insufficient capital has been rapidly developing. While there was little poverty, there were no great accumulations of wealth, cities were small, distances were great, the whole country was sparsely settled.

But we have come now to a time in the nation's history, when every one who reaches any great proficiency in science or learning can only do so by great natural powers and enormous industry; when every large undertaking is hampered by the want of enough money.

The American railroad had to be built with insufficient capital and through unsettled districts, which were later to be built up by the railroad itself. This meant not merely economical, but imperfect construction: single-track roads, light rails, wooden bridges, miserable stations, even loss of life. It was all bad, but it was the best possible. It was infinitely better than no railroads at all.

Matters took much the same course with medical colleges. In some city, a number of medical men would join together, raise enough money to hire a building, and establish a medical college. The professorships were easily filled, for no one doubted his own ability to teach in any department. The same man, on an emergency, would fill several chairs, or with equal facility would be transferred from one chair to another. No special training, no personal knowledge of the subjects taught, was necessary. A few books and some oratorical talent made a popular professor.

Neither professors nor students could afford long courses. The professor wanted his time to earn his living by practice. The student was often obliged to earn his living by some other occupation while he was studying medicine, and was obliged to begin the practice of his profession at the earliest possible moment.

It was all poor and insufficient, but it was the only practicable kind of medical college at the time. And there were

always men of such talent and industry that, in spite of everything, they learned their business and learned it well.

Now everything is, not so much changed, as changing. The old things have not passed away, but are still mingled with the new. It reminds one of the venerable campus of Yale University, where the architecture of the past, the architecture of the present, and the architecture of the future, are seen in pleasing juxtaposition, evidences of the conservatism, the progress, the versatility, the poverty, the wealth, and the incompleteness of things American.

The State still does not, as a rule, give money to institutions of learning. Private endowments have come, but are still few and insufficient. A moderate number of men have grown up, who are willing to study and teach and do nothing else. A much larger number of students are able to devote a sufficient length of time to the study of their profession.

But yet everything is still unsettled. There are medical colleges which are partly endowed, and others conducted on the old joint stock principle. There are colleges with long courses, and colleges with short courses; colleges with professors of all sorts of degrees of competence; colleges which require some preliminary education, and colleges which admit anybody; colleges which exact strict examinations, and colleges which graduate anybody.

Now looking at things as they are and not as they might be,—as they are in this country and not as they are in other countries,—what is the best that the medical colleges and those belonging to them can do?

What we can do will depend, in the first place, on the material furnished to us, out of which we are to make doctors. We have a right to demand that this material should be at least a possible one. We do not want men who have failed in other occupations, and turn to medicine as a last resort; nor men so old that the time of learning has passed by; nor men so without mental training that most of their college course is spent in learning how to learn; nor men so poor that they have not the time to study their profession. We want men who begin to study medicine at about the age of twenty years, with a liberal education, and with sufficient means to devote their

whole time for six years to the study of medicine and to nothing else.

The changes which are now going on in the plans of study in the new universities, however useful they may eventually prove to be, are at the present time an embarrassment to the medical colleges.

The attempt is being made to change the old academical departments into departments of philosophy and the arts, with the idea that such departments should be on the same plane as those of medicine, law, theology, etc. The complete carrying out of this plan means that the entrance examinations to all the departments of a university should be the same, that no one should enter any department until he was nineteen or twenty years old, that the education up to the time of entrance should be carried on outside of the university. It means that students of medicine, theology, law, etc., should not receive any thing corresponding to the education of the old academical departments of the colleges, but should enter their special department of the university directly from the schools.

Just at present such an university system is but imperfectly carried out. The standard of entrance examinations has been raised, but is still within the reach of boys of sixteen. The preparatory schools keep their pupils up to a more advanced age, but are still only boys' schools. The universities wish to retain the large numbers of students to which they are accustomed, and fear to carry out logically changes which would make the department of arts and literature no larger than that of theology or law.

At the present time and with the present university system at Yale and Harvard, a young man who wishes to have some sort of liberal education and yet to study medicine, has to do one of three things: He may be of sufficient ability to enter college at sixteen, go through his four years' course, graduate and begin the study of medicine at twenty. He may enter college at eighteen or nineteen and leave, at the end of two or three years, in order that he may have time left for his medical education. He may not go to college at all, but take two or three years at a scientific school.

The medical colleges can do the best with men who come to us when they are twenty years old, not fresh from school, but with the liberal education and the maturing influences of a full college course. We very much prefer to teach them medicine and everything belonging to it ourselves, and we find that we are in no way helped by the introduction of preparatory medical studies into the academical curriculum.

The efficiency of the medical colleges depends in the second place on the community at large. If the community wishes to have good doctors, it must help to make them. The law of supply and demand regulates the number of doctors, but not their quality. The colleges can furnish any number of physicians that may be required without assistance; they cannot furnish satisfactory ones without a sufficient plant and without good professors, and these they cannot procure without assistance. A sufficient plant, means buildings, apparatus, laboratories, and hospitals, with funds to maintain them. Good professors cannot be procured or retained without adequate pay. The time has passed when competent men will continue to teach efficiently for any length of time for pleasure, for reputation, or for advertisement. They must be paid. All this means endowments, not of thousands, but of millions of dollars.

Medical schools need also the support of the medical profession. It must discourage the formation of new, unendowed, and inefficient colleges. It must throw the weight of its influence in favor of the colleges which provide the best instruction, the longest courses, and the most rigid examinations.

The first question to be asked concerning any medical school is whether it has a right to exist at all. There is no evil in a considerable number of medical schools, for dividing up the students makes it easier to handle them. There is no reason why good schools should not be carried on in the smaller cities. But a college without hospitals or dispensaries for clinical instruction, without dissecting room or laboratories, without money to pay its professors, has no right to existence and should be closed.

The education of students is not the only function of a medical school. Such a school should be a place where medi-

cine is studied as well as taught; a center around which accumulate the men, the buildings, and the appliances necessary for teaching; a home for those who devote their lives to physiology, to anatomy, or to pathology. Teachers of medicine are both born and made. Neither men of learning who have not the gift of teaching, nor fluent teachers without knowledge, will answer. There must be constantly growing up in and about each college young men, who are learning themselves and learning how to teach others, from whose numbers professors can be selected.

The actual teaching function of a medical school embraces the instruction of both undergraduate and advanced students.

For the undergraduate instruction three, or better, four years are required. The course must be elementary, simple—adapted to the experience of the students. A considerable part of the time must be devoted to the study of three subjects: chemistry, physiology, and anatomy. A thorough knowledge of these subjects is absolutely necessary, and if they are not learned at this time they are not learned at all.

As regards chemistry, the most important things are a good laboratory and an instructor who knows how to adapt his teaching to the needs of the future practitioner.

The chair of physiology is the one which is the hardest to fill in an American medical school, and yet no chair is more important. To it belongs the teaching of the laws which govern life. The modes of action of the nervous system, the processes of digestion and nutrition, the mechanism of the circulation, are things of which our knowledge cannot be too thorough. Perhaps no one thing contributes so much to needless and foolish medication as ignorance of physiology.

Physiology is a science by itself; it can only be mastered by men who devote their entire life to it. In the United States there is little inducement for any one to do this. So the number of physiologists is too small for the number of the medical colleges, and so the teaching of physiology is at the present time inadequate. The only remedy for this unsatisfactory condition of affairs is a sufficient endowment for each school.

Anatomy has always been recognized as one of the most important subjects. Its study has long been encumbered by a

mass of barbarous names and by bad traditions of teaching. The lessening of the number of lectures, the greater time spent in practical work, the recognition that histology and comparative anatomy are of real value, are rendering the study of anatomy easier and more complete. There is no reason why students should not acquire a good practical knowledge of the subject during their undergraduate course.

Materia medica and therapeutics constitute the most popular branch of the profession. Practical men are constantly on the lookout for prescriptions. It is a branch which has developed enormously of late years both scientifically and commercially. Every year the chemists supply us with new drugs; every year the manufacturers send out more agents and more sample bottles. Many of the new drugs are of much help to us; we can do useful things to-day that we could not do some years ago, but it must be admitted that we can also do harm in a greater variety of ways. The teacher of *materia medica* must be a man of judgment, of experience; so situated that he has personal knowledge of the action of every drug of which he speaks. His responsibility is a great one, for the notions concerning the proper use of drugs which the students derive from him are apt to influence them through the rest of their lives. It will depend upon his teaching whether they are careful, discriminating, and scientific in their use of medicines.

Modern surgery is the branch of our profession in which the greatest advances have been made—advances so great that they can only be realized by those who have witnessed their development.

Twenty years ago it required a good deal of courage to be a surgeon. After every injury and every operation came the constant dread of suppuration and septicæmia, two dangers of which the causes were not known, and against which no precautions were of certain avail. The most skillful surgeon knew that there were injuries which he could not heal, and operations which he dared not perform; that a mysterious danger which he could not avert or control lurked in the footsteps of the simplest operation. The old surgical hospital ward was truly a depressing place in which to work. The compound fractures, the amputations, the lacerated wounds,

the major operations dragged on their weary course for weeks and months, with the daily dressings, the everlasting pus, too often the fatal termination.

Now the position of a surgeon is a truly enviable one. His daily work is simple and straightforward, his results are certain; he has no mysterious dangers to reckon with. There is practical unanimity in most surgical procedures in all parts of the civilized world. Success or failure now depends wholly on the surgeon himself; on his skill in diagnosis, his judgment, his manual dexterity, and his cleanliness. If life or limb is saved, he knows that he has saved it; if it is lost, he knows that he has lost it. The responsibility of success or failure is direct and unquestioned.

Of this great art the student can learn something. By lectures, by clinics, by class instruction in minor surgery and dressings, he can be taught the principles of the art. Hardly more than this is possible.

When we turn to medicine the picture changes; there is no longer certain knowledge, or unanimity of opinion. The diagnosis of medical diseases is often difficult, sometimes impossible. Of the causation of disease we know but little. Although a new light is breaking on us, it is yet dim, uncertain, obscured by clouds of ignorance. There are some diseases which we can prevent, there are many more against which we are powerless. We have every year at our disposal more drugs, we know more definitely what drugs can do, but we have no new specifics for disease. We can control many of the functions, we can cause sleep or wakefulness; we can make the heart beat feebly or strongly; we can dilate the arteries, but we no more have antidotes against pneumonia or typhoid fever than we did one hundred years ago.

But yet we are not standing still. It is about medicine that the thickest cloak of superstition has been wrapped; we are beginning to struggle out of its folds. Although we know definitely the causes of so few diseases, yet we are getting an idea of what these causes are likely to be and where and how to look for them, that they are likely to be definite organic or inorganic bodies, and that nothing short of demonstration is evidence of their existence.

We are learning not to try to cure diseases for which there are no specifics, but rather to help the patient to bear them and get well of them. We are acquiring an exact knowledge of each disease, so that we can fortell its natural course from day to day and judge whether we are likely to do harm or good by trying to interfere with it. If we cannot make a difference in the probabilities of life and death we can make an enormous difference in the comfort of our patients. Think of the experience of a child with measles some years ago, and of a similar child at the present time. Contrast the poor creature kept in a close room, its body unwashed and smeared with grease, its clothing and bedding unchanged, its thirst tortured by abstinence from water, its alimentary canal disturbed by drugs, with the child kept in a well aired room, its entire body washed every day, its clothing changed, its thirst gratified, and with no drugs except those which add to its comfort.

Although we cannot cure many diseases we can cure many diseased conditions. All varieties of inflammation, all disturbances of function, are more or less under the control of the physician.

We are learning to prefer many other plans of treatment to the use of drugs. We draw off dropsies, we open abscesses, we wash the stomach, we use massage and graduated exercise; we employ cold baths and hot baths, we regulate the diet and mode of life, we call climate and travel to our aid.

The very difficulties which attend the practice of medicine, the obstacles still to be overcome, the great truths which yet await their discoverer give to its pursuit a fascination which once felt endures through life.

The teaching of medicine hardly possesses the same fascination as its study. It is not the new subjects in which the professor is interested, but the old ones of which he is tired which he must teach. There is no escape from a great deal of drudgery. Didactic teaching, clinics, class instruction in physical diagnosis—all have to be carried out thoroughly and with perseverance.

A knowledge of the anatomical and chemical changes produced in the body by disease is absolutely essential. All the solid advances which have been made in our knowledge have

been of things demonstrable: of anatomical changes, of micro-organisms, and of chemical products. Pathology, the study of disease for itself, as a branch of natural science, constitutes the one central point about which medicine, surgery, and all the specialties are grouped. It is pathology that makes our business a profession and not a trade.

It is only the student of pathology who can treat disease intelligently, for it is he only who knows what he is treating. He has seen the lesions which belong to each disease; he has watched their development from day to day; he knows what is their natural duration. He has learned how the symptoms and the lesions correspond, and can distinguish between the symptoms which belong to the disease and those which belong to the individual.

It is under the influence of the study of pathology that the student will begin and the practitioner will go on in his profession with the scientific spirit, caring for nothing but facts and paying no attention to theories.

It is a matter of importance to the community that it should contain a class of persons capable of judging about the rules of health and about the medicines and cures likely to benefit disease. Especially now when the world swarms with charlatans and cures does the community need protection, for it does not know how to protect itself. The utmost intelligence and learning in other departments are of no assistance here. It is impossible for people to judge wisely concerning matters of which they are profoundly ignorant. The astronomer, who would be insulted if you told him that the moon is made of green cheese, believes easily in the virtues of the liver pad. A theologian, who thinks hardly of Mohammedans and Buddhists, will be on the best of terms with all sorts of impossible "pathists." A financier, who would be ashamed to be deceived in his business, becomes the dupe of the most pitiful charlatan.

Nor are physicians who are ignorant of pathology much better off than the laity; they know only the outside of disease, nothing of its real nature. In every civilized country, however, we find a fair number of scientific physicians, of men who put their whole life into the study of disease without reference to anything but the advancement of knowledge, of

men who believe nothing that cannot be demonstrated. These men are not divided from each other by country or language, they form a little community united by a common interest, they constitute a supreme court to which can be referred all questions concerning disease and its remedies.

Of this knowledge only a limited portion can be imparted to the student. But it is of importance that the instructors should be competent, the methods good, and the facilities of dead house and laboratory sufficient.

Of the instruction in obstetrics and gynecology, I will not speak at the present time.

Instruction in the specialities—the diseases of the eye, the ear, the nose, the throat, etc., can only be given efficiently to small classes of students with the aid of sufficient clinical material. The facilities for such special instruction must be provided, but it is hardly possible for the students to study all of them during their undergraduate course. These studies must be put on the list of optionals from which the students may select. The more serious study of the specialities must be deferred until after graduation.

The main object, therefore, of the undergraduate course in medicine is to give the students sufficient instruction concerning the structure of the human body, the natural functions of different parts of the body, the natural processes of gestation and parturition, the causes of diseases, the changes produced in the structure and functions of different parts of the body by disease, the natural history of disease, the action of drugs, the principles and technique of mechanical treatment. All this is to be done as broadly and thoroughly as possible, but it only constitutes the first period of a medical education.

The second period of medical education consists of eighteen months spent as interne in a hospital. Now the student begins to do himself the things which he has been taught, to apply theory to practice, to learn the unwritten laws of his profession. Month after month he grows and develops as the spirit of the hospital, the graduated responsibility, the competition, the experience, the practical instruction exert their influence.

The third period of medical education lasts also for eighteen months. It is spent entirely in practical work, in learning the

technique and details which enter so largely into the successful treatment of disease. The student by this time has found out the branches of the profession to which he is best adapted, and the inevitable process of specialization begins. The instruction which the student now wants can only be obtained at colleges to which sufficient hospitals, dispensaries, and laboratories are attached. Whether such a college is situated in this country or abroad is immaterial.

The whole period of pupillage, therefore, lasts for six or seven years, and is divided into the three stages which I have described. I do not believe that less time than this is sufficient, nor that more time is necessary or advantageous. Such a medical education can be acquired in the United States at the present time,—I do not say that it always is acquired. All the necessary facilities exist for those who choose to take advantage of them.

After the period of pupillage is ended, comes the real life work of self-education from personal experience. The man has been furnished with the tools of his trade, now he must show how he can use them. It is not fair to expect too much at first. We do not suppose that a callow lawyer can argue a case before the Supreme Court, nor that a young architect can build a satisfactory cathedral, nor that serious surgical operations and dangerous cases of disease are likely to do well in inexperienced hands.

So one more disquisition on medical education goes into the great waste paper basket of oblivion. Let me hope that if anything of it lingers in your recollection, it will be this: That the age of superstitious medicine has passed away, and that the time of rational medicine is already here; that the study of our profession is the study of a natural science; that of the members of our profession it ought to be possible to say: "They recognized no title to superiority but knowledge, and confident of that knowledge they despised all the dignities of the world. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand!"

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT THE YALE "ASSOCIATIONS" ARE ACCOMPLISHING.

THE vigorous life which has of late manifested itself in the different Yale "Associations," scattered all over the United States, and now numbering nearly forty, is being attended by some results which may be of lasting advantage to the University. We have space at present to do no more than allude to one or two of them.

The first is the increased *esprit de corps* of the individual classes, not only in the Academic Department, where there has always been a great deal of it, but also in the Sheffield School, and even in the different Professional Departments.

This new manifestation of *esprit de corps* is shown not only by the larger numbers of graduates who return at Commencement for the purpose of attending the meetings of their class, but by the character of the reunions. They awaken such interest that those who are present, and those who are unable to be present, alike feel that some record of what has been said and done should be published, in order to keep fresh their attachment to each other and to the University. Some classes have even provided that an annual printed letter, in the shape of a pamphlet, shall be prepared and sent to each classmate with a few words of greeting furnished by each one for the others. The tone of affectionate remembrance of the days spent together, under the elms, which pervades these Class Reports and Class Letters is very noticeable. As a single illustration, we quote from one of these yearly Letters which lies before us, in which we find a letter from the judge of the highest court of a distant State, who says: "For all these years, whenever I have dreamed, I have always imagined myself back on the Yale Campus, moving about the halls of the dear old buildings, and talking with the old friends with whom I spent so many of the years of my life. I have been told that some of the old trees and some of the buildings have been taken down, but no power can take them away from my affectionate remembrance."

The Report of the last meeting of the class of 1850 also lies before us, and from this we make another quotation. "The class that graduated from Yale College on the 15th of August,

1850, numbered seventy-nine men. On the 24th of June, 1890, there were forty-seven members of the class living, and on the evening of that day twenty-two members of the class met at New Haven. They sat down to the dinner-table at half-past six in the evening and rose from it at one o'clock next morning." Then, after an account of what was said by these men who had been forty years out of college, the chairman in his Report adds: "Many people suppose that the value of a college education is to fit men for the learned professions only. But the majority of the members of the class of 1850 who were present at that dinner-table were not members of those professions. They had taken hold of the commercial industries of the world, and had found that their college education had fitted them for all the special work which they had had to do. While some of the class had gained eminence in theology, in politics, in medicine, in mathematics and astronomy,—and in the latter case to such an extent that one has received from the American Academy of Sciences the Lawrence Smith gold medal, the first and thus far the only one that has been awarded on that foundation,—others had turned their steps in a different direction. They have built railroads; have organized banks; have excavated canals; have dealt in Bonds for the Government of the United States; have published books, historical, polemical and scientific; have engaged in commercial affairs of various kinds, achieving results in an honest manner, and without making any noise about it in the newspapers. I was surprised to learn what work had been accomplished by these twenty-two men, in the course of forty years, for which they had attained no personal fame. No doubt, the twenty-five classmates who were absent from us that evening have accomplished works equally important since our graduation. It was a new assurance of the fact that a college education not only fits men for the learned professions, but it also qualifies them in an extraordinary degree for the practical affairs of life. It tends to make men intelligently true to the trusts imposed upon them."

But a still more important result of the new life that has of late manifested itself in the different Associations is the widespread interest that has been awakened among the graduates as to whether some large development of the University cannot at once be secured by united effort. The country is demanding institutions for the higher education, which, in all their equipments, shall be fully equal to the best Universities to be

found in Europe. We shall undoubtedly have such institutions in the United States in the near future. But, in that near future, is Yale to preserve the position which she has held for two centuries? This must depend, in great measure, upon what her 7,000 living graduates are disposed to do. In the Class Report, from which we have already quoted, we have the answer which has just been made by the class of 1850. They say: "Since Yale has qualified the class of 1850 to do the work which its men have so successfully done and are still doing, cannot this class do something for Yale, that will increase her power to prepare the young men of America to do well the work which the future ages will require?"

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

YALE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

NO. 180.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 21, 1890.

Sunday, June 15.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. George Leon Walker, D.D., of Hartford. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by Professor Harris.

Wednesday, June 18.—*Last Day* for payment of College Term Bills—Treasurer's Office, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. *Last Day* for return of Books—University Library, 9.30 A. M. to 5 P. M. *College Semi-Annual Examinations* close, 1 P. M.

Saturday, June 21.—*DeForest Prize Speaking*—Battell Chapel, 10 A. M. *Philosophical Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 5 P. M.

State Scholars, Sheffield Scientific School.—The Board of Appointment to State Scholarships in the Sheffield Scientific School for the year 1890-91 will meet at No. 2 Sheffield Hall, on Tuesday, June 24, at 2 P. M. All applications for Scholarships should be made before that time, to Professor George J. Brush, Secretary of the Appointing Board.

Results of College Examinations.—Members of the Junior Class in College can learn the results of their semi-annual examinations at the Dean's office, on Saturday, June 21, between 8 and 4 P. M.

Winthrop Prize Subjects—Yale College.—The subjects for the Winthrop Prize examination in the Class of 1892 are as follows:—Greek: *Euripides*—*Iphigenia among the Taurians*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Electra*; *Theocritus*—*Idylls* i-iii, vi-viii, x, xi, xv-xvii.—Latin: *Lucretius*—Book v; *Horace*—*Epistle*, Book ii; *Lucan*—Book i.

Awards of Prizes—Yale College.—Scott Hurtt Scholarship, Class of 1892:—James W. D. Ingersoll.—Woolsey Scholarship, Class of 1893:—Winthrop E. Dwight.—Hurlbut Scholarship, Class of 1893:—William Begg.—Third Freshman Scholarship, Class of 1893:—Isidore Wachsmann.—Winthrop Prizes, Class of 1891:—1st Prize, Curtis C. Bushnell; 2d Prize, William T. Bartley.—Scott Prize in French, Class of 1891:—Clifford G. Twombly.—DeForest Mathematical Prizes:—Class of 1891, 1st Prize, Joseph Bowden, Jr.; 2d Prize, Lyle A. Dickey. Class of 1892, 1st Prize, Matthew A. Reynolds; 2d Prize, Bernard M. Allen; 3d Prizes, Charles J. Bartlett and Clarence C. Wilson. Class of 1893, 1st Prize, Winthrop E. Dwight; 2d Prizes, William Begg and Charles J. Fay; 3d Prizes, Wendell M. Strong and John B. Thomas.—Composition Prizes, Class of 1892: 1st Prize, Edward Boltwood; 2d Prizes, Arthur S. Brackett, Elisha H. Cooper, Alfred B. Palmer, John K. Tibbits; 3d Prizes, Bernard M. Allen, Alfred B. Chace, Clive H. Day, James W. D. Ingersoll, Thornwell Mullally, Frank J. Price.—Elocution Prizes, Class of 1893:—In Reading, Frank J. Price; in Declamation, Paul R. Clark, Benjamin L. Crosby, James W. Husted, Jr.—Berkeley Premiums, Class of 1892:—1st Grade, Franklin J. Abbe, Charles W. Bosworth, Winthrop E. Dwight, Richard T. Holbrook, Harry S. Vaile, Arthur L. Wheeler; 2d Grade, William Begg, Thomas H. Breeze, Charles J. Fay, Rufus M. Gibbs, James E. Grafton, John D. Warnock.

NO. 181.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 28, 1890.

Sunday, June 22.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon by the President. (The Senior Class meet at the Lyceum, at 10.15, punctually.) *Praise Service*—Battell Chapel, 5 P. M. (Tickets at the Treasurer's Office.)

Monday, June 23.—*Presentation Exercises* of the Senior Class in College, with Oration, by Walter A. DeCamp, and Poem, by Arthur W. Colton—Battell Chapel, 11 A. M. *Reading of Class Histories*—College Square, 2 P. M.; followed by planting of the Class Ivy. *Opening of the Chittenden Library*, with an Address by the President—5-6 P. M. *Sheffield Scientific School Anniversary Exercises*—North Sheffield Hall, 8 P. M. *Promenade Concert* of the Senior Class—Alumni Hall, 9 P. M.

Tuesday, June 24.—*Meeting of the Alumni*—Alumni Hall, 9.30 A. M. *Memorial Address on President Woolsey*—President Dwight, Battell Chapel, 11.30 A. M. *Meeting of Alumni of the Law School*—Court House, 12.30-3 P. M. *Address on Medical Education*, by Professor Francis Delafield, M.D., of New York City—Battell Chapel, 2 P. M. *Appointing Board* for State Scholarships in the Sheffield Scientific School—2 Sheffield Hall, 2 P. M. *Election of Member of the Corporation*—Library 2-3.30 P. M. *Law School Anniversary Exercises*, with Address by Charles J. Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore, and Townsend Prize Speaking by three members of the Senior Class—Center Church, 3.30 P. M.

Wednesday, June 25.—*Commencement Exercises*—Center Church. The Officers of the University, with graduates, undergraduates, and invited guests, will form in procession in front of the Lyceum, at 9 A. M., in the following order:—Music; Undergraduates; Candidates for degrees, (1) in Arts, (2) in Philosophy, (3) in Law, (4) in Medicine, (5) in Divinity; the Corporation; the Faculty; Invited Guests; Graduates, in the Order of Classes. *Dinner of the Alumni*—Alumni Hall, 2 P. M. *President's Reception*, for the Alumni, with their families, and other invited guests—Art School, 8-11 P. M. (Cards of admission for the Alumni, at the Library, after Tuesday noon.)

Thursday, June 26.—*Examinations for Admission to the College*—Alumni Hall, beginning at 9 A. M. *Examinations for Admission to the Sheffield Scientific School*—North Sheffield Hall, beginning at 9 A. M. *Examination for Matriculation* in the Medical Department—Medical School, 150 York street, beginning at 9 A. M.

Saturday, June 28.—*Examinations for Admission* close, 12 M.

Keys to College Rooms.—All keys to rooms on the College Square must be left before vacation in the letter-box at Room No. 1, Treasury Building.

Vacation Hours.—The General Library of the University will be open through July on Wednesdays and Saturdays, only, from 10 A. M. to 12 M. The Linonian and Brothers Library will be open during vacation on Wednesdays and Saturdays, only, from 10 A. M. to 12 M. The Treasurer's Office will be open, daily, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. The Exhibition of Paintings in the Art School will be open, daily, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. (Fee for admission, 25 cents.) The Collections in the Peabody Museum will be open, daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., except during August, when the building will be closed. The other Buildings of the University will be closed during the vacation.

NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

No. CCXLVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

ARTICLE I.—THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA IN JAPAN.

JAPAN is the Emerald Isle of the East. Rather, it is a group of Emerald Isles, on the far-off edge of oriental continents; a land which its inhabitants call the "Empire of the Rising Sun." Its sun is rising fast. The morning of a Christian civilization is pouring new light over mountain and plain. So entire is the transformation that the Japan of forty years ago is forever past and gone. The scenes I am to record are now only reminiscences, and fast fading from the memories of men. Very few are left of those who witnessed them. Here and there a solitary survivor of the famous Expedition, as he reads of the marvelous strides the island empire is making in its breathless haste to overtake the civilizations of the West, cons over his treasured recollections, and realizes as no other can the immense contrast between the present and the past. In the summer of 1872 Mr. Mori, then Japanese minister at Washington, made a speech in good English before an educational convention in Boston; and I could hardly credit my senses as I listened and thought of the

wondrous change. Less than twenty years before, I had witnessed the strange scenes which transpired on those mysterious shores, where by the laws of the realm it was death for a foreigner to set his foot; and here already was an educated Japanese gentleman addressing us in our own language! I could but dream over the novel scenes again; and am minded to set them down as they appeared to the eyes of a young captain's clerk.

I speak of the Japan Expedition under Commodore Matthew C. Perry. The interest felt in that resolute little armada was not confined to America. Over the secluded land it went to open had always hung a cloud of mystery; and that threw a sort of romantic halo over the fleet itself. Its progress was watched with eager curiosity not only by the nation whose flag it bore, but by all Europe as well. What was it for? What did this slender squadron of four ships hope to accomplish in those distant seas?

It was going to open Japan. The letter from our government to the Mikado was originally drafted in May 1851 by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, and was signed by President Fillmore. There it rested. Whether the Presidential signature proved too heavy a dignity, I do not know; but it never rose after that, and it never got to Japan. In November 1852 Edward Everett, who succeeded Mr. Webster, fished it out of its sarcophagus in the pigeon holes of the Department, and endowed it with new life. It was revised, rewritten, and resigned. Three copies were prepared, in English, Dutch, and Chinese. They were splendidly engrossed, and enclosed together in a sumptuous gold case. To make the whole still more impressive to the Japanese mind, the gold case was enshrined in a rich coffer of rosewood. This letter asked of the Japanese court simply friendship and trade; trade, for the mutual benefit of the two countries, which might profitably share each other's productions; friendship, for the protection of our seamen who might be driven into their ports by storm or wrecked on their rugged coast. Those haughty islanders had sometimes welcomed such victims of the sea to a dungeon or a cage on shore; and this pastime was to be stopped at all hazards. The American flag is bound to pro-

tect the American seaman on every sea and in every port. And it was high time that the Island Empire of the East should learn to treat the great Republic of the West with common courtesy, or at least with common humanity. Perhaps the expedition might not succeed in establishing commerce; but Commodore Perry was not to leave the waters of Japan until he had extorted a pledge of better manners.

Friday, the 8th of July, 1853. It seems a long while ago; but it was a red letter day through the fleet. It had been a voyage of adventure almost from the start. Our ship, the *Saratoga*, had been on the East India station, cruising up and down the China seas, for more than two years before the expedition arrived. We had chased pirates through the Gulf of Tonquin—where we caught no pirates, but did catch a typhoon that half tore us to pieces and nearly sent us to the bottom. We had visited the *Madjicosimas*, a beautiful group of islands some two or three hundred miles outside of Formosa; where we got another typhoon, and had the satisfaction that time of getting some pirates too. Our poor ship had laid her bones on a reef off Amoy—or rather her Chinese pilot did it, and as cleverly as though of all possible manœuvres that was the one thing he was paid to do; we only got clear by throwing our starboard battery overboard, with such other hamper as would lighten the ship; net loss by the operation two guns, a thirty-two pounder and a sixty-eight—the rest we recovered. We had interviewed the gentle *Lew Chewans*—a charmingly romantic episode in our common routine. That was followed by a still more unique exploration of the *Bonins*, a group of rugged islets a thousand miles further out in the bosom of the mighty Pacific; volcanic fragments thrown up ages ago, for the occupancy of wild hogs and goats, and a dozen human waifs who had drifted there from whale ships, and who represented as many different colors, countries, and religions.

But now at last we were at the gates of Japan. We had plowed through a solitary sea to reach it. "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," now lively and social with splendid lines of steamers and the multitudinous fleets of commerce, was lonely enough then. Not a sail did we meet in all the

dreary distance. And when, Friday morning, the lookouts at the masthead echoed through the fleet the cry "land ho!" it was a welcome relief. We rushed on deck. There it was at last. There it was, a dark silent cloud on the horizon, a *terra incognita*, still shrouded in mystery, still inspiring the imagination with an indefinable awe, just as it had years ago in our childhood. We came up with it rapidly. But the rugged headlands and capes still veiled themselves in mist, as if resolved upon secrecy to the last. About noon the clouds melted away, and there lay spread before us the Empire of the Rising Sun. It was a beautiful panorama, specially to eyes wearied with the monotony of China and the still deeper monotony of the rolling waves. How fair it was! A living picture of hill and dale, of green field and flowering hedge, of groves, orchards, bolles of verdure that tufted the lawns and mantled the highlands, of villages with streets a trifle wider and houses a little less densely packed than in China; and all defended by forts that were mounted with small barking cannon and stolid "quakers," and whose outer earth-works were long fences of black and white striped cotton flecked with the heraldic insignia of the province. On the waters were strange boats skimming about impelled by strange boatmen, uncouth junks wafted slowly along by the breeze, vanishing behind the promontories and reappearing in the distance, or lowering their cotton sails and dropping their four-fluked anchors in the harbor near us. And towering above all, forty miles inland, like a giant man-at-arms standing sentry over the scene, rose the snowy cone of Fujiyama, an extinct volcano thirteen thousand feet high, well named "the matchless mountain."

Our squadron comprised the steam frigates *Mississippi* and *Susquehanna*; the latter, by the way, in command of the Captain Buchanan who later commanded the *Merrimac* in the fight with the *Monitor*; and the sloops-of-war *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*. We mustered all told 61 guns and 977 men; no small force in those days, but now eclipsed and forgotten in the vaster armaments of the Civil War. Only a generation ago; and yet both countries have passed through changes so many and so great, that I seem to be writing of some distant

event, like the armadas of the middle ages, or the buccaneering voyages of Cavendish and Drake.

Such a warlike apparition in Yedo bay made a terrible stir. Gulliver could not have startled the Lilliputians more effectively. Before our anchors were fairly down, a battery on Cape Kamisaki sent a trio of rockets or bombshells to inquire after our health ; but they exploded harmlessly astern, and we sent no shells back to explain who we were. Our friends on shore knew something of gunnery evidently. How much, we could only conjecture ; but our glasses showed us that not all the big black logs frowning down at us from their portholes were genuine. Some at least were "quakers," which could not be fired except in a general conflagration. And we were reminded of a droll scene in the harbor of Nagasaki some old Dutch traveller tells of, where a Japanese guard-boat was capsized in a squall, and most of her guns floated !

The alarm on shore rapidly spread. The "fire-vessels of the western barbarians" threw the whole country-side into a fever of excitement. The panic soon reached the metropolis. We did not know it then, but have learned since that "all Yedo was in a frightful state of commotion. With alarmed faces the people thronged to the shrines to pray, or hastily packed their valuables, to bury or send off to the houses of distant friends. In the southern suburbs thousands of houses were emptied of their contents and of the sick and aged. Many who could, left their homes to go and dwell with relatives in the country. Couriers on horseback had first brought details of the news by land. Junks and scull-boats from Uraga arrived hourly at Shinagawa, and foot-runners bearing dispatches panted in the government offices. They gave full descriptions of what had been said and done, the number, shape, and size of the vessels, and in addition to verbal and written statements showed drawings of the black ships and the small boats manned by the sailors."*

By the time we had come to anchor, swarms of picturesque mandarins came off to challenge the strange arrival, and to draw around the fleet the customary cordon of gunboats. This looked like being in custody. Commodore Perry had not

* Griffis, *Matthew Calbraith Perry*, p. 330.

come to Japan to be put under sentries. He notified the mandarins that his vessels were not pirates and need not be watched. They pleaded Japanese law. He replied with American law. They still insisted, when he finally clinched the American side of the argument with the notice that if the boats were not off in fifteen minutes he should have to open his batteries and sink them. That was entirely convincing, and the guard-boats "stood not on the order of their going," but betook themselves to the shelter of the shore.

I well remember that still star-lit night which closed our first day in Yedo bay. Nothing disturbed its peaceful beauty. The towering ships slept motionless on the water, and the twinkling lights of the towns along the shore went out one by one. A few beacon-fires lighted on the hill tops, the rattling cordage of an occasional passing junk, the peal of a distant temple bell that came rippling over the bay at intervals during the night—these were to us the only tokens of life in the sleeping empire.*

* The author just quoted adds a supernatural element to the occasion; "For several years past unusual portents had been seen in the heavens, but that night a spectacle of singular majesty and awful interest appeared. At midnight the whole sky was overspread with a luminous blue and reddish tint, as though a flaming white dragon were shedding floods of violet sulphurous light on land and sea. Lasting nearly four hours, it suffused the whole atmosphere, and cast its spectral glare upon the foreign ships, making hull, rigging, and masts as frightfully bright as the Taira ghosts on the sea of Nagato. Men now living remember that night with awe, and not a few in their anxiety sat watching through the hours of darkness until, though the day was breaking, the landscape faded from view in the gathering mist."—*Matthew Calbraith Perry*, pp. 320, 321.

This portent evidently made more impression on shore than it did on shipboard. By the Commodore's orders, to guard against any possible surprise, the starboard and port watches were kept on duty that night just as at sea, and all the officers, of whatever grade, had to take their turn. Thus it came to pass that for the first time in the voyage (being not a midshipman but the captain's clerk) I was put on watch and stationed in charge of the fore-castle. But that was the first watch, from eight to twelve; and the only excitement was of a becalmed and badly frightened junk that came drifting athwart our bows, and with an immense deal of jabbering had to claw off as best she could. It was during the mid-watch that the firmament lighted up its aurora in honor of our arrival—but then I was sound asleep in my hammock, serenely dreaming of home.

A watchful eye was kept that night on all the silent shores. Nothing happened, however, and in the morning we were all alive and well. So too were the Japanese, who came around us during the day in great numbers, and were some of them admitted on board. Our first interviews with our oriental friends were a constant surprise to us; they were so well informed, so quick, so bright. They questioned us about the Mexican war, then recent, about General Taylor, and Santa Anna. One of them on board the *Susquehanna* asked the officer of the deck where he came from? "We came from America," was the reply. "O yes, I know," he said, "your whole fleet came from the United States. But did this ship come from Boston?—or New York?—or Philadelphia?" He knew enough of our geography not to locate our principal sea-ports on our western prairies or among the Rockies; a reach of intelligence unattained by some of our European cousins, and apparently unattainable. One of them asked if the monster gun on the quarter deck was a "Paixhan gun?" It was, but how could he have known its name? One of our midshipmen was taking the sun at noon, and laying down his sextant, a Japanese gentleman took it up and remarked (in Dutch—most of these conversations were carried on through our Dutch interpreter) "The best instruments of this kind are made in London." How could a Japanese know that? Not long after the treaty was signed, Mr. Townsend Harris,* our first consul in the Empire, was seeking a permit from the governor of Simoda to fire a salute on the twenty-second of February. The Prince of Ohinano happening in asked the subject of the conference. "Oh," said he, "that is Washington's birthday. A very great man—the greatest, I think, in the world. We know him very well in Japan."

Whence came all this knowledge? We naturally credited it to the Dutch, the only nation besides the Chinese which had for the last three centuries maintained its hold upon the good graces and the commerce of Japan. But it appears that the

* A gentleman I never had the pleasure of meeting. I do not even know whether he is still living. But I never mention his name without a tribute of respect, for his sagacity, his common sense, and his unfailing patience and good nature in meeting the difficulties of his novel position.

Japanese printers had been in the habit of reprinting in Japan the manuals and text-books our missionaries had prepared for the use of their schools in China. Their knowledge of America came straight from Dr. Bridgman's *History of the United States*, which had been published in China, and which had enjoyed what Dr. Bridgman had never dreamed of, a wide circulation in the Mikado's dominions. That book had already prepossessed them in our favor.

In their official relations however it was amusing to see how consistently and firmly the authorities clung to the time-honored policy of exclusion. It was a curious contest of steady nerve on one side, met by the most nimble evasion and subterfuge on the other. First they required the Commodore to go home; they wanted no letter from our President, nor any treaty. But the Commodore would not go home. Then they ordered him to Nagasaki, where foreign business would be transacted through the Dutch. But the Commodore declined to go to Nagasaki. If then this terrible barbarian would not budge and they must perforce receive his alleged letter, they would receive it without ceremony on board ship. But his Western Mightiness would not deliver it on board ship. Then they asked for time to consult the court at Yedo, and the Commodore gave them three days. What transpired at court in those fateful days may remain hidden forever; all we need to know is that our reluctant friends yielded at last, and the governor of Uraga notified the Commodore's aid, Lieutenant Contee, that the letter would be received, and that commissioners of suitable rank would come from Yedo for the purpose. Even after the preliminaries had been fully settled, the commissioners begged to receive the letter on board and not on shore. But the Rubicon was passed.

On the shore of a little semi-circular bay some three miles below our anchorage stood—and I suppose still stands—the village of Kurihama. That was the spot chosen for the meeting of the western envoy and the imperial commissioners; and there the Japanese erected a temporary hall of audience. It was a memorable scene. The two frigates moved slowly down and anchored off the harbor. How big, black, and sullen they looked, and full of pent-up force. Our little flotilla of fifteen

boats landed under cover of their guns. We were not more than three hundred, all told, and found ourselves in the presence of four or five thousand Japanese troops drawn up on the beach to receive us, with crowds of curious spectators lining the house-tops and grouped on the hills in the rear. But we were thoroughly armed, and could take care of ourselves in case of treachery.

I wish I were an artist. But having no pretensions in that line I cannot attempt to describe the emblazonry of those Japanese regiments. Their radiant uniforms and trappings and ensigns seemed to have been cut out of rainbows and sunsets; and the hundreds of boats fringing the shore heightened the effect with their fluttering plumage of flags. There was one thing that was not lively, and that was the prim dignity of the officers, who sat on camp stools in front of their gaudy troops.

The situation was unique, not likely to be forgotten by any who participated in it, either American or Japanese. It was a clear, calm summer morning. As our lines formed on the beach, the Commodore stepped into his barge to follow us. Instantly the "black fireships" were wrapped in white clouds of smoke, and the thunder of their salute echoed among the hills and groves back of the village. To the startled spectators on shore they must have seemed suddenly transformed into volcanoes. And when the great man landed they gazed with wonder—for no mortal eye (no Japanese mortal) had been permitted to look upon him before. During all the negotiations hitherto he had played their own game; he had veiled himself in the mystery that surrounds and magnifies the great. They could communicate with so lofty a being only through his subordinates. This was not mere child's play, nor an assumption of pomp inconsistent with republican simplicity. Commodore Perry was dealing with an oriental potentate according to oriental ideas. He showed his sagacity in doing so. I have always felt that his insight into the oriental character, his firmness and persistence, his stalwart physical presence and stateliness of manner, were prime factors in his success as a diplomat. He was just the man for our country to send on such a mission.

On his arrival we marched to the hall through an avenue of soldiers. Leaving the escort drawn up without, the forty officers entered. We found ourselves within a broad covered court of cotton hangings, carpeted with white, with a scarlet breadth for a pathway leading along the center to the raised floor of the hall beyond. Many officials in state robes were kneeling on either side of this flaming track. Within the hall sat the princes of Idzu and Iwami, surrounded by their kneeling suite. They were both men of years, fifty or sixty perhaps; Idzu a pleasant, intellectual-looking man, Iwami's features small and sadly ravaged by the small-pox. The places opposite the commissioners were taken by the Commodore and his staff. Between the lines were the interpreters—on one side a Japanese, on his knees; on the other, the official interpreter of the squadron, Dr. Williams, erect and dignified.* Behind them stood a large scarlet lacquered chest, destined to receive the American missive for conveyance to court. Overhead drooped in rich folds the purple silk hangings, profusely decorated with the imperial arms and the national bird, the stork. I had scarcely noted these few particulars, and glanced at the genial face of Bayard Taylor as he stood behind the Commodore taking notes, when the ceremony began. It was very brief. A few prefatory words between the interpreters, and then at a signal entered two boys in blue, followed by two stalwart negroes bearing the aforesaid rosewood boxes which contained the President's letter and accompanying credentials. These were opened in silence and laid on the scarlet coffer. Iwami handed to the interpreters a formal receipt for the documents. The Commodore announced that he should return the following year for the answer. A brief conversation ensued about affairs in China, and the conference closed, having lasted not more than fifteen or twenty minutes. A short ceremony, and witnessed by not more than fifty or sixty persons out of the entire populations of both the great countries treating; but it "opened" Japan. It was the prologue to the drama of the next year. It brought together as neighbors and

* The late learned S. Wells Williams, LL.D., then and for many years missionary at Canton, for the last few years of his life Professor of Chinese at Yale University; author of *The Middle Kingdom*. An admirable memoir has lately been published by his son.

friends two nations that were the antipodes of each other, not only in position on the globe, but in almost every element of their two types of civilization.

This done, the squadron rested from its labors. A great weight was lifted off its mind. The next day, with lightened conscience, it set itself to the mechanical task of surveying and sounding the bay, exploring future harbors, locating islands and rocks, measuring distances and plotting charts. Our ship, anxious to do her full share, located one shoal with undoubted accuracy by running onto it, full sail. Fortunately the wind was light and the bottom smooth; no harm was done, to either ship or shoal. The Commodore paid us the doubtful compliment of naming it the "Saratoga spit," and that title it bears to this day. Some years later it acquired a tragic interest, when the U. S. S. *Oneida*, coming down the bay to sail for home, was run into in the night and sunk by the British mail-ship *Bombay*. She went down close by Saratoga spit, carrying with her a large number of her hapless crew.

A week was spent in these hydrographic operations. On the seventeenth of July, as silently as they had entered nine days before, the two frigates steamed out of the bay with the two sloops in tow. Outside they separated, and wended their several ways back to China. The *Saratoga* was ordered to winter at Shanghai in the north. The rest returned to Hong Kong, Macao, or Cumsingmun, in the south. How they fared, where they met, and what they did the next year, shall be told in another paper.

Bangor, Maine.

J. S. SEWALL.

ARTICLE II.—AN UNNOTED MARTYR AMONG THE
DOCTORS OF ISLAM IN THE SIXTEENTH CEN-
TURY.

THE Reformation of the Sixteenth Century has been studied in all of its phases, but the fact has been overlooked that at the same time there was a similar movement in Muslim Turkey. It was not a mere reform of Mohammedanism, but a spontaneous turning of Mohammedans to Christianity, which seems to have been for a moment on the verge of accomplishment. An obscure scholar appeared among the Muslims of Eastern Europe, who sought to exalt Jesus Christ and his teachings above the traditional dogmas that had smothered all spiritual life. The appearance of such a reformer among the Muslims of Eastern Turkey, at the very time when the Western reformers were at the full tide of their first success, is an interesting coincidence. The failure of the Eastern reformer consigned him to oblivion. So Luther and Zwingli would have been long ago forgotten, had they been silenced by the sword when first they began to attack the errors of the Church.

According to the Turkish historians,* this reformer appeared at Constantinople in the year 1527. He attacked the Mohammedan faith in the very citadel of its strength and for a moment his earnest enthusiasm and his clear logic seemed to be carrying all before him. The highest expounders of Islam found themselves powerless to answer him; and the only argument which finally proved weightier than his own, was that decisive argument of the Muslim theologian: "The sentence of the Law is that he die." To this day his positions have never been refuted by the Doctors of Islam, nor can they be.

The details given by the Turkish annalists concerning the origin and character of this man are meager. His real name is lost, for the name "Kabiz," by which he is known in history, appears to be a mere nickname of contempt, fastened upon him by his enemies. He is described as "a man of the East;"

* *Solakzade*, p. 487; *Pechevi*, vol. i., p. 124; *Von Hammer*, vol. v., p. 98.

and an obscure allusion to the place of his education may imply that it was in the lands of the Christians; but the object or the extent of such studies on the part of one of the Ulema does not appear. He was a regularly qualified teacher of Muslim theology, although he is called an ignoramus. The Turkish writers call him a "wine-bibber," and they speak of him also as a sinner in other ways. But less biased evidence affords ground for forming a better opinion of his moral character. It does not appear that he had any friends among the Christians of the city. None of these at least ventured near him in the crisis of his trial. The story as it is told in the histories would imply that his convictions were the result of his own independent meditations, and that he showed great zeal in disseminating them.

To the old Muslims of the Annals, who were filled to the neck with the Asiatic respect for tradition, it was most surprising that this "Kabiz" should have disturbed his mind about the meaning of words and doctrines which had been long ago settled. Especially was it surprising and infamous that he should have felt obliged to talk to the unlettered on such subjects as the place of Jesus Christ in the Muslim theology.

The one thing which Kabiz insisted upon in his discussions of religious truth was the supremacy of Jesus Christ. He would have the people look to Him as the true channel of instruction in truth. "He exalted Jesus Christ," and undertook to prove from the Koran itself that Jesus was a greater than Mohammed ever claimed to be, and that therefore the teachings of Jesus were teachings to which Muslims should give the first place. The Koran lends itself to this view, for while it declares that Jesus was miraculously born of a Virgin, it ascribes no supernatural origin to Mohammed; and while it speaks of Jesus as "the Word of God," and "the Spirit of God," it applies no such awe-inspiring titles to Mohammed. The consciences of his hearers were with this champion of Jesus, when he turned their thoughts to the testimony of the Koran to Jesus. Wherever he went in the city the common people began to hear him gladly, and many "were seduced by him."

Then the Ulema—the scribes and Pharisees of the Muslim system—became thoroughly alarmed. After some discussion as to the best way of handling so thorny a subject, they decided to send a deputation of learned schoolmen to discuss with Kabiz. These men seem to have failed in satisfying the people of the ignorance of Kabiz, for the Turk, Solakzade, describes the result in these words. “They were unable longer to support the spectacle of his confident attitude, and so they seized the apostate by the collar, and some pulling, some pushing, they dragged him to the Divan of Justice.”

At that time there still prevailed the venerable custom, often alluded to in the Bible, of hearing “in the Gate” all cases in which the people were interested. At the gate of the palace of the Sultan was a hall of audience where the Grand Vezir of the Empire, assisted by other important officials, decided the cases brought up from day to day. The Sultan himself was not present at these Councils of Justice. But near the seat of the Grand Vezir was a little latticed window, opening into one of the apartments occupied by the Sultan. None could tell when the sovereign was behind the golden lattice of this window; and the possibility of a royal listener, even when the rest of the audience was most plebeian, led the turbaned and bearded Turks of the Divan to be uncommonly careful of the form of their utterances and the quality of their justice.

To this Divan at the gate of the palace, Kabiz was dragged by his furious adversaries. He was charged with seducing the people into error, and Ibrahim Pasha, the Grand Vezir, ordered the Kaziasker of Roumelia, the President of the highest court of Canon Law, and the Kaziasker of Anatolia, the Vice-President of the same court, to examine the case and settle it.

We have to regret that the only eye-witnesses of this trial were Muslims; for they naturally prefer not to repeat the arguments of Kabiz. All that we can gather from the records is that the two venerable doctors of the Holy Law directed Kabiz to set forth his creed, and that they were afterwards sorry that they had done so. At the very highest point of the glory and power of the Ottoman Empire, this man “Kabiz,” stood up before its greatest council, and declared his belief in

Jesus Christ as the chief of the messengers of God to mankind; and, moreover, he so stoutly and skilfully defended his belief with argument, that the great doctors and the assembled Pashas were covered with shame through the lack of an answer. The Turkish historians try to minimize the weight of the argument of Kabiz by declaring that the great functionaries whom he confounded lacked knowledge of the dogmas, owing to their love for money-getting and place-hunting. But since these same doctors retained their high offices (the chief justice for fourteen years after the famous trial), and since the subsequent trials of the case differed in no essential particular from that conducted before these men, it may be assumed that they did their best and failed. At all events, the Turkish annals declare that the two judges found no words in which to answer Kabiz save a sentence of death.

The point attacked was a vital one. Muslims are forced by the Koran to believe that Jesus Christ was a messenger from God, and only by assuming that Mohammed is greater than Jesus can they justify their rejection of the teachings of Jesus. Kabiz proved to the council that such an assumption is contrary to the Koran, and to the admissions of Mohammed in conversation. A forced interpretation of the passages in question is the only answer possible to a Muslim in this plight. Hence the angry confusion in which the judges thundered out the formula, "The sentence of the law is that he die!"

But Ibrahim Pasha, the Grand Vezir, indignantly intervened. "No," said he: "Set forth this man's crime, whatever it be. Seek out the knots which doubt has tied in his soul and loose them. Then if, having been convinced and silenced by argument, the man yet persists, you have a right to order his death."

But the doctors could not answer the arguments of Kabiz, and he was allowed to go free!

It was not strange that the Grand Vezir should take such high ground in favor of an oppressed man; for the power of the Sultans of Turkey was at that time so unlimited that they made a boast of their submission to law and equity, and an ostentatious display of instances in which in conformity to it they suffered in their personal interests. But the news of this

issue of the trial had a great effect in the city. The whole body of the Ulema was in effervescence, for it was not easy to foresee a limit to the results which might flow from such license allowed to objectors. But more than this, Sultan Suleiman himself was moved with anxiety by the result of the trial. Through the golden lattice he had followed the phases of the trial, and he at once perceived that acceptance of the Grand Vezir's romantic notions of the right of a man to his own opinions in matters of faith was incompatible with a Sultan's position as "The Shadow of God on earth" ruling "in the name of the Lord." The Turkish annalists profess to give the very words of the rebuke which Sultan Suleiman administered to his Pasha when they entered the presence to report the doings of the day :

"An apostate," said he, "comes to my Divan to-day ; seeks to diminish the refulgent glory of our Lord Mohammed ; has had the impudence to offer there the nonsense which he calls the proofs of his doctrine ! Notwithstanding all this he is not refuted, and is permitted to go away in freedom. What does all this mean ?"

Ibrahim Pasha, like most of the great Pashas of the earlier Ottoman history, was a Christian by birth, taken in early childhood from his parents and educated as a Muslim. While his fine ability both as statesman and as general long fostered the renown of Suleiman the Magnificent, it never emancipated him from the necessity of parading devotion to Islam as proof that Christian blood had left no taint in his nature.

He could offer no defense for himself ; and he excused his course by throwing the blame on the incompetence of the Kaziaskers. "The law is not the affair of the Kaziaskers alone," the Sultan replied, "we have a Mufti who will expound the law. Let the Mufti and the Judge of Constantinople be called, and to-morrow let the case be judged according to the law."

Ibrahim Pasha probably spent the most anxious period of his life in the two or three hours that followed his humble withdrawal from the Imperial presence. The Sultan had not spoken of the need to re-arrest Kabiz. He took it for granted that the Vezir could do that. But supposing Kabiz had made

use of his opportunity to flee from a fate which he must now see would overtake him sooner or later? Then farewell to the lofty office of Prime Minister to the greatest Sovereign in Europe! Farewell perhaps to life! The escape of Kabiz would be certainly ascribed to Christian leanings on the part of the Grand Vezir, and if it did not cost the Vezir his head he would be lucky. Instantly a swarm of Ochaoushes were sent out on the run to sift the dust of the city and find Kabiz. Happily for Ibrahim, Kabiz had never thought of flight, and was quickly brought in, heavily chained, and was safely lodged in the darkest of the dungeons to wait for the day. Of course to Kabiz himself this arrest, these chains, this foul imprisonment, following hard upon his triumph in the Divan, had but one meaning. This change of circumstances told him that his life was again in jeopardy, and this time without the chance of escape save by the road of recantation. If any mere whim had led him to teach the doctrines for which he was now again under arrest, the reflections of this terrible night must have sufficed to decide him to recede from a foolish position.

The next day all the great men of the Empire, dressed in their splendid robes of brocades and cloth of gold, assembled at the Divan. The Grand Vezir took his place at the head of the hall, his mind unruffled by a care, since responsibility for this Kabiz no longer rested on his shoulders. The Mufti, or as this dignitary would now be called, the Sheikh ul Islam, took the seat of the Kaziasker of Roumelia, as President of the Court. Opposite to the Mufti a special throne was placed for the Judge of Constantinople. The other great men took their regular places around the sides of the hall.

Into the midst of this splendid congregation, under close guard, heavily chained, and stained with the filth of the dungeon, came the pale and weary-eyed Kabiz. He showed, say the Turks, clear signs of emotion when he discovered that the place was not "empty as on the day before;" and well he might be moved, for it needed no prophet to tell him how the trial would end.

Shems-ed-din Ahmed Effendi, the Sheikh ul Islam, addressed the prisoner in a very kindly tone. He said that he had heard of him as having special views on some religious questions, and

would be glad to hear from him a full statement of those views. He added that as Mufti, it was his duty and his pleasure to set right all who met with difficulties in understanding the truths of God.

As the tiger sports with his prey, so did the great man allow liberty to the prisoner. Kabiz was not interrupted as he gave at considerable length his reasons for exalting Jesus Christ; for his night of reflection had shown him no cause for abandoning his belief.

The Sheikh ul Islam heard him patiently to the end. He scorned argument upon the points at issue, and in this respect made no effort to make this trial differ from the one of the previous day. The only difference between the two trials was that where the Kaziaskers had resorted to angry words to cover their discomfiture, the Sheikh ul Islam kept his temper. In the midst of that splendid gathering, with his Sovereign watching his procedure, and supporting him with the power of the Empire, he could afford to be composed. He sat gravely on his seat of state, and laid down his "Thus saith the Lord," setting forth what a true Muslim must believe in regard to Mohammed, and requiring the prisoner to accept it without reserve or argument. To a Muslim, Mohammed must be greater than any other messenger of God. Jesus is a messenger of God, but to deem him greater than Mohammed is to deny the true Faith. He then said to Kabiz: "The truth is now before you, and it is your duty to believe it as it has been set forth. Do you now abandon the false doctrines which you have held, and profess the right and the true?"

What a thrill of gratified pride must have passed over this angust body when this great man so skilfully recovered the ground lost the day before and threw upon Kabiz the burden of proof! But there was a greater than he before that assembly, when Kabiz, knowing from his youth the law of Islam, knowing that this law would take his life that very hour unless he would deny that Jesus whom somehow he had been brought to know, made answer to the Sheikh ul Islam that his belief was unchanged. "The apostate," says the historian Pechevi, "persisted in his wicked belief and refused to turn."

Nevertheless the Sheikh ul Islam kept his temper and showed no harshness toward Kabiz. He turned to the Judge of Constantinople, saying :

“The statement of the doctrine required to be accepted by the people of our glorious Prophet is now finished. It devolves upon you to declare what the Holy Law demands in this case.”

Then said the Judge to Kabiz: “You have heard the faith of the congregation of the orthodox followers of the Holy Prophet. You know that no man who has been illuminated by this glorious faith and afterwards denies the truth of God can be permitted to live. Do you agree to leave all error, and to walk in the truth?”

All eyes were turned on the manacled wretch standing in the midst. It was natural that, as it is written, he should have been pale and even trembling under the pressure of this tremendous crisis. He had no friends to encourage his steadfastness, no advisers to help him shape his defence of the truth, no fellow-believers to mourn his death. Yet doubtless some of his enemies pitied him. Perhaps some of those great men, who every day did lightly deeds positively forbidden by the laws of Islam, wished that he would yield, saying that he believed, while reserving to himself the definition of his belief. But the most of those present would regard the persistence of any man in a creed which superior authority had commanded him to give up, as treason and rebellion. And in the face of all this Kabiz gave his momentous decision. He again refused to abandon his faith.

An angry murmur sounded through the hall. “He is an obstinate sinner!” was the verdict of the assembly. But the Judge of Constantinople now turned with perfect composure to the Grand Vezir, and slowly said, “The sentence of the Law is that he die!”

An officer of the Bostanjis among the attendants of the Grand Vezir had already expectantly raised his eyes to his master's face. Toward this officer Ibrahim Pasha looked, and, scarcely lifting his hand he made a motion with his fingers as if brushing away an insect. Instantly the Bostanji stepped forward. Three or four of his men surrounded the prisoner,

and dragged him from the hall, striking, pushing, and pulling him in the eagerness of their religious feeling. They had him into the court, and made him kneel on the pavement bowing forward his head. Then there was the quick flash of a heavy, keen sword, and the testimony of Kabiz to his belief in Jesus Christ was accomplished.

The crowd of dignitaries coming from the Divan, exchanging courtly greetings as they went their several ways, passed by the headless trunk. Some paid attention to it long enough to spit upon it. The most passed on without so much as turning the head or suspending the flow of their elegant conversation. And Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, behind the golden lattice at the head of the hall, was well pleased with the work of his servants.

Where this unnoted martyr learned the faith for which he died is not known. Why he felt impelled to speak for Christ, when even Christians born, were silent, in all that city does not appear. But that reformer, who failed in an enterprise of the same nature as the one in which Luther succeeded; that man who stood up for his faith after he had been the second time clutched by the emissaries of the ulema; who met the menaces of all the Grandees of the Ottoman Empire with a renewed declaration of his faith in Christ; and defended his creed in the midst of that host of Muslims with arguments, which, for the safety of the Empire of Islam, had to be silenced with the sword, was surely one of the world's heroes.

Constantinople, Turkey.

HENRY O. DWIGHT.

ARTICLE III.—CORAËS : A MODERN GREEK SCHOLAR
AND PATRIOT.

WITH regard to the distinguished Greek scholar and patriot, whose name we have placed at the head of this Article, very little is known, even among the best Greek scholars, and that little is often vague and inaccurate.

Finlay, in his history of the Greek revolution, does not say one word about Coraës. Yet he was one of the most striking characters of modern times. Although he was for some time a humble pensioner of Napoleon, it is a question whether his work, as regards the loftiness of his aims and the enduring character of its results, will not rank as high in the minds of scholars of future ages, as that of Napoleon himself. Now, who was Coraës, and what was his work? The first question may be readily answered; he was a Greek of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, a physician, scholar, and patriot, who spent most of his life in Paris; to the second, posterity alone can give an adequate reply. Suffice it to say here, briefly, that he was the one man to whom the modern Greek language owes its present form; further, to him more than to any one person, the regenerative movement which prepared the way for the glorious Greek revolution of 1821 owes its birth.

It is our purpose, in this Article, to give the leading facts of his life, together with the salient points of his character; we shall also try to show, from the material which we have at hand, what was the life of a European philologist in the last century; and, in conclusion, to set forth a picture, which we fear will be very meagre, of the nature and extent of his work and influence. Such an exposition has been rendered practicable by the recent publication of his posthumous correspondence. From this we shall give such brief abstracts as the space at our command will allow. The first volume of this work was brought out in 1881; it contains a prologue and notes by the editor, which give a great many interesting facts respecting Coraës' life which cannot be found elsewhere. It is from

this source that our information has in great part been taken. Biographies and sketches of him had previously appeared, even during his lifetime, but they were mostly incomplete and erroneous. Many of these inaccuracies he had himself observed, but he could never be persuaded to correct them, by reason of his extreme modesty, always adopting as the rule of his life the motto, *λάθε βίβωας*. At last, however, yielding to the persuasions of a fellow-townsmen and friend, Eustathius Rhalli, a member of the famous family of that name in Greece, he replied that he would take his pen and write a brief sketch of his life up to 1829. This was found among his papers after his death and published in 1833. A copy of this autobiographical sketch we have before us, and from it we have obtained some additional particulars.

Adamantius Coraës was born in Smyrna, April 27th, 1748. His father was a native of Chios who was engaged in trade, and had business connections in Amsterdam. His mother was a native of Smyrna, the daughter of Adamantius Rhysius, formerly professor of Greek at Chios, who was said by Coraës himself to have been the greatest philologue of his race. He seems also to have possessed considerable poetic ability, being accustomed to compose iambic dirges on the occasion of the death of his relatives. In his will, he left his library to that one of his grandchildren who should excel in the study of ancient Greek at school. Coraës won the prize and was thereby further incited to a studious career. The school which he attended was one which had been established in Smyrna about the time of his birth, as a free school under the direction of the English Consul. Although a great improvement upon the previous schools, it was poor enough, and well illustrated the general ignorance which was then prevalent among the Greeks. Coraës himself relates that the school furnished "much poor instruction, combined with plentiful applications of the rod." So prominent, indeed, was this latter feature, that Coraës' brother, who got more whippings than he himself, grew sick of studying Greek, and left school, much to the sorrow of his ambitious parents. But Coraës, as we have just stated, acquitted himself honorably, and he adds that it made him quite vain

when all his acquaintances began to call him *λογιώτατος καὶ σοφολογιώτατος*.

Between the ages of thirteen and twenty, he tells us, he had frequent spells of raising blood which continued at rare intervals until he was sixty; but not even this checked his eager desire for study. Had it not been for this desire, he might have fallen, according to his own confession, into a dissolute life.

After having learned all that the meager opportunities of his school afforded, Coraës took up the study of French and Italian with private teachers. He says that the thing which most surprised him was the fact that they did not use the rod. He had also a great desire to learn Arabic, but to do this he must needs employ a Turk for an instructor; and so strong was his antipathy to that race that the very word Turk is said to have thrown him into spasms. Accordingly, as the best compromise, he secured a teacher in Hebrew. Any other man in the town, says Coraës, on learning that his son desired to study Hebrew, would have thought him crazy and have turned him out of doors. His greatest want, however, was a knowledge of Latin. But so great was the ignorance which then prevailed that he had to remain for a long time unsatisfied; at last he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a man named Adrian Burt, who was then officiating in the chapel of the Dutch Consul at Smyrna. This gentleman agreed to teach Coraës Latin, and as a remuneration to receive instruction from him in Greek. This intercourse soon ripened into a firm and lasting friendship.

Being now possessed with a strong desire for further knowledge, and being incited especially by the example of his grandfather, Professor Rhysius, and also by that of a relative on his father's side, a philosopher and physician, named Antonius Coraës, he conceived the idea of visiting the various countries of Europe. This Antonius Coraës seems to have been a man of considerable culture, and had traveled widely on the Continent; but what especially interests us in regard to him, is the fact that he composed and published a few Pindaric odes addressed to various persons of distinction. He also addressed an Anacreontic to the wife of a Chancellor of France in the

eighteenth century ; as this lady was suffering from a skin disease, the subject of this ode, "The Wrath of Cypris," was peculiarly appropriate. From the reading of one of these Pindaric odes, we should judge that they were worthy of all the praise which Mamourka, Coraës' biographer, bestows upon them. But to return to Coraës. As so frequently happens in the early life of famous men, his father had destined him to follow his own profession, which Coraës, true to his scholarly instincts, cordially hated. When, however, his father told him that he wanted one of his family to go to Amsterdam, to take charge of his business there, he was only too eager to accept the opportunity that this opening would afford for pursuing his studies and for gaining practical information as well. So, in 1772, he left Smyrna for the latter city, where he realized his utmost expectations. For, he was able then to obtain the leisure which he so much desired for private study, and it was in this period that he made some valuable notes which are still preserved in the gymnasium at Chios. After a stay of six years at Amsterdam, he was called home by his parents, which troubled him exceedingly ; for after he had once tasted the privileges of a free city, his inveterate hatred of the Turks became almost a madness with him. In fact, he says : "Turk and wild beast were synonymous words in my vocabulary." He therefore wrote earnestly to his father, asking to be allowed to go to France to study medicine, his aim being, as we are told in his autobiography, either to escape seeing the Turks, or if he was compelled to see them, to live among them as a physician, thinking that in this way only could their fierceness of character be subdued. Failing however to receive any encouragement in this matter, he proceeded slowly toward home, stopping at Venice all winter in the hope that his father would still grant him the coveted permission. But being unable to obtain this, he went directly to Smyrna, arriving there a few days after the fire which destroyed a great part of the city and his father's house with the rest ; this fire was contemporaneous with one of the earthquakes with which Smyrna has been so often afflicted in the course of history. After his arrival, his parents tried all sorts of means to detain him permanently in his native land, even attempting to marry

him to a rich heiress in the neighborhood. But all was in vain ; his inflexible hatred of the Turks was too powerful to be resisted. Residence in a city ruled by the Turks he considered a veritable chastisement from which he must free himself as soon as possible. He remained in Smyrna however four years, during which time he was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. The only consolation which he found was his daily intercourse with his old friend and teacher, Bernard Ceunos, in whose company he made frequent excursions from the city to get out of the way of the Turks. Finally his parents, seeing that he was immovable, and that the strain on his health was becoming positively dangerous, consented to his going to France. Accordingly, in the month of October, 1782, he left Smyrna for Montpellier, never to return. At the latter place he spent six years in the study of medicine. Now although he received remittances from home and from his teacher, Ceunos, yet these sums were insufficient to defray his expenses, and he was obliged to eke out a scanty subsistence by making translations, mostly of medical works, from English and German into French. In 1786, he received his degree with great distinction, his thesis, on the subject of pyretology, being received with high commendation. Indeed, we find him saying in one of his private letters that he had 300 copies of it printed, and that they were snatched up as eagerly as if they had been the works of Hippocrates ! Just before this, his parents had died, and it afforded him the keenest regret that they had not lived to share his distinguished honors. After receiving his degree, Coraës commenced the practice of medicine in a hospital in the city named *La Misericorde*, for the moderate sum of twelve francs a month. In May 1788, he went from Montpellier to Paris, bearing the usual letters of recommendation from the professors at the former place. In this as in many other important steps in Coraës' life, his correspondence furnishes us with the motives of his action. From a letter written at this early period, we learn that a certain noted philologist had asked his opinion about the proper methods to be pursued in translating Greek and Latin ; to which Coraës answered in his characteristic vein : "Oall sweet, sweet, and sour, sour." The man gave him books to the value of ten

grasia, and it was this incident, Coraës tells us, which aroused in him the ambition to go to Paris.

In that city he observed with great interest and attention, not unmixed with considerable alarm, the progress of the French Revolution, discerning meanwhile in the reckless levity of character which marked the French people, a striking resemblance to that of the Athenians. Indeed he says that the French merited all the severe reproaches which Aristophanes heaped upon the former for their folly. He further observed the striking fact that the overthrow of the monarchy disclosed, amid all the fickleness, a number of deep thinkers and philosophers. He has also given us his impression of the effect which the political troubles produced in France under the influence of the various demagogues, until Napoleon himself took control of affairs, "a man endowed with executive and strategic ability beyond anyone of whom history has given us any record, and one fitted by nature to inspire fear in the turbulent and reverence in the hearts of all lovers of peace and quiet." Elsewhere he speaks of Napoleon as *ὁ μεγαλοῦργος ἀλλ' ὄχι μέγας οὗτος ἀνὴρ*. But to us the chief interest in the connection of Coraës with the Revolution lies in the fact that it gave a considerable impetus to his desires and hopes for the regeneration of his own native land. Of this we shall have much to say later. Suffice it here to observe that he now gave up his cherished study of medicine, and devoted the remainder of his life to philology and the service of his countrymen. His philological life may be properly said to have begun at Montpellier, where he made the translations to which reference has been made above; but the really important features thereof were developed at Paris. So marked had his ability in this direction become that when as First Consul, Napoleon desired a translation of Strabo, Chaptal, one of Coraës' former teachers, being then in the Government service, secured the work for him, several assistants being allowed him in his task. This production, of course, was much more than a mere translation, it being supplemented with maps, notes, etc., to make it suitable for the military plans of the great general. Coraës and his coadjutors received two thousand francs per annum, and the work when completed embraced five volumes. In 1805, the first volume

was presented to Napoleon, who had now become Emperor. The account which Coraës gives of his presentation is laughable in the extreme. Decked out in his Sunday clothes and covered with an old faded sun-shade, this modest man proceeded along the street on his way to the abode of the greatest ruler in Europe. So well satisfied was the Emperor however with the character of the work, that he bestowed a pension of two hundred francs upon each of the persons engaged upon it. When the news of this piece of generosity became known, Coraës, as is so often the case with men of his sensitive and retiring disposition, became suspicious of the motives of the donor, and fearing that the acceptance of the gift would imply too much subservience to Napoleon's Government, determined to be released from his obligations. He therefore proposed to his companions that since the work bade fair to be of long duration, they should give up either the pay or the pension. To this they agreed without opposition, and at once notified the Government of their intention. The authorities replied, praising highly their zeal and disinterestedness, but at the same time discontinuing their salary. Coraës adds that if he could have foreseen how many evils the Holy Alliance, impiously so-called, would have brought upon Greece, he would have wished the rule of Napoleon to continue indefinitely, especially since he was driving the Turks out of Greece with an iron rod. It may be noted here, that this pension was continued into the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., although it was reduced in the year 1829. The ministers of the first reign of Louis XVIII. sent to Coraës and to each one of his assistants a map of Egypt worth four or five thousand francs, as a token of the high appreciation in which their services were held; Coraës remarks that he was afraid to show his copy lest his humble abode should be turned into a coffee-house.

In the meantime such was his generosity to his fallen countrymen, that he left himself very little money for his own subsistence. Not only did he contribute liberally out of his own scanty means for their aid, but he refused profitable offers of employment in various fields, that he might spend his whole time in their service. In one place he says that he wants to work for his country, but is obliged to work for bread. Yet in

spite of his poverty, he would not receive the slightest help from any of his friends, as long as he was able to procure the barest necessities of life by any kind of literary hackwork or drudgery. Thus he says, in one letter: "If I die, there will not be found enough for my burial." In another, referring to the numerous articles which his poverty had compelled him to sell, he says: "It is a wonder that I haven't sold myself." Elsewhere he discloses the fact that he would have coveted an election to the *Πανεπιστήμιον*, because the 6,000 francs which each member received would have kept him supplied with wood. In this connection we are involuntarily reminded of Kepler, the astronomer, who while at Vienna was obliged through poverty to let people look through his telescope for a few pennies, in order to sustain life while he investigated the mighty laws of the heavenly bodies which have made his name immortal. Coraës wrote to a friend during this period as follows: "I am poor, but the only thing I fear is that my poverty will deprive me of my freedom of life." In answer to his old teacher, Ceunos, who voluntarily offered to send him money, he wrote: "Your kindness has aroused the depths of my nature. Yet as long as I can work, I must refuse your generous offer. However, in view of the utter uncertainty of human life, I pray you to indicate merely where I can obtain relief in case of extreme physical necessity." The only way in which he could be persuaded to accept the frequent offers of assistance from friends was in the form of a loan at six per cent. interest, secured by a mortgage on his library and his publications. Coraës made provision in his will for the payment of these loans, but it is not known that any of his friends ever demanded the money. He even put off the buying of books necessary for his philological studies, through fear lest he should be unable to meet his obligations. In 1794, he wrote to a friend, complaining that he had afflicted him with the exorbitant price of fifty francs for a certain book, adding that he would raise what money he could on his library, and then he would determine whether he could summon up courage to pay such a price. We can best appreciate what a hardship this must have been to Coraës, from a remark in one of his letters to the effect that a certain man had said that he loved to

bring books to Coraës to see the thankful look in his pale and gouty face. A certain Englishman, a Croesus in wealth, as Coraës expresses it, came to Paris for the express purpose of securing him as a tutor for his son, promising him a large sum of money and generous treatment if he would accept. But all in vain; he considered that his country had a prior claim upon him. He also refused equally remunerative offers of employment in France itself, for the same reason. He was offered the position of censor of the Greek publications of the French press, with a tempting salary, and also a professorship in the University of Paris, but he firmly declined both positions, saying in another place: "I made the sacrifices for the benefit of my country, but I have not regretted them; I only wish I could have done more." In another passage, too long to quote, he gives very clearly the reasons which swayed him. He did not refuse because of his lack of confidence, or his retiring disposition, but because he thought he could do more good by writing books and political pamphlets than in any other way. Mamourka truly says: "I know no other instance of such extraordinary self-denial." In the winter of 1797, which was noted for its severity, he became so poor that he sold some of his books on account of hunger; and about this time he tells us that he had cut down his allowance of food to one ounce per day. Yet Coraës did not like poverty for its own sake any more than the rest of us. It comes out in his correspondence that he sometimes gave letters to private persons to deliver, in order to avoid paying the exorbitant rates of postage then demanded. One of these letters was lost, and Coraës, writing to the same person some time later, said: "My letter was lost, not through the fault of the post, but owing to my own accursed poverty." In fact, it would be giving an unfair portrait of Coraës, to represent him as always in an ecstatic state of self-abnegation, and never letting a murmur escape his lips. He did grumble a good deal, as we see from his correspondence with his most intimate friends; but when we compare him with many other public benefactors, and still more when we compare him with many of his own countrymen, who expected all Europe to aid them in return for the benefits which their ancestors, the Athenians, had conferred

upon civilization, Coraës gains decidedly by the comparison. Finlay says of some of these men that they seemed to think that Homer, Plato, & Co., would be security for drafts for any amount that Greek scholars might make on the literary men of Europe.

But he was famous, not only for his rare and inestimable generosity, but for his extreme modesty and the absence of all self-glorying. A laughable incident is told of the trouble which his friends had in obtaining a plaster cast of his face for the gymnasium at Chios. Coraës having refused to allow his picture to be painted, a very intimate friend in Paris asked him one day, to let a painter come and paint it for his private library. But Coraës, having some suspicion of the plot, steadfastly refused to give his consent. Then this gentleman introduced to him a Greek painter, who was traveling in France, representing him as a phil-hellene who was desirous of getting the outlines of the countenance of such a man as Coraës. The artist having made his first draft, paid him a second visit to bid him farewell, and in this sitting the sketch was completed. When the cast had been made, his friends were beside themselves with joy, and one of them took it to Coraës; but to his great surprise, the latter became quite angry and it was some time before he could be pacified.

We will now attempt to convey some impression of the character of the work which Coraës did; but it will of necessity be vague and inaccurate. We can indeed give a synopsis of his writings; but to rightly estimate and appreciate their influence would be impossible. "Whoever," says Mamourka, "reads Coraës' correspondence, in three volumes, his critical editions of authors, replete with valuable information of every kind, and his Prolegomena, so full of stirring exhortations to his countrymen, cannot help admiring this Socrates, this great teacher of his race, and this most unselfish patriot." He goes on to say: "He was great, both in his life and in his works; in his life, he showed himself a model of orthodox teaching and Christian perfection, loving beyond all, God, his neighbor, and his countrymen." His orthodoxy appears in various parts of his letters and writings. In his early life, he had made a careful study of theology, and an Article in an

American Magazine published about 1830, gives an account of Coraës' relation to the Greek Church, showing how potent an influence toward its regeneration, his own individual works had been. Moreover, in addition to his studies in the classics, he had paid a great deal of attention to the Scriptures and to the Church Fathers. His biographer goes so far as to say that through the blessed invention of printing, his works had been made the common possession of the human race. A certain classical scholar dedicated an edition of Diodorus Siculus to the four scholars whom he considered authorities in textual criticism. They are Richard Porson, Friedrich August Wolf, Daniel Wyttienbach, and Adamantius Coraës. He was classed too among the eminent French philologists, Villoison, Larcher, Rochette, and others. The first of these had been called a friend by Coraës as far back as 1785, three years before he came to Paris, and had become so attached to him that he would have solicited royal aid in his behalf if Coraës would have given his consent. Alfred Beaugault, in a history of foreign literature, published in 1819, says: "Coraës constitutes an epoch by himself," and adds a little further on: "If Greece has recovered the pure traditions of her ancient tongue, it is owing above all to Coraës; he alone gave a fixity and authority to the language which it had never before possessed." One of Coraës' friends beautifully expresses the fact when he states that nature and education had vied in the case of this man, each to outstrip the other. Larousse, in his *Cyclopedia*, denominates Coraës "savant, philologue, et patriot." In fact, soon after his arrival in Paris, a periodical at Leipsic had said: "There is found in Paris a Greek physician named Coraës, who has made some very valuable corrections and interpretations of the text of Hippocrates."

Among the various works of Coraës, we notice first, several translations, accompanied in almost every case by valuable suggestions, corrections, and emendations. In the case of those works of which the authors were still living, he was often thanked by them in person or by letter, for the help thus furnished. Porson, one of England's greatest scholars, paid Coraës the compliment of sending him one or two editions to correct. In the case of Coraës' translation of Hippocrates into French,

a board of judges established by Napoleon complimented him particularly upon his style, and concluded by saying that it was to be wished that all literary Frenchmen could use the French language as well. Among the numerous classical works which he edited with notes, are the first four books of the Iliad, the Memorabilia of Xenophon, the Gorgias of Plato, the Politics and Ethics of Aristotle, the Parallel Lives of Plutarch, and the pastorals of Longus. Even such a work as Esop's Fables, he did not consider beneath his attention. He also published a so-called *Atakta*, which contains five volumes and is almost a complete compendium of the Greek language, both ancient and modern. In addition to all these, we find a Gallo-Grecian Dictionary, an *Ἑλληνικὴ βιβλιοθήκη*, and a *πρόδρομος Ἑλληνικῆς βιβλιοθήκης*. The two last include extracts from various classical Greek authors, as well as Byzantine and Modern. In his preface to the *πρόδρομος Ἑλλ. βιβλ.*, he states that he would like to annotate all Greek literature, beginning with Homer, in the same way; but since this would be impossible, he contents himself with beginning with Aelian. Coraës' works number, in all, sixty-six volumes, besides which there are six minor works, one of these being a criticism of Schneider's edition of Theophrastus. When Schneider had read this Article, which was published anonymously in a certain magazine, he was seized with a strong desire to learn the author's name. Accordingly on visiting Vienna, he went to one of the editors of the periodical, and asked him who wrote the Article in question. The editor inquired whether he could not guess from the style. "It is one of the Greeks in Paris, a very good friend of yours," he added. "Then it must be Coraës," responded Schneider. It is exceedingly interesting at this point to note that one of the volumes of the *Atakta* in the Yale University Library contains a dedication in Coraës' own handwriting, as follows: "Pour Professeur Schweighäuser à Strasbourg, sur les compliments de l'Editeur."

Now in regard to the accuracy and value of his critical work, it has received everywhere nothing but unstinted praise. We have not the time, nor is this the place, to enter into a disquisition upon this subject. It will be enough for our purpose to say that not only were his notes and criticisms accurate and

reliable, but often quite suggestive and original. We will give one illustration. From an examination of the poems of Georgilas, an author of the fifteenth century, he concluded that rhyme was unknown to the Greeks before the fall of Constantinople; and Gidel, proceeding upon this hypothesis, has determined approximately the dates of several poems of the Byzantine period.

But not only was Coraës conversant with medicine, theology, and philology; he has other claims upon our attention. From his letters, his acquaintance with philosophy is manifest, and what is far more rare with scholars, his philosophical insight. For example, in speaking of Kant, he tells us how the Germans have obscured his philosophy by their perplexing terminology. He was also acquainted with the classical literature of the French, and the literature of England and Germany. Whether he possessed any musical talent or not, we are unable to determine; but that he had some theoretical knowledge of music, and that he had acquired an extreme fondness for the productions of great composers, is evident from his frequent mention of them.

We now pass to another phase of Coraës' career, namely, his services as a patriot. We speak of these services with the more pleasure, because they do not seem to have met with due recognition at the hands of his biographers. But before speaking of them, it may be well to call up briefly the leading events and characteristics of the Greek Revolution of 1821. Now in spite of all the efforts of rhetoric and declamation to maintain the contrary, we are compelled to acknowledge, that previous to the present century, the Greeks never rose of their own accord against the Turkish dominion, but always at the instigation of France, Russia, Spain, or Venice. The principal reason for this was their entire lack of the power for concerted action, their religion being their only bond of union. But at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, they began to be stirred by a feeling of common nationality. The two main causes of this, were the stirring events of the French Revolution and the revival of the study of the ancient classics. Here it was that Coraës' influence was felt most powerfully. For it now became apparent that the modern

Greek language must be changed, and the only question was in what way and to what extent. Three courses were proposed: first, to retain the popular idiom; second, to return as nearly as possible to the ancient Greek; or third, to adopt a *via media*. This last proposal was that of Coraës, and it was the one which ultimately prevailed. The Revolution itself broke out in 1821; the leadership was at first offered to Capodistrias, an influential Greek who held a high position in the Russian service. On his refusal, it was offered to Hypsilanti, another Russian officer and at that time leader of the chief *hetaera* or secret society among the Greeks. In this war, the long pent-up antagonism of races broke forth in full force, as was shown especially by the barbarous cruelties with which each nation retaliated upon the other. The most shocking instance of this, at least in the early part of the conflict, was the massacre in Chios in 1822. But the Greeks were so successful, on the whole, that in this same year, their much longed for independence was proclaimed. Mavrocordatos, or Prince Mavrocordatos, as he was called, was appointed President of the new Republic. He was distinguished as a statesman above all other leaders, but owing to jealousies and disagreements among the Greeks themselves, civil war broke out in 1823, in addition to their other troubles. In the next year, to make matters worse, the aid of Mehemet Ali, pasha of Egypt, was invoked by the Sultan. This daring leader at first carried everything before him, but the sympathies of other nations were now being aroused as never before. The heroic enthusiasm of Byron in the cause of this classic race needs no eulogium. Shelley, too, had early enlisted his sympathies in the same cause. As far back as 1821, he and his wife had formed a close intimacy with Mavrocordatos at Pisa, and ever since that time his verse had been consecrated to the cause of suffering Hellas.

But, in 1827, more substantial help began to arrive. Lord Cochrane came to take charge of the Greek fleet, and Sir Richard Church of the land forces, both under the authority of Great Britain. So that at the Battle of Navarino, in the following October, the Turkish fleet was entirely destroyed and the Revolution practically brought to a close. Early in 1828, Capodistrias was appointed President of the government for a

period of seven years; but having been previously engaged in the Russian service, he retained many of the autocratic notions of statescraft for which that despotic government is famous. Great dissatisfaction arose in consequence, which came to a head with his assassination in 1831. Anarchy followed until 1832, when the Great Powers, seeing the necessity of interference, formed a convention which appointed Otho, of Bavaria, king, and defined the limits of the new kingdom.

Now to return to Coraës. His desire to free his native land from the rule of the tyrant had for years filled his whole soul. Rangabè, in his *History of Modern Greek Literature*, says that Coraës' mind was even more fully occupied with the future of his native country than with his philological studies. This statement should have considerable weight from the fact that Rangabè was born in Greece twenty years before the death of Coraës, which, in connection with his well-known reputation for ability and his opportunities for extended observation, ought to make his testimony on such a subject of great value.

Not possessing any better means for the attainment of his desires in this direction, Coraës wrote letters and pamphlets which were admirably calculated to fan the flame of patriotic ardor which was now aroused among his countrymen. To one very potent method which he employed allusion has already been made, namely, that of inserting in his *Prolegomena* to his editions of classic authors, stirring reminiscences of the patriotic achievements of ancient Greece. He sent to Greece books also,—not only treatises on political economy and histories, but text-books for use in the common schools of Greece. In one of his letters he says very pathetically that if a Greek wants a book which cannot be found in his own country, he is obliged to wait a year before it arrives from Europe, and if then it happens to be the wrong one, he must wait another year before he obtains what he needs. He was also continually trying to persuade the rest of Europe by his eloquent pen that there was still left among the Greeks a deep sense of national unity. Not content with this, he addressed appeals to European philologists to send books to the Chian Library, which was always the object of his fostering care. So hard in fact was it for Coraës to interest Europe in the fortunes of his fallen

countrymen, that he once declared that if he could not interest the western powers in any other way, he would try to do it by extolling the soil and climate of Greece. But in the more fortunate times which succeeded, he was able, when writing to London in his country's behalf, to take as a basis of his remarks a letter of Alexander Mavrocordatos to himself, in which that statesman assured him that the Greeks were ripe for insurrection.

Soon after, he received a reply urging him to write to the government itself, one of whose ministers, Lord North, was a warm friend of the Greeks and a correspondent of Coraës. One of the best evidences of his success in this matter, is furnished by the reluctant testimony of Fallermayer, the Hungarian philologist. If Coraës had been living when the latter promulgated his theory that the old Greek race had died out, and that the modern inhabitants of Greece were only slaves, he might have given him a chastisement similar to that which he bestowed upon Pauw, another philologist who had given vent to similar ideas. Language was too tame and feeble for Coraës' indignation. Writing to a friend in regard to the death of Sheridan, who had warmly resented the ungenerous attacks of that scholar, he says: "You will weep if you are a true Greek and not a bastard child of some thrice-barbarous German, like the accursed Papius." And yet during part of this time poor Coraës, in addition to being the target for the attacks of all the enemies of Greek nationality, was nearly starving for the want of food. He writes: "My enemies can write an hundred pages without loss, while I can write but two without suffering for the necessities of life."

Among the purely political works which he published, are the *Σύλλογος πολεμωτήριον*, 1801, a pamphlet full of warm and enthusiastic advice to his countrymen to revolt and assert their independence; and in 1803, "A Memoir on the Actual State of Civilization in Greece." These two works are among the earliest direct assertions of the necessity for the national emancipation of the Greeks. The former is to-day their "Marseillaise Hymn," and the latter was read, at the time of its publication, before the "Society of the Observers of Man," at Paris, and produced a powerful impression. We are told that

Clavier, a friend of Coraës, presided at the meeting, and at its conclusion, foreseeing the possibility of a revolution among the Greeks, advised Coraës to present his paper to Napoleon himself. In 1805 was published his first "Dialogue between Two Greeks." This is a very disinterested and touching piece of patriotism, in which Coraës shows, like Socrates, two thousand years before, that a man must sacrifice his property, his life, yea even his dearest friends upon his country's altar.

But it is through a man's private correspondence with his intimate friends, that we obtain the best idea of his character and of his aspirations, and this is preëminently true of Coraës. Although he worked very hard at the various books which he was publishing, he found time to keep up a most voluminous correspondence with a great variety of persons. According to his executor, James Rhotas, his letters alone, if published would fill a library.

Now first in regard to their style. By reason of his long residence in France, Coraës was prone at times to vulgar idioms, and on other occasions he did violence to the popular speech by introducing classical expressions; he was moreover somewhat apt to be prolix. Some of his earlier letters, for example, are extraordinarily long and diffuse. In one place, he tells the *Πρωτοφάτης* of Smyrna, it has taken me two days to read your last letter, and it will probably take me two more in which to answer it. At another time, he informs the same correspondent that he has spent more time in answering his last letter than it took him to write his mediæval thesis! But his grammatical errors are mostly owing to the corrupt state into which the language had fallen at this period. It should be understood that there was, in fact, at this time, no acknowledged standard of what was really a correct use of the language. This is illustrated by what he wrote to one of his best friends. In answering a letter received from him, he characterized his Greek in the following strong language: "I have looked in vain through the dung of your letter to find one (philological) pearl." Referring to the use of a barbaric verb, by the same friend, he jokingly remarks: "Whoever prefers *τραβῶ* to *σύρω*, ought to *τραβᾶν* a millstone rather than be a philologist.

But aside from the faults which we have mentioned, his style was elegant and graceful, and modeled on the best examples of antiquity. He was a warm admirer of the works of Demosthenes; indeed it was this which aroused in him such a strong desire for the regeneration of his native land, even before he left Smyrna. In regard to the matter contained in his correspondence, too much cannot be said. Several examples will not come amiss at this point, as showing how unique and amusing these letters are. Thus he had a strong abhorrence for the use of titles, especially those of the nobility. For he says in a letter to a friend, that Mavrocordatos did well not to sign himself "Prince" in his letters to him, otherwise he would not have answered him. His modesty also comes out very strongly, in his wishing not to have his letters published. At the end of several, he placed the words *χαῦσον τὴν παροῦσαν*. In other letters, he becomes quite sportive. Thus in one he says: "I have not seen Fauriel for some time; I don't know but that he is in Calypso's Isle." At another time, writing to a friend at home, he says in playful reference to Montgolfier's experiments: "Don't be surprised if I descend upon you some day in a balloon!" As an evidence that he did not mince words, we find in one place: "I have another matter stronger, not for logical proof, but for dung-hill insolence." The constant tendency of the Greeks towards denationalization caused him to break out in a letter to a friend: "You must change your name from Xenophon to Simeon." At another time, lamenting the general depravity of the human race, he remarks: "Few men are square; most of them are round and cave in."

At the close of a letter to his most intimate friend, he says: "I greet your wife, your triad of sons, and him or her who is about to see the light." Again; he says that he was obliged at one time to procure a new servant-girl, because the old one was too infirm; but the new one went out and left him three days without food. As another instance of the busy way in which he lived, we find him saying at the beginning of one letter: "This morning, while my coffee is boiling, I take up the pen to write a line or two."

In these letters also we get our best glimpse of the little foibles and peculiarities of the man. Thus when interrupted in writing a lengthy epistle, he would close it for the night by saying: "Good night," and on resuming it the next day he would begin with: "Good morning, I hope you rested well last night."

But besides this pleasing humor, there is a wonderful wealth of information on every subject, and a profound acquaintance with the details of every period of history. Thus as far back as 1783, he presents in one of his letters an analysis of the English national debt, together with arguments drawn from carefully compiled statistics of the periodical occurrence of wars in that country. But it is his remarks about our own America which possess an especial charm for our ears. He appreciated deeply the advantages of our political system, and the virtues, abilities, and noble disinterestedness of our public men. The names of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, seem to have been as familiar to him as those of Miltiades, Phocion, and Demosthenes. To show how thoroughly interested he was in this, as in every subject to which he turned his attention, we will mention that we find him asking a friend to send him the names of two now comparatively unknown Americans, who had commended themselves to him on account of their zeal in the cause of freedom. Elsewhere he makes the following pertinent suggestion to his countrymen: "If you had made a public appeal to Lafayette, he would have gone to Greece, and have added another to his many immortal crowns." As in the case of the Greek chief, Odysseus, of whom we shall speak later, we observe that Coraës saw clearly how powerful is the influence of patriotic enthusiasm in the cause of freedom.

It is an interesting fact that Coraës was a correspondent of Thomas Jefferson and of Mr. Edward Everett; and we find that on one occasion a branch from a tree near Washington's tomb was sent to Coraës, in order to symbolize the transplanting of the tree of liberty from the shores of the New World to those of the Old.

The longest and most interesting collection of his letters, is his correspondence with the *Πρωτοφάλης* of Smyrna, extend-

ing from 1787 to 1795. They are especially valuable for the account which they furnish of the stirring events of the dreadful French Revolution. Scarcely anywhere else could we find so graphic a description. From them we learn that Coraës spent an hour each day in the coffee-houses, scanning the papers for news from foreign countries. In one letter he calls Mirabeau, the Demosthenes of France, and Charles James Fox, the Mirabeau of England. In another passage he compares Fox to Æschines and Pitt to Demosthenes; but this was during the discussions on the Regency Bill. So strong in fact was his admiration for Mirabeau, that in a letter to one friend he says: "It is five months since I have heard from you; if you have died in the meantime, you will see Mirabeau in the other world." His spelling of these names is quite noticeable: thus to give a single instance, he sometimes transliterates the name of Fox, and at others he refers to him as *δ' Αλώπηξ*.

It is quite amusing to read of his being obliged to entertain Prussian soldiers much against his will, one of whom had the cool assurance to stay with him twenty days! He was also arrested as a suspect during these terrible days, but not for a moment did he let this fact blind his eyes to the noble character of the struggle, although carried on by men of mistaken aims. It is a capital instance of his political sagacity that he foretold the death of Louis XVI. some time before it took place; and his subsequent description of the trial and execution of the unfortunate monarch, who, although far removed from Coraës in rank, yet like him, derived great consolation in the hours of sorrow from the study of the classics, is touching in the extreme.

But soon after this time, Coraës' own countrymen began to look to him for aid and guidance in the impending struggle against their oppressors. He received letters in which he was addressed as the physician of sick Greece and urged to come to their relief. But the more he saw of their doings, the more he deplored their follies and extravagances. When at length, what seemed to all sensible men the premature outbreak of the Revolution took place, he was distressed beyond measure, and it troubled him exceedingly to think that through his own

writings and exhortations, the nation had been so suddenly precipitated upon its fate. From what has been previously said about his extreme modesty, we can readily infer how great must have been the power of his pen, since it lead him to entertain such feelings.

We are indeed aware that the question may very naturally be raised: Why did not Coraës go to Greece in his younger days, if he loved her so well? One of the best answers which can be given to this and similar questions, is to refer to two of his most famous letters, one written to the Chians in 1810, and the other to the inhabitants of Smyrna in 1803. Each of these letters is written in answer to urgent requests from the inhabitants of these two cities to come home to Greece and aid them. They are both too long to quote, but the substance of them is given in the following: "I cannot come to you now on account of my age and infirmities." Elsewhere, he says: "I experience all the ills of seventy although not yet fifty years old." He goes on to say: "I wish you had asked me when I left Montpellier." "I have already given many unmistakable proofs of my love for Greece." "Besides, if I go to Greece now, I cannot finish what I have started here on your behalf." "Strabo is another hindrance; the work is hard and long, but while working on Strabo, I have also worked upon my translation of Beccarius (one of his earliest patriotic efforts) and I will continue my patriotic labors as long as I live and breathe." "There is not one, but ten thousand ways in which I can be of service to Greece, and although you have a right to demand my utmost efforts in your behalf, yet I myself ought to be the judge of the way in which those efforts should be carried out."

In another place he says, most truly: "Every one can aid Greece a little." "I have already begun two compositions of my own pen; I hope the lamp of life will not go out before I finish them."

At the outbreak of the Greek Revolution in 1821, Coraës was seventy-three years old; yet even at this advanced age, he kept his powers at their utmost tension in the service of his country, and amid the clangor of arms and the groans of the dying, as Mamourka poetically expresses it, his clear voice

was continually heard crying: *θαρσείτε! θαρσείτε!* One of Coraës' most beloved correspondents during the progress of this Revolution was Odysseus, that intrepid leader of the mountain tribes of Greece. It may at first thought seem strange that he should have chosen such an apparent adventurer for one of his most intimate correspondents; but this man—who in addition to all the ordinary virtues of a warrior, beauty, strength, swiftness of foot and intrepidity, boasted his descent, not unnaturally, from the brave and crafty hero of Homer's second epic—was admirably calculated to stir up the souls of his impulsive and excitable countrymen. Writing to him in 1824, Coraës says: "Since last April I have run with gouty feet. Surely you want no such soldiers as that." He also calls him "my dear son," and speaks of himself as "your old father." Capodistrias was another of the Grecian leaders of whom Coraës was very fond. In truth, it was partly by his recommendation that he was chosen President of Greece. His enemies made every effort to persuade Coraës to write against him and thus secure his overthrow, but to no purpose. Although he saw clearly that every one of these leaders had many faults, he also perceived that their authority and influence could not be replaced. In 1830 and 1831 he published two dialogues in defence and extenuation of Capodistrias' policy. These are as interesting and suggestive as the rest of his works. In the second he calls George IV. "a Sardanapalus," and with equal appropriateness he describes Wellington as "wooden-headed," for his stupid opposition to all measures of reform in the English parliament.

Now Coraës did not thrust himself upon the attention of such men, but they themselves sought his acquaintance, on account of the influence which they knew him to possess among his countrymen, by reason of his disinterested patriotism and his marked abilities. This is best shown by one of his own earlier letters in which he says: "You are troubled that Capodistrias did not seek to know me. I am not; it pleased me. What has a dog to do with the bath? Not that I am a dog, but I don't wish to be thought to flatter the great."

In 1831, when the news of the assassination of Capodistrias reached Coraës, he was plunged into the depths of despair.

His friends offered what consolation they could, which was very thankfully received, but no human solace could entirely heal his wounds. The end was now fast approaching. Of Coraës' life during this latter period we know but little; his was not a character which made itself prominent; even some of his best works were published anonymously. It is certain, however, that he sometimes became exceedingly gloomy and despondent. For instance, at one time we find him saying: "There are pistols in France, opium, and the Seine." Elsewhere he talks in a much more cheerful strain and says, half playfully: "Before I enter Charon's boat."

But whether gay or sad, one thought, one desire continually filled his whole soul, namely, the future of his beloved country. Thus he says at one time: "I only fear that I shall close my eyes before I hear of the resurrection of Chios." In another place, he expresses the same thought in the following beautiful figure taken from his beloved classics: "Tell your descendants, when they come to Paris, to seek my tomb and shout to me thrice, 'Greece has been freed from the lawless race.'" But after the Revolution had actually been consummated, he expresses his exultation with pardonable pride: "I wanted to rouse the Greeks from their long sleep; thank God I roused them!"

On the 18th of March, 1833, while sitting in his chair, he fell to the floor with a shock. Being warned by his medical instincts, of the dangerous character of his malady, he summoned four of his most intimate friends among the Chians then living in Paris, to his bedside. Two of these men, Stephen Galatti and Constantine Theodorus Rhalli, are graduates of Yale College of the class of 1829. It may be of interest to our readers to learn how these young Greeks were led to come to Yale. Galatti was born in Chios, where he resided until the massacre in 1822, when his family took refuge in Malta. There they met the American missionary, Rev. Daniel Temple, by whose advice Stephen and his younger brother, Pantoleon, were sent to Boston in 1823. Thence they proceeded to New Haven, where they prepared for Yale, and graduated, the one in 1829 and the other in 1830. They then returned to Europe, taking up their final abode in

Syra. Here the elder brother was quite successful in business, and in addition to this served for many years as judge of the Supreme Court of the island. His death took place in 1876.

To these friends, then, Coraës entrusted the task of collecting and cataloguing his books and MSS. and transmitting them to the gymnasium at Chios. They not only fulfilled this important request to the letter but attended him throughout his illness with unparalleled affection, as sons would a father. He died in full possession of his faculties and in great calmness of mind on the 6th of April, in his eighty-fifth year. He found great consolation during his last hours in reading the 136th psalm, beginning, "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." Just before he breathed his last, he turned toward a bust of Demosthenes, which stood in one corner of the room, and uttering the word *παρρης*, two or three times, he expired. "Coraës has died," said a friend, "and left his beloved Greece in murky darkness." But his life had been well spent in his country's service. He left only 1500 francs in money and a mortgage on his books and pamphlets; but he left an everlasting memory in the hearts of his countrymen. Concerning the esteem in which he was held by all lovers of true freedom in other parts of the world, something has already been said; but his acquaintance with distinguished philologists is equally noteworthy. On almost every page of his letters, we see mention made of some famous philologist in one part of Europe or another.

In fact, Coraës understood as thoroughly as any man that ever lived, how intimate is the connection which exists between the language of a people and their social and political life. One or two wonderfully suggestive remarks of his on this subject, will bear quotation. Thus he writes: "Language binds men more strongly than religion," and, "with free words the Greeks will also adopt free thoughts."

But before we speak of the tributes which were paid to his memory, we have a few words to say in regard to his library. Several of his works were left unpublished and also unrevised. Especially noticeable among these is a translation of Herodotus, with notes. Some time before his death, he wrote to

one of his friends, saying that he would finish this work and send it to him from the other world! Elsewhere he writes: "While working on Strabo, I have not neglected Herodotus; he is my *πρόγευμα*;" and again: "Heliodorus proceeds; Herodotus meanwhile puts up at an inn and rests for a month." And still again: "For three weeks I have not had a single hour to spend upon Herodotus." An examination of an uncorrected and a corrected draft of this work shows one what scrupulous care he employed. As another instance of the same, we find him saying in one letter: "All this morning I have been studying over one phrase of Strabo." Indeed, he was accustomed to remark that his work needed not only revision, but revisions, and many of his MSS. were found with *χάρτια διὰ καύσιμον*, "fit for the fire," branded upon them.

His library contained in all three thousand volumes, and was the more valuable because many of the books were carefully annotated by his own accurate scholarship. It was not until 1850, that the debts on this large collection of books were fully paid, and the books themselves sent to Chios. There they remained in the boxes until as late as 1870, for want of a suitable building in which to deposit them.

In 1835, a Greek society named "The Coraës" was founded in Paris, with corresponding members in various cities of Europe.* The Greeks themselves were more slow to do him honor. At last in 1870, one of the Rhalli family who resided in Paris, conceived the idea of erecting suitable memorials of Coraës, both at Athens and at Paris. The outcome of this movement was the foundation in 1872 of "The Central Coraës Society" at Marseilles, under whose auspices Mamourka's work, which we have used so freely in the preparation of this paper, has been published. After Mamourka's death, the work was carried on by Nicolas Damala.

One of the first acts of this society was to write letters to the Greeks in all parts of the world, urging them to take part in this laudable enterprise. In that same year, 1872, the members of the society who resided in London called together the Greeks of that city in the interest of the proposed movement.

* Among the members of this society were Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo.

At this meeting, the Greek ambassador at the Court of St. James was present, and spoke in substance as follows : "Beloved countrymen, the cause for which we are assembled is in itself so eloquent that my weak words can add nothing to its significance. Nevertheless, since you have desired to hear me, I will address you for a few moments, and above all things allow me to thank you heartily for your kindness in selecting me to preside over this meeting, the purpose of which is to provide a suitable memorial for a great light and benefactor of our race, Adamantius Coraës, whose name will ever be illustrious and immortal in the history of our fatherland. The name of this man cannot be separated from our national regeneration. He is the link which binds modern Greece with ancient Hellas, and from him dates the new phase of our spiritual life." He goes on to state the means by which Coraës thought that the seed might best be sown for the Revolution, to which we have already alluded, and then he says : "Hence come the two great works of Coraës, the editing of our classics, with helpful notes and emendations, accompanied by patriotic Prolegomena, and the moulding of our modern Greek tongue into the type which it to-day possesses. But he discovered that a language is never the work of any one man, because it is the reflection and expression of the thought of a whole people ; because it proceeds from the very bosom of the nation and forms a faithful image of the daily course of the national life ; and that it cannot be brought back nor forced back into its old sources, nor does it remain stationary at any given point of time. Accordingly, between the extreme Hellenists and the extreme vulgarists Coraës adopted the *via media* of wisdom ; and that he chose wisely is evinced by the fact that the language which he framed became and is to-day the common tongue of the whole Greek race." In regard to his patriotic aspirations he says : "I had the pleasure of meeting Coraës in the last year of his life. He had one single idea in his mind, the greatness of Greece ; one single feeling in his heart, the love of Greece. He lived in the metropolis of France ; he was acquainted with distinguished men in every walk of life ; he was honored by the savants of Europe ; he was nearly worshipped by his more intimate

friends and disciples; but he himself, modest, frugal, constantly toiling, showing ever the simplicity of virtue and of truth, made himself the very type of the wise men of old. In his soul he possessed the virtues of Socrates, and in his language the clearness and simplicity of Xenophon. I see three things embraced in your design: the removal of the remains of Coraës to his native land; the erection of suitable memorials to his name both at Athens and in Paris; and the printing and distribution of his works. With palms of rejoicing will the sacred land of Greece receive his bones. With justice is it proposed to raise his statue near the all-hallowed site of the heroic and successful struggle of our race. It is eminently fitting that his cenotaph should remain in that glorious land where he lived and worked, which honored him as one of her own children, and which Coraës loved not less than the soil to which he owed his birth. But the third and last object is the crowning one of all. Distribute the works of that wise and good teacher into every corner of the earth where the Greek race is found. This beyond all else will contribute to the preservation, the unfolding, and the future glorification, of true Hellenism."

It is unnecessary to add that this appeal was eminently successful. Between eight and ten thousand dollars were raised, four thousand being given in Marseilles, and one thousand in New York City.

WILLIAM H. PARKS.

ARTICLE IV.—PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S NEW LIFE OF WORDSWORTH.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Chronologically arranged with the author's various readings, and many new MSS. hitherto unpublished. Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D. Illustrated, with etchings by C. O. MURRAY from original designs. Eight volumes, 8vo. Macmillan & Co., New York.

WE have lately been reminded in impressive fashion of what the life of a great man may have to say to the world upon the paramount problem of how to live. A needed service to the memory of Wordsworth has been rendered in the *Life* by Professor Knight, which after a delay of several years has at last completed his edition of the poet's works. Professor Knight defines his aim as being "to produce not a critical memoir but a storehouse of facts." The result is, as he says, not a building, so much as a quarry, but the quarry undoubtedly is just what scholars are in want of at present. Multitudes of stones have already been piled in multitudes of buildings, until the supply has waxed so scanty that critics are constrained to unbuild and build anew with the old pebbles *ad infinitum*. A warm welcome to the quarry, therefore!

"What the masses mostly need," says the author in his preface, "is the careful collection of all relevant data regarding the chief teachers of the world, the publication of what is helpful to the understanding of these teachers, and the suppression of all that is irrelevant." With this end in view, he has abstained for the most part from critical comment, and let Wordsworth himself and his friends tell the story of his life whenever it was possible. Had the other great teachers had so faithful a biographer, their shades had been less restless than we must think they have been if they have any concern for the affairs of this little planet.

Professor Knight expresses the conviction that "the tranquillizing and restorative power of Wordsworth's poetry may be as profoundly felt by the masses and by the most advanced radicals (when they come to know it) as by the most conservative minds." May it prove a true word! For surely no one of the "choir invisible" or the choir visible utters words more pregnant with healing to an age that is harried by doubts and somewhat weary with a too exclusive devotion to science, logic, and business. With a sense of the refreshment of wind-blown summits, mountain lakes, and mirrored clouds, one passes from the laboratory or the market-place to walk with the homely, wholesome poet in Dichterlande. The journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, particularly the *Grasmere Journal*, with their simple narrative of household kindness in the midst of work-a-day realities, of the reading and gardening together, the long walks over the mountains, and the plain living and high thinking, show us the heart of a life from which it is a far cry to our own scrambling, money-getting, scattering existence. If once the many could see the beauty of such a life, the ministrant power of escape to solitary nature, and not only the honor and independence but the happiness with which a poor man's days may be crowned if he so wills it and can be content with poverty, then would the poems of Wordsworth have fulfilled their high destiny in which he himself never ceased to trust. "Trouble not yourself about their present reception," he writes to a friend. "Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny!—to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel, and therefore to become actively and securely virtuous; this is the office which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves."

"Any great and original writer," says Wordsworth, defending himself from the missiles of the tribe of Jeffrey, "must himself, in proportion as he is great and original, create the taste by which he is to be relished, must teach the art by which he is to be seen." But Wordsworth's early unpopularity had undoubtedly some reason beyond that of the greatness

and originality of his genius. As the indiscriminating praise of the fervent Wordsworthian has not contributed much to the removal of that unpopularity, we may as well abandon the battle-flag of the partisan and frankly admit that the master had faults, and faults that made him a peculiarly attractive target for the fire of Jeffrey. But it is very easy to criticise as he did. We too can say that Wordsworth is sometimes flat and prosy, that his work is very uneven, and that some of it might as well never have been written. It is true that he sometimes descends abruptly from the ideal to the very matter-of-fact, that some passages of the *Excursion* are only versified prose, that his simplicity sometimes lapses into insipidity, and that he lacked humor and dramatic power. These are charges every one of which has been brought against Milton as well, though with less bitterness, and these faults are in both so obvious that they are not worthy of much space, but we have seen that Milton was great in spite of them. After making these admissions then, what do we claim for Wordsworth? What reason have the critics who are not Saturday Reviewers for placing Wordsworth next poet after Shakespeare and Milton, as some of them do? The claim is, that, leaving out of consideration the inferior poems and passages, there still remains a great body of noble poetry. Can we justify the assertion in regard to the *Excursion*, which Wordsworth himself regarded as his masterpiece? We shall have to judge it first in its substance and then in its form.

Wordsworth thought that a true poet was above all a teacher and that was what he himself desired to be—a great teacher. The first question then is, what was the substance of his teaching?

A great deal has been written about Wordsworth's philosophy, perhaps too much, for he was preëminently a poet rather than a philosopher. At any rate he left the distinct formulating of his philosophic doctrine to his followers and commentators. However, poetry and philosophy spring from the same root. "The greatness of poetry," says Mr. Arnold, "lies in a noble and profound application of ideas to life," and the same may surely be said of philosophy. The difference is in the expression; the poet expresses his feeling in impassioned

speech; the philosopher reflects, formulates, and expresses himself in deliberate language. The *Excursion* has more philosophy in it than any other of his poems, and it is there that we find most fully expressed Wordsworth's ideas, and the application of them to life. In his projected poem of the *Recluse*, of which the *Excursion* constituted the second part, he wished to embody the results of his meditations "on man, on nature, and on human life." Our first question then is, what were his ideas upon these three: I., nature; II., man; III., and life?

The *Excursion*, and indeed any poem that Wordsworth ever wrote, is full of his peculiar feeling for nature, but of all these the lines written above Tintern Abbey seem to us to give the most complete expression of it "in a little room."

"The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountains, and the deep and gloomy wood—
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite, a feeling and a love."

This had been Wordsworth's feeling when a boy. In after life, when experience of the world had driven away the "dizzy raptures" of his youth, he turned to nature again with equal love, but now it had gathered the "remoter charm by thought supplied." Now he loved it because he found there

"A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things."

That is the whole doctrine in a nut-shell. It has been well said that Wordsworth's doctrine was only the old one of Aristotle, that there is a soul in all things, a soul that is the constructing force of the outer form, the living essence as opposed to the changing accident. That is not saying that nature is God (which would be pantheism), but that all nature is a manifestation of His presence.*

Wordsworth thinks that nature sends out to man influences and emanations which pass into his life, although they do not constitute it. Not that the influences are like in kind to humanity; different scenes have influences of their own, but

* *Ethics of Wordsworth*, A. A. Chapin.

these are not human until they touch the human soul. To him, every landscape had a spirit, an inner truth. It was his peculiar gift to recognize this spirit and to render it again in his poetry. That is what Mr. Arnold meant by Wordsworth's interpretative power, and this is one of his chief charms. So in the famous description of the sunrise in the first book of the *Excursion*:

“ Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he he read
Unutterable love.”

The only words here that appeal to the outward eye are “solid frame of earth,” “ocean's liquid mass,” and “clouds.” And yet no merely physical description could give us the scene so vividly as this purely spiritual one that gives us the “genius loci” instead of the features. It is often said that he interprets nature by throwing his own subjectivity into it, but this does not seem to me to be quite true, and he himself certainly thought that he received from nature a great deal more than he gave. His idealism is very far from the “pathetic fallacy.” He saw the soul of things, not of himself.

Nature was to Wordsworth always a giver of joy and peace. He calls her bountiful:

“ He shall find
Who seeks not, and to him that hath not asked
Large measure shall be dealt.”

And Wordsworth seemed to feel that God made nature to fulfil this mission. In the fourth book of the *Excursion* he traces her work from the ancient times. Persian, Chaldean, and Greek found in the winds and other elements, and the whole circle of the heavens,

“ A sensitive existence and a God.”

So of pagan Greece he says:

“ A spirit hung,
Beautiful region ! o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples and memorial tombs ;
And emanations were perceived.”

The Greek, giving a half-human soul to natural objects, found Naiads and Oreads in stream and mountain, the satyrs or Pan himself lurking in the woods.* So nature taught them a kind of religion, but we keep the natural object, while we find in it a manifestation of God. As a shell which murmurs in the ear of a child the cadences of the sea he has never seen, such is the universe to the ear of faith. To one who will receive its teachings, to such a nature as the Wanderer's described in the first book of the *Excursion*, it imparts

"Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

To such a man as that Nature is an educator. "This," says Mr. Stopford Brooke,* "is the idea of Life in Nature which Wordsworth has given to the world. It fills the hearts of his readers; it makes of Nature a new thing to them; it makes the commonest walk in the woods a delight, a teaching, a society; it fills the world with life and energy and joy; it uplifts us sometimes when alone among the hills,—when Nature is in one of her wild moods, and her life is most intelligent and most eager,—into a kindred ecstasy in which we long to be borne away with wind and cloud to join the mighty stream of rejoicing life."

Secondly, we were to take up Wordsworth's view of man. There are three stages to be marked in its growth. In his youth among the mountains, before he had mingled much with the world, man had been only a vague and great ideal in his mind. When the French Revolution came, it appealed to his whole heart and he took up its cause with eagerness. He even meditated taking an active part in the work—a plan which he was fortunately prevented from carrying out, else the world had lost a great poet and one more life might have been sacrificed to the Revolution. But from this time on, there was a change in Wordsworth's views of man and nature; man now became first, and nature second and tributary. Later, when he saw the selfishness of those who had had liberty for their

* Stopford Brooke's *Theology in Poets*, p. 125.

† *Theology in English Poets*, p. 157.

watchword, when he saw those very men trying to rob Switzerland of her freedom, then in his bitter disappointment he almost lost his faith, and fell into a deep despair from which only nature and the companionship of his sister reclaimed him. This is the state of mind that the Solitary describes in the third book. Wordsworth was writing there from a bit of his own experience. But he, unlike the Solitary, did recover from his despondency and had thereafter a truer knowledge of human nature than he had before—the product, as we have seen, first of a lofty but undefined ideal, then of that ideal disappointed, and lastly, this disappointment corrected by the calm judgment of life.* This check to his enthusiasm turned him over to the conservative party for life and in his old age his conservatism became too narrow, perhaps partly on account of his having lived so much apart from man. But he never lost his love of freedom or his sympathy with the individual. The first book of the *Excursion* and the sixth and seventh, the scenes in the country church-yard, are full of it. One of the lessons that his lonely mountain life had taught him was that of looking at a man as he really is, and not in the light of what he really possesses, as being, not as having. And when he had learned this it became one of the principal objects of his poetry to express it. He aimed at expressing men's passions and feelings,

“ chiefly those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That 'mid the simpler forms of rural life
Exist more simple in their elements
And speak a plainer language.”

Wordsworth never lets us forget the dignity, the poetry, and the pathos that may be in the humble life, in the poorest that we meet. It was this quality of his that made him George Eliot's favorite poet, and she too had at heart the same great purpose, the glorifying of the common life and the common people. It was the same spirit that Burns had when he wrote “A man's a man for a' that.” This sympathy with the humble is something that Wordsworth never lost. His democratic principles, like his idea of humanity, were better defined after

* Mr. Stopford Brooke.

he had recovered from the shock of the Revolution than they had been before. They had been based on the vague phrase "rights of man"; in 1814 they were based on the fact that God had given the same gifts to all alike, common duties that make common rights.

What is Wordsworth's idea of life as resulting from his ideas of man and nature? The best answer to this is given by Mr. Stopford Brooke, in substance this.* Wordsworth conceived of a harmony between man and nature; he thought that God made the two for each other, and that we should realize in the marriage of the mind and the eternal world the pre-arranged harmony. This is the true burden of the *Excursion*. To reveal this underlying unity and the beauty in man and nature is what Wordsworth conceived to be the chief work of poetry. This is in substance what he says in the fragment of the *Recluse* prefixed to the *Excursion*:

"Beauty

waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move;
An hourly neighbor, Paradise, and groves
Elysian, fortunate fields like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to his goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant in lowly peace the spousal verse
Of this great consummation."

To sum up, these were Wordsworth's main themes, the ethical teachings which appear all through the *Excursion*, and especially in the fourth book: the uplifting, calming, joy-giving power of nature; the dignity of the humble life; the unity of God, man, and nature; the philosophy of pain, that could bring good out of evil; the melancholy fear subdued by faith. This is the substance of what he meant to teach when he sang "of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope," and a very beautiful and noble substance it is.

* *Theology in English Poets*, p. 121.

But a man may be a good philosopher and a poor poet. We have applied only one test of poetic excellence, a very essential one, indeed; but will the form of the *Excursion* stand criticism as well as its substance? Many think that its decidedly philosophical character shuts it out from the rank of the highest poetry. It is certainly true that its emphatically didactic purpose brings with it a danger. When Wordsworth sinks into mere didacticism he ceases to speak as a poet. When he speaks really under the influence of his genius the result is a very beautiful and noble poetry, but sometimes he mistakes the mere promptings of his own high and generous nature for the voice of his "demon": then the self speaks instead of the "not himself," and then he becomes prosy. It is this that keeps the tyro in Wordsworthianism away from the *Excursion*. The bits of desert between the very beautiful passages frighten him away.

This strong didactic purpose is even more marked in Wordsworth than in Milton. Both sometimes give us a feeling of premeditation. It takes spontaneity and meditation together to make the artist, and in Wordsworth especially meditation seems occasionally to overbalance the spontaneity. We have already mentioned that Milton and Wordsworth have been charged with the same faults. The fact is not without its significance. Their natures were tuned to the same key; and an interesting parallel might be drawn between the two men. Both had the same lofty, serious cast of mind which made them too deeply earnest ever to turn aside for a jest, or even to perceive the comic, and Wordsworth fell into more disastrous blunders than even Milton did for this very lack of humor. He was absolutely deficient in it. Instances of this are easier to find than to forget, and I need not seek for them. Like Milton, too, Wordsworth lacked dramatic power. In making the joys and pains of humanity his own he always made them Wordsworthian. His characters in the *Excursion*—the Wanderer, Pastor, and Solitary—all seem like different phases of himself. Neither poet ever made objective, real men and women like Shakspeare's. Both had subjective natures, and a rather limited knowledge of human kind and insight into characters—limited, that is, in

the description in the last book of the *Excursion* of the image of the ram in the water :

“ We saw

A two-fold image ; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same ! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing creature stood ; as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seemed center of his own fair world.”

It is such passages as these that beget Wordsworthians.

The *Excursion* is not a poem that easily fits itself to the established classification. Perhaps it goes into the niche of pastoral epic as well as anywhere, but it seems false to call that epical which is so distinctly philosophical and didactic in its plan, and which is almost without action. Nothing could be slighter than its framework of narrative : the Pedlar and the Poet wandering over the mountains and talking, by a ruined cottage, of the history of its last inhabitant ; then visiting the Solitary whose despondency and scepticism the Wanderer tries to cheer ; then the Pastor finding them in the country churchyard and narrating the histories of the men and women who are buried there ; and finally a visit to the neighboring lake. That is all ; simply a three days' excursion. But that plot, if it can be called a plot, was all sufficient for Wordsworth's purpose. It gave a frame-work for conversation, and the *Excursion* is after all just what Wordsworth meant it to be and what Lamb found it, a “ noble conversational poem.” And even if the conversation grows somewhat dull at times, yet we are not wearied, because we feel ourselves swept away into “ the land of mists and mountains,” with wind and sunshine all about us.

Still, Wordsworth's best, most perfect work is not in the *Excursion*, but in his shorter poems. He intended the *Recluse* (of which the *Excursion* was only the second part, but the last one finished) to be his great master-piece, “ a Gothic church,” he says, to which his smaller poems are “ as the shrines, oratories, and sepulchral recesses in it,”—and these are

words that remind us of the famous comparison of *Paradise Lost* to a cathedral. The figure will serve, if we do but remember that Wordsworth's Gothic church is like the one he describes in the fifth book.

“ Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy ; for duration built :
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters delicately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above.”

This Gothic church is one whose charm lies not so much in the grouping of its masses, or in its architectural effect, as in its exquisite little chapels and oratories, the sweet and suffering faces of madonnas and the saints' pictures here and there looking down from the bright windows ; in the great upward sweep of its spire, and in the noble and sacred spirit of the whole. Many there are who will tarry in the chapels rather than explore the whole, but those who enter in will feel upon their spirits—

“ A grateful coolness fall, that seems to strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
And natural reverence which the place inspires.”

ARLISLE M. YOUNG.

ARTICLE V.—THE ETHICS OF EVOLUTION.

THIS subject has recently been discussed in *The Forum* by Mr. Lilly. But his criticism was a very diluted reproduction of a much stronger Article in the *Nineteenth Century* a year or so before. The position assumed was one that would suggest to most readers Mr. Lilly's desire to set aside evolution as the precondition to constructing a system of ethics. Some of the objections were effective enough, in so far as they would require a conception of evolution consistent with ethical facts, but the tone of hostility against the general application of that doctrine to ethics conveyed the impression that we were obliged to choose between one or the other alternative. This may have been very far from Mr. Lilly's intention. But we venture to assert that this was the feeling of most readers, while the great disparity between the irresistible cogency of the arguments for evolution and the inefficiency of Mr. Lilly's *argumentum ad consequentiam* against it was such as to tempt every reader who is sensitive to the signs of the times to cast his lot with evolution, with all its real or apparent consequences, rather than to trust the keeping of their reason to a spirit which has always been opposed to scientific progress. It was easy to see that the theory was sweeping everything before it like a whirlwind, and victory is always a powerful means to conversion. In the middle ages the form and fortunes of a religious creed were to a large extent contingent upon the issue of a battle. Half-hearted believers were always ready for submission. Although the pressure and interests at present are of a different kind from those to which we have just alluded they are quite as effective in deciding the attachments of certain orders of minds. Of this we do not complain, because it is inevitable in the nature of the case. A choice has to be made and the presumptions, owing to repeated successes, are so overwhelmingly in favor of well supported scientific theories that the force of any other possibility is hardly felt, and even if it were felt, could not be accepted without satisfactory evidence in its support. But unfortunately the popular

decision is too often based upon a very slight knowledge of the facts of evolution, and a less acquaintance with the meaning of the doctrine. In such cases, faith becomes the resource of men that may have laughed at it all their lives when applied to any other doctrine. But this is, perhaps, incidental to the main topic of consideration. Yet it is the most effective way of calling attention to the difficulties with which the critic of evolutionary ethics has to contend. On the one hand, the theory of evolution is so well supported by vast multitudes of facts, by the success of its explanatory power when applied to those facts, and by the acceptance of the best scientific minds, that it seems foolhardy to question it. On the other hand, the temper of public confidence in science is so sympathetic with the prestige gained by the achievements of the past, and so powerless to dispute the general claims of evolution, that every criticism designed to correct false impressions is construed as an attempt to refute the doctrine in the face of overwhelming evidence. This is an unfortunate state of affairs; for it is such a baneful hindrance to the knowledge of the truth.

But a man is not necessarily opposed to evolution because he will not join in that optimistic view of it which so many of its apostles would like us to accept. Pessimistic forecasts of its possible influence and tendencies are not false because they are pessimistic. The truth may often have very unwelcome consequences in its wake, and those who revolt against pessimistic fears are as often harboring illusions as their less hopeful opponents. The fact is, and few are more conscious of this than Mr. Huxley, that the doctrine of evolution contains the possibilities of the most tremendous moral consequences of any theory ever proposed by man. We have scarcely yet begun to feel its influence and may realize comparatively little for a hundred years to come, except that history moves more rapidly in decades now than in centuries of the past. As an evidence of its influence we may adduce its effect upon the minds of four of the leading men of the century, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and Carlyle. Its destructive influence is demonstrable in these cases: whether for good or ill every one must decide for himself. But this levelling power, which it has exercised and will exercise to a much greater extent in the future when

it becomes as fully a staple of general knowledge as the theory of gravitation, consists entirely in the impression that man must regulate his conduct, as he does his thinking, according to the laws of "nature." While this is true within certain limits, it is false beyond them. But distinctions are not always drawn, and our dependence upon "nature" in many respects is extended to dependence upon it in all. In the weakness of theories which were not founded upon natural laws, we get into the habit of regarding "nature" with its ultimata as the supreme guide to our minds, and so expect or endeavor to explain existing phenomena, or to deduce from the action of "nature" the laws which are to govern our conduct. When it comes to evolution for a principle upon which to construct ethics, looking to the realization of a better state of things than actually exist, we meet only with the right of the strong as the determining factor of all that has ever been realized, and must stand aghast at the consequences of applying any such principle to the amelioration of society. Hence, the humiliating conception of man which evolution teaches in contrast with that better idea of himself, which, if it was mistaken, nevertheless was a stimulus to higher achievement; and the hopeless endeavor to find any exemplary encouragement in the action of "nature," or some noble purpose and method which it was the aim of "nature" to realize, have only had the effect of turning man's ideals and hopes into illusions. The only means which "nature" exhibits in the process of gaining her ends is opposed to all that is moral. When we consult her oracles, therefore, for a basis of ethics, we find or are told that there is none. The impression that this is the outcome of evolution is not yet general. It may be that it is not a legitimate consequence of it. But evolutionists are not industrious to prevent deception in this matter, while the general development of their own minds shows that they are succumbing more and more to the pessimistic influence of their doctrine precisely in the direction we have indicated. A combination of circumstances, political, social, moral, and perhaps economical, prevents any such practical consequences as may be brought about by a long period of time, with successive generations of men, and the changes they involve, but this is no disproof of the possibilities which we are

considering and which represent evolution as radically modifying our ethical conceptions.

We said that this tendency of the doctrine could be illustrated in the experience of four of the leading minds in this century. We proceed to show this in a conclusive manner, and the inference from it will be easy. We wish to show that the principles upon which evolution is based, at least in the present state of human thought, are relaxing all the influences which have tended to sustain the ideal aims of ethics, and are setting up in their stead conceptions that can only turn civilization into Pandemonium. Mr. Huxley's is a striking instance of the tendencies of the doctrine and its influence upon the mind. In his earliest work on "*Man's Place in Nature*," his optimism is predominant and he ventures to emphasize the vast moral superiority of man over the brutes, although tracing his physical kinship with the apes. "No one," he says, "is more strongly convinced than I am, of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes; or is more certain that whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes of the only consciously intelligent denizen of this world:" and then at a length which we cannot reproduce in these pages, he expatiates upon the grandeur of human history and achievement, notwithstanding man's lowly origin, and the method by which his results were attained. But many years afterward, in the *Nineteenth Century*, after mature reflection upon the theory of evolution he expresses himself in a very different tone. Here are two significant passages:

"In the cycle of phenomena presented by man, the animal, no more moral end is discernible than in that presented by the lives of the wolf and the deer. However imperfect the relics of pre-historic men may be, the evidence which they afford clearly tends to the conclusion that for thousands and thousands of years, before the origin of the oldest known civilizations, men were savages of a very low type. They strove with their enemies and their competitors; they preyed upon things weaker or less cunning than themselves; they were born, multiplied without stint, and died, for thousands of generations, alongside the mammoth, the urus, the lion, and the hyena, whose lives were spent in the same way; and they were no more to be praised or blamed on moral grounds than their less erect and more hairy compatriots."

And again in a thrust at Frederic Harrison he uses similar vigorous language :

"I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of pre-historic ages, man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strongly upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia and of Egypt, and then for thousands and thousands of years struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, he foolishly confers post mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet farther."

Schopenhaur could not give a more painful picture than this, and no one will question the source of the influence which produces so terrible a view of the past and so hopeless a prospect for the future.

Of Mr. Spencer's case, a word will suffice. Readers of his "Social Statics," published first in 1850, will recall the fact that one chapter, that on "The Divine Idea, and the Conditions of its Realization," was in entire sympathy with theism. In the preface to the American edition in 1864 he expressly states that he no longer abides by the teleological implications of that chapter. In 1875, a foot-note to the same chapter says: "Were I now to re-write this chapter the theological implications of the argument would be avoided." When we recall the fact that the first edition of Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859, and recur to the still more important fact that the principal works of Mr. Spencer upon evolution were written between 1850 and 1875, we easily discover what influence had drawn him away from the "Divine Idea."

The general reader is more familiar with the incident of Darwin's gradual alienation from his early religious beliefs, and the frank manner in which he avowed the agnostic conclusions to which his study of the phenomena of evolution had brought him shows the tendencies of the doctrine in spite of

optimistic claims to the contrary. In the "Descent of Man," he spoke of "The ennobling belief in the existence of an Omnipotent God," but his "Life and Letters" show that the contemplation of the immoral spectacle represented in the fearful struggle for existence, apparent everywhere in the known universe, had effectually enervated those beliefs which had enabled him to look upon the administration of nature as a moral scheme, often represented as a scene of Edenic happiness. But evolution and the struggle for existence, the corollary of Malthusianism, turned these beliefs into illusions.

The case of Carlyle is more striking and significant, because all his life he had rejected with disdain every doctrine which was offensive or dangerous to moral idealism. How he felt toward evolution is told in an anecdote of his meeting with Mr. Huxley after the latter's return from his lectures on the subject in New York. Mr. Huxley was accosted in the following manner: "You are spending all your life to prove that men are descended from monkeys, while it takes more than our civilization to prevent them from being ogres." But it was at the close of his life when the vehemence of his youth was exhausted, and when scientific conquests in regard to man's origin had been almost completed; that the moral outlook of things extorted from him an unwilling confession, that the conception upon which he depended for combatting indifference to morals was falling into ruin, or vanishing behind the all-devouring eclipse of evolution, and no more interesting or significant an instance of utter moral powerlessness and despair is recorded of any man. It appeared as the death knell to his philosophy, and the intellectual collapse which it foreshadowed is depicted in the following language of Mr. Froude:

"He refused Darwin's transmutation of species as unproved; he fought against it, though I could see he dreaded that it might turn out true. If the life of man was no more than the life of an animal, if he had no relation, or none which he could discern, with any being higher than himself, God would become an unmeaning word to him. Carlyle often spoke of this and with evident uneasiness. He was perplexed by the indifference with which the Supreme Power was allowing its existence to be obscured. I once said to him, not long before his death, that I could only believe in a God which *did* something. With a cry of pain, which I shall never forget, he said, 'He does nothing.'"

This was a surrender, and although we do not agree that his theological conception of the basis of morals is the correct one, because it is permeated throughout by too much reverence for mere power or force, and the motives inspired by the notion of mere authority, nevertheless the instinct which led him to recognize the danger of removing a conception that has been in many instances the highest moral ideal yet attained by humanity, is to be respected for what it implies, namely : that we cannot go to the lower animal world for the principles of conduct. The principle by which man has been elevated is an ideal, not the imitation of what is below him. But the tendency of evolution to discredit many of the traditional beliefs connected with man's progress has carried with it the moral ideals that have been the vitalizing impulse to his achievements, and it is these that are threatened by adopting Darwinism which aspires to be the universal solvent of philosophic problems. The relaxation of moral enthusiasm which it produced in the instances quoted, or if habit, environment, education, and inherited influences prevailed to retain a true conception of morals and moral earnestness in any of them, the tendency to that relaxation is marked by the consciousness that nature is only a spectacle of remorseless cruelty and a poor object of reverence in the place of the moral being which evolution abandons.

But we are not engaged in a refutation of evolution. So far as the present discussion is concerned, every aspect of the doctrine may be true. It certainly does give a truer conception of what man *is* and *has been*, than all those systems which magnified the chasm between him and the brute. Man's vanity and pride have assigned him a rank and a dignity which the facts of his conduct will not justify. He has flattered himself that he is only a little lower than the angels, which may be true for all that we know. But his conduct only shows him a little worse than the devil. The cynic and the pessimist are right. What we call civilization has accomplished less than some would have us believe. Man's real nature and habits are not so far removed from total depravity as the revolt against the theological dogma of that name might indicate. The means he employs to deceive and injure his

fellows, the cruelty he practices upon his inferiors in nature, his cunning and knavery in politics, in commercial trade, and in social aspirations, his greed and ambition, his universal selfishness in public and private, with a catalogue of vices that would make a volume,—all these present a creature that would discourage the hopes of any moralist who is not deceived by fanciful notions about the superior character of man. We can see that good may come out of knowing these facts, and so be grateful to evolution for proving and emphasizing them. But all this is irrelevant to the question whether the theory furnishes the principle or the ideal end by which man is to be made better. Unless it does provide this condition, it must fail as an ethical theory. We may grant it all the power it claims for explaining the origin of things, but this is not to *idealize* its facts, its laws, or its causes for human example and imitation. A sense of idealization must have occurred before any feeling of duty could either originate or be effective, and this idealization must either represent something better than reality, or reality must come up to the standard of what is ideal. In the former case the doctrine of evolution does not supply the condition demanded by ethics. In the latter case, its advocates either misrepresent the administration of nature, or they must admit the inadequacy of their doctrine for ethical purposes.

The whole difficulty originates in a circumstance not sufficiently considered by either the friends or foes of evolution. This is the long standing antithesis between the ideas of nature and of God, in connection with the doctrine that nature is a creation and a revelation of God. The history and development of this antithesis cannot be discussed here although it would be valuable as preparing the way for an analysis of an important question. But we must content ourselves with remarking the fact that the conception of nature has always been the symbol for that kind of inflexible and unchanging law which it was difficult, if not impossible, to associate with a free will and intelligence except by robbing them of all moral character. Even in the mythological stage of reflection, a period which Lotze so finely calls "the beautiful youth of man," and when the phenomena of nature were looked upon as a carnival of spirits, human consciousness was not wholly

exempt from a belief in the fixity of events which appeared to disturb the loveliness of its illusions. A fearful spectre always loomed up in the background. It assumed the form of *Fate*, which, as every one knows, produced a nightmare upon the Greek mind, and, as knowledge increased, the idea of personal spirits above man was gradually eliminated from the problem of philosophy and morals. But man has never been able permanently to look with composure upon the Gorgon face of brute reality, and hence under the influence of a system of coöperating forces philosophical, religious, and political, after the decline of Greek and Roman civilization, he has endeavored to conceal or to transform the realities of nature by his conception of God. But a dangerous paralogism was lurking in the twofold character of that conception. On the one hand, it was that of a cause or power which subordinated nature to its sovereignty. This was the only escape from philosophic dualism and at the same time forced the conclusion that the handiwork must contain traces of its creator's character. On the other hand, the conception of God was a moral ideal transcendently superior to anything discoverable in nature, and so was not assured of having either a personal reality outside of human consciousness, or an interest in a moral administration of the physical world which did not reveal it. As long as the study of nature was neglected, idealism succeeded in minimizing or in keeping out of view the difficulties involved in the contrast between the ideal character of God and the thoroughly unideal character of his creation. But when scientific curiosity could no longer be suppressed and when evolution came in to consummate our knowledge of nature, a spectacle was revealed in "natural selection," "the struggle for existence," and "the survival of the fittest" that simply paralyzes every mind that had looked upon the administration of nature as a type of infinite wisdom and goodness. The wisdom might be there, but the goodness was not, and in addition to the doubt raised about the existence of God by such facts, the quick and easy inference drawn from them was, or is likely to be, that man can hardly be bound by any conceptions or laws which the author of nature has not seen fit to embody in his own action.

This is the impression which is so fatal to common moral ideals, and which will play such terrible havoc with the ordi-

nary mind when traditional influences have been eliminated by the general acceptance of evolution. We have shown what effect it had upon the minds of its chief apostles and may expect it to exercise a more revolutionary influence upon minds which are not so well protected against its disintegrating power. Man cannot alter definite and long established convictions with impunity when a moral ideal is involved. Greek and Roman civilization, and the French Revolution, are proofs of this. Evolution changes our point of view from the theocentric to the physiocentric, and in so doing has exhibited beneath the surface of nature a method of action which is the very antithesis of morals and can no more be made the principle of virtue than civilization can be based upon perpetual war. The theocentric position may not be true, but its assumed alternative, the physiocentric, with its struggle for existence and the moral upheaval it threatens, is less true, and makes it impossible to contemplate the vast difference between the idealism of the past and the pessimistic realism of nature, as described by Mr. Huxley, without recalling Carlyle's allusion to Vesuvius. "The earth, green as she looks, rests everywhere on dread foundations were we farther down, and Pan to whose music the Nymphs dance has a cry in him that can drive all men distracted." Can any means be discovered to calm alarm, or to show that men's apprehensions are illusory?

"Nature," says Goethe, "is an object of fear, not of reverence." Now it is reverence of some kind that is the primary condition of morals. We shall not affirm that it must be the reverence of God, although we can be true to the facts of experience only if we admit that the conception of God, when idealized, has always shed a beautiful lustre over the speculations of history and of hope, and has had not a little influence in the moral development of man, even after accepting the worst and the most that can be said of the sins committed in that name. Hence it is no wonder that Carlyle uttered a cry of despair when he saw the doctrine of evolution driving everything before it. It was carrying with it, in his estimation, the foundation of ethics. His error could easily be pointed out had we the time and space to do so: but when we appreciate what the ideals have been that have accompanied

man's development, it is not strange that Carlyle and all who assume the need of relying upon nature, or of regarding it other than it is, in order to encourage moral action, should feel compelled, after the disclosures of evolution, only to stand by and watch the immortal idea of God vanishing in thunder-clouds. It is reverence for an ideal above the laws of nature that is the basis of morals. But if, in the revelation of development, Ixion discovers that he has been embracing a cloud, he is not likely, when disenchanted of his illusion, to find in anything that is left an object of respect to supply the inspiration which has been lost.

But we are not invoking the bugbear of consequences in order to refute evolution: for we do not think any remedy can be produced to avoid them by an attempt to resuscitate metaphysics or theology. Evolution has come to stay and will modify our ethics whether we will or no. But it is proper to present the contrast between the struggle for existence, or the right of the strong, and the principle upon which we endeavor to rise above the "laws of nature," and to ask whether evolution, as it is founded upon those laws, can reconstruct ethics or supply the ideal by which man regulates his moral conduct. If it does not, we can demand either that the theory be modified, or that it be confessed inadequate to meet the necessities of the problem. The fact is, as we have seen, nature is a Medusa head on which no moralist can look and live, and although we cannot ignore evolution in ethics, we have only to remark one crucial fact which effectually assigns that doctrine a secondary place in the determination of moral conduct. Upon this fact we concentrate all the emphasis possible. It is that the whole of man's moral achievements have been effected *by putting limits to the struggle for existence*. The value and importance of this generalization cannot be exaggerated and is the most direct refutation of the claim that evolution, as embodied in the "laws of nature," has the first and last word to say in fixing the maxims of ethics. Mr. Huxley has admitted this generalization and stated it very forcibly in one of his essays, but without any consciousness of its vast significance or of the limitations it imposes upon the interference of evolution in morals. Mr. Spencer is similarly unconscious of what he

concedes when he says, "that ethics has for its subject matter that form which universal conduct assumes during the last stages of evolution." After this statement he ought to have seen that what had been said of the conduct of infusoria and polyps is irrelevant to the problem, although very interesting and instructive. But to raise the structure of ethics above everything embodied in the struggle for existence or the conduct of the animal creation, and to condition man's improvement upon the discovery and use of some means to frustrate the terrible operation of such a law, or to limit it, is granting all that the most obstinate opponent could demand, and offers the hopeful prospect of something better than despair or pessimism as the ideal of the future.

It is true enough that such a criticism does not oppose evolution. It is only a demand that this doctrine shall not usurp the functions of a science which is not mainly historical. Evolution is doing a very legitimate work in destroying illusions, but the confidence which it inspires in this field cannot be transferred to any attempted reconstruction under shelter of that doctrine upon the idea of "nature," because the antithesis between this and the moral ideal has been so sharply drawn that this antithesis requires previous consideration in order to avoid consequences worse than the illusions which are dissipated by Darwinism. The truth of this will be seen if we thoroughly realize what consequences to life would be involved in adopting as the highest norm of conduct the maxim which is the expressed formula of evolution; that might is the only right which the struggle for existence or the survival of the fittest seems to exemplify. Nor is it the religious interests alone that are concerned in such a warning. Criticisms of evolutionistic morals are most likely to come from that school of thought, and so to awaken suspicion, perhaps with some justice, when we consider the uniform series of defeats which theological thought has suffered. But not to apologize for its derelictions or to indicate a position from which it may be justified, there are men whose religious presuppositions will not be in the way of the cogency of their opinions. They are John Morley and John Stuart Mill. Not having been absorbed in that kind of study which makes the physical

formulæ of evolution the associating centers of thought they were both conscious of a contrast between the ideal and the real, and the significance it had for morals which the habitual student of evolution does not always realize, but does not question when brought to his notice. They as students of man, independently of the mere physical causes which coöperated in his development, were moralists, and in both of them will be found that sympathy for humanity which is not only the highest characteristic of a thinker, but also insures an appreciation of conceptions above the application of mere *power* to the moral elevation of the race. Hence both of them plainly tell us that "nature" is no source for the moral ideals which are to govern the will; or if not "nature," the *idea* of "nature" as it is so constantly represented. There may be a vast difference between "nature" and our conception of nature, but in constructing the basis of morals as a theory, we can deal only with the *idea* of nature, and unless that provides something equal in moral value to the principles to be guaranteed by it we must either give up what has hitherto passed for ethics, or confess the inadequacy of our supposed foundation of it. Most readers are familiar with Mill's terrible arraignment of nature in his posthumous essays on religion. He closes that impeachment with the statement that "conformity to nature has no connection whatever with right and wrong. The idea can never be fitly introduced into ethical discussions at all." "It has two principal meanings: it either denotes the entire system of things, with the aggregate of all their properties, or it denotes things as they would be, apart from human intervention. In the first of these senses, the doctrine that man ought to follow nature is unmeaning, since he has no power to do anything else than follow nature. In the other sense, the doctrine that he ought to make the spontaneous course of things the model of his voluntary actions, is equally irrational and immoral. Irrational, because all human action whatever consists in altering, and all useful action in improving, the spontaneous course of nature; immoral, because the course of natural phenomena, being replete with everything which when committed by human beings is most worthy of abhorrence; any one who endeavored in his actions

to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men."

Diderot, in a delicate case of conscience, where the virtue of a wife was pitted against the life of herself and children, observed: "In truth, I think nature heeds neither good nor evil; she is wholly wrapped up in two objects, the preservation of the individual and the propagation of the species." "True," remarks John Morley, "but the moral distinction between right and wrong is so much wrung from the forces that Diderot here calls nature."

Both of these views are but different versions of what has been admitted by Huxley; namely, that all moral achievement is proportioned to the extent to which man can assign limits to the struggle for existence, and any system of evolution which disregards that fact or that principle will be found wanting. The most common error of both the speculative and the ordinary mind is that it fails to distinguish adequately between the *process* and the *theory* of evolution. The latter aims to formulate the basis, law, or principle which will explain the series of phenomena represented in the process, and the connection of each unit with every other. But we are not always assured that we have recognized in the theory all that exists in the process. If so, the formulated theory is defective, not in its scientific conception of the facts, but in its explanation of them. A theory may then be partly true, and partly false; true in its general denomination of the process, but inadequate or false in assuming that the principle behind the process is equal to the functions assigned it. And we may go farther, and assert that a theory may be perfectly adequate in the causal explanation of a process, but inadequate in its deduction of moral rules from the principle which serves as a physical explanation of phenomena. This is precisely the prime error of evolutionists in their application of their doctrine to ethics. The principle of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest may be an adequate explanation of certain phenomena, but they afford no basis for legislative purposes, and ethics is legislative, not explanatory. They are merely principles of force and indicate the means of making an idea effective, not of constituting its worth and legitimacy.

The explanation of a fact is one thing and the moral value both of the fact and the principle which accounts for it is another. Hence we may easily enough accord the struggle for existence all the causal explanatory power claimed for it, but deny the adequacy of the theory so embodied for validating, or even psychologically or logically explaining, moral principles and moral ideals. These must transcend the struggle for existence, although they may employ the principle represented in it to make their own existence effective. The value of keeping this limitation in view consists in the fact that it will serve as a check to misplaced confidence and enthusiasm regarding the all-sufficiency of the doctrine of evolution. The actual achievements of the theory have concealed this limitation, while the assumed dependence of ethics upon a general philosophic theory of the universe has carried with the admission of evolution its application to that field of phenomena in their nature and validity as well as their origin. But in the first flush of fairly won victory we may not always count the cost and the consequences of it, and they may be sufficient to impair the value of the victory itself. Precisely thus we may be hailing a triumph that is destined to issue in the loss of all the moralization the race has gained, merely because the elimination of the moral from the only principle recognized by our doctrine must eviscerate every system of ethics founded upon it. Even the establishment of a truth may be at the expense of a moral ideal, when that truth happens to antagonize a view with which the ideal was associated. Our solicitude should be to avoid this consequence which may not be a necessary one, except to the logic of association. But it is nevertheless inevitable when our fundamental principle is divested of all affinities with the moral. Thus the idea of "nature," conceived as excluding the moral, leaves the problem of ethics untouched and unsolved; conceived as including it, it is valueless for antagonizing any of the theories to which evolution is opposed. But it generally has the former conception in all speculative efforts and produces an influence to accord with the implications involved. There is a fixed connection between what a man believes or admires and what he is. If it be a moral ideal above the principle of "nature," something

by which to measure his imperfection, he may hope to direct his will by a superior object: but if it be only the spectacle or example of what is below him; if he can aim at nothing higher than the exercise of force, he may well despair of the future, for it would only present him as the victim of hopeless illusions. "Nature," viewed from the plane of ethics, is only a spectacle of non-moral forces. It is the fierce indignation at injustice and wrong everywhere manifested by mere conformity to natural law, and the splendid endeavor to realize some unattained ideal, that makes man's conduct ethical, and invests life with so much moral grandeur, although for the moment that it passes it may be marked by a shadow.

J. H. HYSLOP.

ARTICLE VI.—AN OPEN LETTER *IN RE* THE ARTICLE ENTITLED "A POETICAL HEART-BREAK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ENGLANDER AND YALE REVIEW.

Dear Sir :—Under the title of "A Poetical Heart-break," an anonymous writer dating from the University Club, New York, published in the *New Englander* for August an attempt to trace a private experience in certain lyrics and verses of Lord Tennyson, and to fasten upon them a definite personal meaning for which no warranty has been given by the poet himself, and for which I venture to think no warranty can be

[NOTE.—It is due to the writer of "A Poetical Heart-break" to say that in submitting his MS. to the editor he deprecated even more strenuously than this critic does the possibility of an unwarrantable intrusion within the precincts of a poet's private life through the medium of his verses, and expressly withdrew the Article from consideration, or acceptance, if in the opinion of the editor it was open to objection on this ground. But as it neither invents nor urges any theory controversially, but merely follows a train of thought which leads to a suggestive study of a favorite poet in a new aspect, and largely by quotation, it was deemed quite safe to leave it to the reader to sift the fanciful from the serious, and accept or reject according to his or her own choice and judgment. Apparently his commentary does not go beyond the sanction of the text either in expression or inference, and the writer carefully refrains from asking any one to accept either the poet's lines or his own interpretation as literal biography. The only thing for which he may perhaps be held responsible is in venturing to detect and trace a possible reality as the moving inspiration of what very likely may be mere random poetic fancies in the mode of expression; and in deducing from this the solution of an interesting psychological problem. If the solution is correct the study may be not without interest and profit to some, aside from its immediate personal bearing, since it reveals mental and emotional conditions which, if not true to actual experience in this instance, might well be so in some others.—
ED. NEW ENGLANDER AND YALE REVIEW.

adduced. Had the writer not disclaimed for his Article the character of a *jeu d'esprit*, it would have been possible to class it with that which he cites from the *St. James Gazette*, and with those burlesques of the laureate which have occasionally appeared in *Punch*. His disclaimer, however, is unequivocal; and as Lord Tennyson has recently felt obliged to repudiate through his son certain identifications of persons and localities by the author of "In Tennyson Land" and others, and to insist that the lyrics in question are entirely dramatic, I venture to ask your courtesy to allow me a few words in reply to your anonymous contributor. Permit me therefore briefly to analyze his argument.

In the first place, four several characters, three of which belong to the poet's earlier period, are selected as representing the various phases of a personal passion and of its subject, in spite of the fact that in feeling, in catastrophe, in texture, and in setting the poems are quite unlike, and that their appearance covers a period of nearly a quarter of a century. These are Lady Clara Vere de Vere, the Letty of "Edwin Morris," the Cousin Amy of "Locksley Hall," and the heroine of "Maud."

Allow me to devote a word or two to each of the four lyrics. In the first we have a lover evidently belonging to the lower walks of life committing suicide because he has had the misfortune to love a cold patrician beauty, who, when he declares his passion, fixes on him a vacant stare and slays him with her noble birth. It is a subject familiar enough in English romance—one that we naturally meet with in a country in which an aristocracy of birth forms a prominent part of its social life; and it may be dismissed without further comment.

In "Locksley Hall" the subject is a different one: the poet endeavors to bring before us the effect of a disappointment in love upon a noble and sensitive spirit capable of turning for consolation to the thoughts that make us men and to the serried history of the development of mankind. The lovers here are cousins; and it is the poverty of the hero, who in this case is a poet and a gentleman, and the weakness of the heroine, "servile to a shrewish tongue," which furnish the catastrophe. Amy marries the wealthy suitor favored by her guardians, and

her lover finds relief from his disappointment in a passion of the intellect—by absorption in the mental and material progress of the race. Here the heroine is the very opposite of the Lady Clara; it is her weakness and not her strength which hastens the catastrophe: and the single point of similarity between the two lyrics lies in their having for their subjects some phase of disappointed love.

In "Edwin Morris" there are certain elements which are common to "Locksley Hall," and others that are common to "Maud," though the heroine differs from both the poet's later characters, and the similarity is only in some part of the catastrophe. It is to be noted also that, though coming in time before the intenser feeling either of "Maud" or of "Locksley Hall," the lover is already able to look back upon his love serenely, and to pardon her, not for her own sake, but because she forms a part of those fresh days which do not now return. It is pain sanctified by the lapse of time, and by that feeling which the imagination attaches almost always to the distant past.

In "Maud" the subject is a wider one than in either of the lyrics I have instanced. Its theme is the power of love to bring harmony into a life disturbed by the shallowness and insincerity of the modern era—by its Manchesterism, its hollow political Quakerism, its policy of peace at any price with or without honor, its obtrusion of a mercantile standard as a measure for the souls of men. The course of true love, however, does not run smooth: a family feud, growing out of the dishonesty of the heroine's father, interposes at first a barrier to their union, though Maud is faithful to her lover throughout and willing to brave everything for his sake. In a duel forced upon him against his will, the lover slays—or thinks he slays—Maud's brother, and is obliged to flee the country. From the anarchy of feeling engendered by this catastrophe, the hero is rescued by the breaking out of the Crimean War, which he looks upon as an evidence that the spirit of selfishness has not quite dominated the heroic in the national life. He enlists in his country's army; embraces the purpose which the present seems to assign him; and is at one with his kind through a common suffering voluntarily endured.

Such are some of the several elements of the poems which your contributor has instanced; it will be for the reader to judge whether their divergences of feeling and of action tend to support or to preclude the theory he has elaborated when measured by the customary canons of criticism.

The insinuation that the appearance of the *In Memoriam* no earlier than 1850 is due to the cause suggested by your contributor is one with which it is impossible to close: it is simply a gratuitous surmise unsupported by any evidence. But when your contributor attempts to establish his theory by an appeal to the *In Memoriam* itself—telling us that this "cannot be read in its full significance" by the light of the death of Arthur Henry Hallam alone, and importing his interpretation of the poem into it to explain in it what he is pleased to consider occult, and maintains that the element he has discovered "may be said to constitute almost the warp and woof of the entire poem," he is trenching upon grounds of literary criticism, as well as upon what is one of the most sacred utterances of bereaved affection; and may be subjected to analysis in his turn.

Permit me therefore to dissect a few of his assumptions. The first lines quoted are the closing quatrain of the sixty-eighth division of the poem:

"But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake and I discern the truth;
It is the trouble of my youth
Which foolish sleep transfers to thee."

It would seem that no key to these lines would be needed by any thoughtful reader, since in order to understand them it is simply necessary that the division shall be studied as a whole. In the opening verse the poet tells us that "when in the down he sinks his head," sleep robs him of the grief which follows his waking moments, since in sleep he cannot think of his friend as really dead, but dreams of him as walking with him "as ere he walked forlorn." But the phantasmagoria of sleep, which robs him of his personal sense of loss, retaliates by transferring the look of sadness from his own face to his friend's:

“ But what is this? I turn about,
 I find a trouble in thine eye,
 Which makes me sad I know not why;
 Nor can my dream resolve the doubt.”

What his dream cannot do, however, his waking fancy does do; he tells us that ere the lark has left the lea he wakes and he discerns the truth: it is the trouble of his youth—that is, his sorrow for his friend's decease—which foolish sleep transfers to the dreamed of features of his friend.

In other words, the grief of which he is relieved by sleep is not obliterated; it is only transferred to the person of his friend: the two for a moment seem to change their places. In the realm of dreams he is himself not the bereaved but the bereaver. As more than once occurs in the poem, the poet is permitted to study and dwell upon his grief as though it were outside himself, as though he were not its subject but its object. Read in this sense, the puzzle which your contributor finds in the lines entirely disappears.

The second quotation is from the fifty-ninth division, where the poet apostrophizes Sorrow as the spirit of grief personified, addressing her throughout the four quatrains of which it is composed. It is to her that the lines italicised are addressed; and I am unable to discern that they present any difficulty when read in their true connexion.

Again: with regard to the opening lines of the seventieth division, your contributor tells us that, while these may properly apply to the dead friend of the poet, “the closing verse evidently has another inspiration.” Let me confess that I am at a loss to discover upon what ground so singular a *dictum* may be founded. After telling us that he is unable to see the features of his friend aright when he strives to paint them on the background of the mind, but that “the hues are faint and mixed with hollow masks of night,” the poet adds that what he cannot do by the powers of his will “a wizard music” does for him by rolling away the curtain that oppresses him:

“ And through a lattice on the soul
 Looks thy fair form and makes it still.”

This it seems to me, is comprehensible enough: and it has been, I believe, an accepted canon of interpretation for at least

three centuries that where a simple and obvious sense exhausts the language of any writer, an occult and strained interpretation is inadmissible.

The assertion that "it is with the sweetheart only" that he communes in the verses commencing (cxxxii.):

"O wast thou with me, dearest, then
When I rose up against my doom?"

receive an emphatic denial in the third stanza which succeeds it, where the "thou" plainly refers to the dead friend, whose name is directly mentioned.

The perversion with regard to section cxxv. is too obvious to need dissection; and the present tense referred to in the eighty-fifth division explains itself by a reference to the second verse, which is addressed to a common friend of the mourner and the mourned, who has demanded of the poet what kind of life it is he leads—

"And whether trust in things above
Be dimmed by sorrow, or sustained;
And whether love for *him* have drained
[His] capabilities of love."

The poet tells this friend that his words "have virtue such as draws a faithful answer from the heart," and goes on to describe the effect of Arthur's death upon him since first he learned

"That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touched him and he slept."

and in closing adds the natural assurance—

"My heart, though widowed, will not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast;"

offering the primrose of his autumnal friendship as the best he has now to give, though it is unlike the primrose of their earlier vernal intercourse.

Once more: the concluding quotation from section xcvii., which your contributor regards as "telling pretty much the

whole story in a very significant way," lends itself to a far simpler and less incongruous interpretation, as well as one that is universally accepted. In the opening verses there is a reference, first, to the difference which the enfranchisement of death has made between the poet and his friend, which he emphasizes by the symbol of the spectre on the Alpine mist—an image suggested apparently by Feuerbach, as the last line seems to show. He then goes on to dwell upon this enfranchisement, and to see in himself only a pale reflection of his friend—a spirit not fit to be his full companion in the realm of the unseen, but to bear to him that relation which the simple wife of some trained student bears to him whose life she tries to share :

"Her faith is fixed and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes :
'I cannot understand : I love.'"

Aside from furnishing us with an example of the antithesis which pervades the poem from end to end, this is a representation of the humility of affection transforming the poet into the subordinate of his friend : a phase of feeling which meets us frequently in the poem, and which is explicable enough, I venture to think, to all who have ever entered into the sphere of a sublime regard.

This closes the list of the quotations from the *In Memoriam* to which I desire to call the attention of your readers : and I must confess, sir, that it has been with difficulty that I have been able to look upon your contributor as serious in his attempt to read his interpretation into the sincerest and most profoundly personal and self-disclosing monody ever written in any tongue.

One word with regard to the remaining argument : Lord Tennyson has long been known for the depth and delicacy of his personal friendships. Outside the bounds of his own family and the friend commemorated in the *In Memoriam*, the names of Maurice, of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, of Sir John Simeon, of James Spedding, of Fitzgerald, of Lord Dufferin will at once occur to every reader. It is to one such

friend that the lines prefaced to "The Palace of Art" are addressed, as is evidenced both by their language and by their feeling; and so far from this preface being the summing up of the subject which your contributor professes to find in the *In Memoriam*, it appears in the poet's second volume, being published in 1832, as it seems to me is strictly germane to the subject which it introduces, and to that alone.

I forbear, sir, to trouble your readers further: but it was impossible for me to see the most sublime of human utterances over the grave of a friend treated as your anonymous contributor treats it without a protest alike in the interest of literary criticism and of a refined and reverent taste.

Into the wider subject of the relation of the poet to his material I do not desire to enter, nor could your courtesy well permit me the space such a discussion must necessarily require but those of us who remember the stanzas of "The New Timon," which Lord Tennyson has magnanimously expunged from the later editions of his works, and to show the lines "After Reading a Life and Letters," and those entitled "The Dead Prophet" are familiar, can only regret that a gentleman dating from a leading club in the metropolis of the United States should so far transcend the limits of literary courtesy, and infringe those canons of interpretation which the laureate himself has so unmistakably insisted on, as anonymously to trespass upon ground universally conceded as sacred to the individual in all civilized countries in the case of the least significant of mankind.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM HIGGS.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

ARTICLE VII.—THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRADUATING CLASSES
AT THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE YALE LAW
SCHOOL, ON JUNE 24TH, 1890, BY CHARLES J. BONA-
PARTE, Esq.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Graduating Classes :

THE fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that “. . . when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of the State or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.” To whatever exigencies of the time its enactment may have been immediately due, this provision expresses a principle which is every day more and more generally and practically recognized in our political ethics, although to our great-grandfathers it would have appeared equally unreasonable and unjust. We are not yet prepared to say that the right to participate in government shall not be limited by sex; it seems scarcely possible that we shall ever say that this shall not in some degree depend upon age, or that it may not be forfeited by crime; but any other distinction in this regard between citizens is for us an anomaly, and *prima facie* oppressive. By the letter of the law a State which disfranchises idiots or lunatics or tramps not actually convicted of vagrancy, should suffer a corresponding diminution in its representation, and, if such a result is improbable, this arises from the facts that the first two classes of the community seldom claim political privileges, while the last, like

the well known little pig of fable, "won't stay still long enough to be counted." We do not admit that a man's intelligence or education, habits, reputation or means, can appreciably affect his fitness to exercise political power. If he is a male of the species *homo sapiens*, has completed the twenty-first year of a life honorable or shameful, useful or useless or worse than useless, and has escaped, by whatsoever means, a successful criminal prosecution, then the difference between his qualities as a ruler and the qualities of a Pericles or Hampden or Washington, becomes one of those least things whereof the law takes no account.

Founded upon this principle we have "a government of the people, by the people, and," in theory, "for the people." I do not intend to discuss its abstract merits or shortcomings, but propose to consider very briefly how far certain salient characteristics of our polity are to be attributed more or less directly to our popular government; and I ask your indulgence to this end with the less hesitation because I believe that some enlightened and fair-minded critics of our institutions misunderstand the influence exerted on these by the progressive dilution of our electorate during the past hundred years. Doubtless much that is typically "American" is so because America furnishes the most striking, if not the only, example in modern times of a pure democracy in permanent control of a great nation, yet American democracy is too often credited with results, whether for good or ill, which are in nowise its fruit and which it may even tend to minimize or remove.

I would first note that our form of government has nothing to do, either as a hindrance or as a help, with two of the greatest blessings enjoyed by the American people. Compulsory military service is unknown here and war very improbable, not because we have no king and no nobility, but because we have no neighbors, or at least, none who, according to any human foresight, can grow into rivals. There is room here for everybody, not because everybody has a vote, but because land is so plenty and men are, as yet, so few. I have indeed seen the statement that republics, and more particularly democratic republics, are essentially unwarlike, but speaking where I am and to the hearers I see before me, I may assume that this extraordinary misreading of history needs no correction. When, a quarter of a century since, the people of these United States had to decide the momentous question whether in North America there should be

one great power, or more than one, they decided it once for all. No Roman senator or citizen echoed Cato's warning more heartily than they when they said "*delenda est*" of any possible competitor for supremacy on the continent. They decided then, and decided wisely, that any war, however bloody, any waste, however lavish, of life and treasure and human suffering must be borne, if needful, that they and their children should have forever a world to themselves. And of their sacrifices we reap the just fruit; we are not perpetually thinking about fighting and getting ready to fight, only because when our fathers had fighting to do they fought to a finish. To their foresight and resolution we owe an immense debt of happiness, but democracy did not make them thus resolute and far-seeing. Other governments of widely different constitution, that of Rome contending with Hannibal, that of England, in the first years of this century, have dealt as firmly and as providentially with like problems, and received a support as cordial and unwavering from the peoples they ruled. Still less has our popular government put so many square leagues of fertile land between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Rio Grande and the Great Lakes, and with these the life-giving forces furnished to our body politic by this vast area for untrammelled growth. It has been well said that an immense store of moral energy has gone into the material development of the country, but in such a task this energy is exercised, not exhausted. As a smith's arm grows the stronger with every blow he deals, so every new province reclaimed from weeds and wild beasts and wandering savages, has served to purify and invigorate the older communities, whose children did the work. Mischief, as we all know, is supplied to order and in unlimited quantities by an ever watchful provider for idle hands, but in our country there are no idle hands, except those too puny and nerveless to do a man's work in mischief or anything else. Our two leisured classes, club men and tramps, if always useless and sometimes annoying, are in nowise dangerous, and we can turn potential nihilists into pioneers. But democracy is not the cause of all this; men are not fitted to be pioneers by the privileges of voters, although they are fitted to be voters by the training of pioneers. Our system of internal colonization owes little or nothing of its success to our system of popular government, although our popular government may, perhaps, owe much to our internal colonization.

To form an intelligent judgment regarding any government, we should consider, first, its scope, then its means of action, and, lastly, its efficiency and economy, or, in other words, what work is given it to do, how it is equipped to do this work, and how thoroughly or imperfectly, and at what cost is the work in fact done. One of the most marked characteristics of our polity is the limited scope of governmental action. We ask and permit our rulers to do only such work as no one else can do for us ; or if this statement is a little too sweeping, we require clear proof that they can do it better than it will otherwise be done before entrusting it to them. In case of any doubt, the presumption is in favor of private agencies ; *prima facie* the State's intervention is an evil, and the *onus probandi* rests always on its advocates. The consequences of this fixed mental attitude in the American people are far-reaching, and, in my opinion, profoundly salutary. To cite but a single illustration, it is because and only because we strive to make the State's duties as few and as easy as possible, that we have perfect religious liberty, and yet wellnigh all the political advantages which flow from a legal sanction to religious influences. This aspect of our national life is peculiarly puzzling to a foreigner. He is told that in America, the law knows nothing of religion and treats all churches just as it treats base-ball clubs ; yet on Sunday he finds the daily habits of the people seriously modified by law in deference to religious opinions ; he sees the proceedings of most legislative bodies opened by a religious service, may hear a Court reject a witness' testimony for want of religious belief, on grounds which would render not a few among the statesmen of Continental Europe avowedly incompetent, and learns that in almost every State, church buildings are exempted from taxation, and clergymen from militia service or jury duty. It is hardly surprising if he does not readily understand this, and yet the explanation is very simple. We are, in fact, essentially a religious people, but we do not deem the civil government competent to determine the comparative merits of different faiths. That function is reserved to the individual citizen, and wherever public opinion ceases to be practically unanimous as to questions of belief or morals, the State's province ends.

Our civil rulers are not anointed of the Lord ; their oath of office has no quasi-sacramental efficacy to make them providential leaders in the paths of salvation ; their concern is with the

things of Cæsar, and we have no wish that they should meddle with what concerns them not. And as we forbid the State to become a Church, so we forbid, or at least discourage its undertaking any business to which anybody else can and will attend. Advocates of communistic experiments among us are men who have not yet become, who for the most part, never will become Americans; for the mass of our people their visions of Utopia are unattractive and well nigh unintelligible; an omniscient and omnipotent government, making everybody happy according to rule, is to Americans not only a dream but a nightmare.

But is this self-helpfulness due to democracy? Do we limit the province of the government thus strictly, because in that government all of us share? Are we, in short, so free because we are so nearly equal before the law? These questions are answered if we remember that freedom is our heritage, equality we have made for ourselves. Our forefathers had been free from time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary before the Declaration of Independence proclaimed all other men of right their equals; we have grown no more, if not less, free, since the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments have given their logical effect to these words. The doctrine that, presumptively a man can take better care of himself than the State can take of him, came to America with the tongue and the laws of our mother country; in asserting it, we say as truly as did the parliament of Merton, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*. Indeed, to my mind, the gravest problem of our future is whether individual liberty, as we know it, can permanently co-exist with popular government; whether it is possible to make or keep men equal without abridging their freedom, as a trade-union prevents one workman from over-topping his fellows only by dwarfing all alike.

Habeas Corpus and the Dartmouth College decision have tempered and elevated American democracy, but, except for an optimist, it is an open question whether, even in America, there can be long a democracy of freemen.

Such, however, is the government we now have, and whatever may be its future dangers or present short-comings, it has at least the undoubted merit of irresistible strength. We jealously narrow its sphere of action, but within that sphere we permit no resistance to its will. Public opinion in the United States is thoroughly sound and healthy when dealing with law-breakers;

we have our full share of those old ladies of both sexes whose reasoning faculties are located in their lachrymal glands, but nowhere to my knowledge is the national conscience less confused by that morbid shrinking from the use of physical force against evil doers which is a moral malady of the age. We hardly understand why the English should hesitate to give their policemen firearms; "need a body cry" if an officer's revolver does now and then save our Courts the trouble of trying a burglar, and cut off his chance of "burgling" again when released or escaped from prison? We think of such a catastrophe as Louis XVIII. thought of Lord Byron's death: "*C'est un mauvais sujet de moins; voilà tout.*" Nor have we any of the tenderness for turbulent or disaffected people which springs, more or less consciously, from a belief or suspicion that, however wrong-headed these may be as to their remedies, their discontent is due to real grievances. We feel that where every citizen has his share in making the laws, those claim more than their share who ask the privilege of breaking them; that a minority which refuses obedience attempts usurpation. And, as the law is made by all, it is the business of all to aid in its enforcement. It is not the King's peace, but the people's peace which here is broken by crime, and so it is not the King's concern but the concern of the whole community to guard against or punish the breach. The sense of this solidarity among all citizens is illustrated, a little paradoxically perhaps, but nevertheless conspicuously by our much misjudged custom of lynching. I do not deny that this summary system of criminal procedure has very serious drawbacks, but I believe its advantages are generally underestimated and its theory is too often misunderstood. Sir Henry Maine has pointed out that in a primitive society the growth of Criminal Law is retarded by the very distinctness with which the conception of crime as a wrong to the community is realized. At first the State deals with its internal as with its external enemies by the immediate exercise of its military strength, and every sentence is less a judgment than a bill of attainder. It is only when the State has come to mean rather an abstract entity than you and me and all of us or when it has been personified in some individual sovereign, that the question whether a prisoner is guilty of any offence against society becomes overshadowed by the question whether he can be convicted of the particular charge against him under the law and the evidence, and a criminal

proceeding is converted from a vindication of the community's safety and dignity into a trial of skill between the government and the traverser, adapted especially to determine whether the latter has committed the Spartan's unpardonable fault of being found out. Now lynching is caused by a revival of the primitively vivid conception of crime as a wrong to society, to society viewed, not as a creation of the mind, but as simply an aggregate of its members; some of these members know or believe that they (together with all others) have been so wronged; they only see to it that the wrong receives its appropriate punishment. In so doing they themselves take some liberties with the law, but they may remind a harsh critic of the king who fell overboard and was allowed to drown by too-respectful sailors because they feared to profane his sacred person in handling it. In practice the system is unquestionably liable to abuse. Judge Lynch may make mistakes, and his mistakes can be corrected by no writ of error, but if the number of failures of justice in his court could be compared with those in our more regular tribunals, I am not sure that he need fear the result. I believe that very few innocent men are lynched, and, of those who have not committed the particular offence for which they suffer, a still smaller proportion are desirable members of society. It is, of course, an evil that the law should be occasionally enforced by lawless means, but it is, in my opinion, a greater evil that it should be habitually duped and evaded by means formally lawful. A few defaulting State treasurers or "boodle" aldermen hanging untried to lamp-posts might not be an edifying spectacle, but it would have more wholesome effect on public officials than a long series of quashed indictments, disagreeing juries, forfeited "straw" recognizances, and varying phases of legal impunity for prosperous scoundrelism.

In truth, lynching is an attempt to supply within the unquestioned province of the government the government's equally unquestioned deficiency, and its practice constitutes a grave and disquieting symptom of the evil it seeks to remedy. If popular government does not so administer justice as to satisfy the moral sense of the people, then popular government fails to fulfill its duty. A government, like every other contrivance of man or production of nature, must be judged by its fruits. The worth of American democracy will be gauged by our answers to two questions, namely :—To what manner of men does it entrust

political power? And how well or how ill do these men exercise that power? These questions involve comparisons, and comparisons are proverbially odious, because seldom fair, but I shall not test the merits of our rulers and of their rule by any foreign standards. I ask you to measure the leaders of the thoroughly democratic America of to-day by the leaders of the far less democratic America of a century since, and the management of our public affairs by the management of our great industrial and educational enterprises. A year ago the highest officers of the Union were welcomed by those of our greatest State and greatest City in celebrating the centennial anniversary of our first President's assumption of office: how looked these men and all the other dignitaries around them when shadowed by the memories of those who had a hundred years before accompanied or greeted Washington?

Yale and Harvard are ruled by oligarchies; the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central are plutocracies; are these corporations managed with greater or less fidelity, skill, and success than are shown in the administration of, for example, the City or the State of New York? And how, think you? Would the universities be better governed, or worse, if every citizen, learned or ignorant, of New Haven or Cambridge, had, by right of birth or residence, a voice in their affairs? Would the railroads be more or less prosperous if the stockholders had to share their control with all the brakemen and switch-tenders in their employ, or with all the passengers and shippers who use them? In brief, is it true that as a ruler on any field or for any end *πολύ τε διαφέρειν οὐ δεῖ νομίζειν ἄνθρωπον ἀνθρώπου*?

It is not true; it is not really believed to be true by any thinking man; and from its assumption of set purpose as a postulate in any scheme of government there will flow all the baleful consequences of a deliberately acted lie. We have not escaped the penalty, but it is the lighter for us because we have been half-hearted in the sin; we indeed set up a popular government, but we give that government the least possible to do, and when its inefficiency becomes dangerous we help it out with even this trifling work. We get along with so little ruling that we can in some measure afford to be careless as to the quality of our rulers; our resources are so boundless, the work of their development is so absorbing, our national life is so overflowing with energy and health, that we will not lose the time we can ill

spare "o'er petty quarrels upon petty things" among the petty men we endure as politicians. In the exuberance of our youthful strength, we think we can neglect little ailments, formidable perhaps to those without our immense advantages. But a day of reckoning awaits this heedlessness. We cannot, with impunity, dismiss from thought the character and conduct of our public men, although we may be rich enough to bear any degree of mismanagement and profusion. Corruption creeps surely into an ill-regulated national family, and it is no less true now than when Burke spoke that "there never was *long* a corrupt government of a virtuous people." To-day Americans confront the problem whether they shall purify their government, or their government shall debase them.

We shall purify our government and the universities of America must lead in the work. We need an aristocracy in the true and original, not the technical and perverted, sense of the word ; a government by the men best fitted to govern ; it is for Yale and her sisters to supply such men. You, gentlemen of the Faculty of this old and honored seat of learning, you do less than your part if any youth leaves your walls believing that he owes no greater debt to his country than if they had never sheltered him. I call on you to teach those for whose after lives you must so largely answer that the post and the work of each citizen in the commonwealth are fixed for him by no Procrustean standard of legal uniformity, but by his faculties and his blessings ; that when God gives him light and strength to wield power for the good of his fellow men, He gives with them the right to claim and the duty to seek such power. Teach them to reject in word and action a mischievous sophism, so shallow that to clearly state is to expose it, but which, repeated parrot-like by thousands who recognize its emptiness, has maimed and distorted our conception of civic duty. Teach them to see, not that men are essentially and by nature unequal, for of that only the blind could fail, but that it is unworthy of a good and brave man to shut his eyes to what is. In short, teach them, in this, as in every other, field of thought, to know and tell and act the truth, and this truth shall make them, and others through them, truly and worthily free !

ARTICLE VIII.—EUGENE SCHUYLER.

THERE was a man worth loving, for he was a good hater as well as a good lover! Not one grain of indifference in the man; not a single faculty or perception which was not active and strong. Force which made hard work a keen delight to him, sympathy which drew him into close relations with every other honest thinker, simple humanity which discovered the essence of all "good things to enjoy:" these traits he had in singular perfection. I never heard him say, nor can I now imagine his saying, such a weak thing as "I don't care." He did care, and work, and enjoy, and love honesty, and hate sham, with his whole heart. A whole-hearted man.

Now I have no doubt pretentious people, frauds, shams, and shirks, feared him and—so far as such petty natures are capable of hatred—hated him. I have no doubt of this, but I cannot positively assert it; for my own experience has been, that, having spoken about Eugene Schuyler with many people in many different parts of the world, all have expressed warm admiration for my friend—all except one fellow, and he was just a mean scamp of a fellow whose approval I myself should not like to have, for his approval would imply some mean trait in me.

After all, can even frauds and shams and shirks really withhold the admiration due to such an example of force and sympathy and simple humanity? I have just said I do not doubt it; but who knows? Eugene Schuyler's personality, which does not cease in his death and which cannot be forgotten, is a very precious thing to the friends who loved him, the country which honored him, and—after all, who knows?—perhaps also to those who, more or less unwillingly, yielded obedience to such force of character.

Love, honor, obedience: these words, like the words of the marriage ceremony, unite his name with the history of our own time.

My acquaintance with him began about six years ago, and was the result of a critical review of his "History of Peter the

Great" which I contributed to the *New Englander and Yale Review*; but at the present moment my most vivid remembrance is of his expressions and the tones of his voice as we lunched together most leisurely and talked of many things in the restaurant of the hotel *Baur am See*, Zürich. That was just about one year ago. We had spent the morning together, looking at some national sports in which the Alpine cow-herds were pitted against the athletes of Zürich and other Swiss cities, and we had taken notes of the peculiar style of wrestling (called *Ausschwingen*) there exhibited,—of contests in flag-swinging, horn-blowing, and all the rest of it. In fact we had mutually promised to publish our impressions and exchange our papers, whatever they might be.

But at luncheon we quickly got away from the subject of the morning. Mr. Schuyler was at that time engaged in writing a series of Articles on a most interesting plan, treating of the famous English literary people who had resided in Italian towns, giving details of their lives in that environment, etc. He had already done original work of much value in this direction, making his studies with equal industry and good judgment on the spot. Several Articles of this series had already, at that time, appeared in *The Nation*, and he told me about his further designs. This I mention because the appreciative and sympathetic side of his nature was shown in this discussion. How clearly he saw the famous dead people whom he was describing! How quickly and surely he analysed them, judged them, summarized them! With an unerring perception of that which is probable in human nature, he set them before me—these figures of the last century—and made them live again in their favorite Italian haunts.

Then the conversation turned to another field. His appointment as Consul General at Cairo had just been cabled, and we spoke of his opportunity there—not about the public business, for that was a matter of course; and I think we must all acknowledge that the Department of State had no more able representative—not about public business, then, but about study.

Ever new studies and ever more study! The valued friend of Taine, the German's equal in his knowledge of German,

the authority on Russian and Eastern affairs, language and customs, was coolly planning an attack upon Oriental lore. Arabic was to be compelled to yield to his tireless efforts. There were the laws—the most cleverly framed system of law that the world has to show; there was the history of a conquering race, conquering under ready-made laws, whereas the Romans and the Germanic tribes conquered barbarously without a conception of law for the conquered until long after their conquests were complete.

A most inviting field for study! He would have done nobly. This I mention to illustrate the mental force of the man. This design, so sadly interrupted, was a bit of heroism in study.

Now for another transition. This was simply delicious. Side by side with the most intimate and personal form of biography, and the most abstract phase of history, the amiable humanity of my friend appeared, with a constant reminder of good-fellowship. He knew all the best lake fish, and precisely how each variety should be cooked; he planned the courses of our lunch like a *chef*, and, under his guidance, the sequence of wines was a poem. It was the most delightful thing to see the changes in his expression—especially in the shape and lights of his eyes under their very strong brows: so keen, so dominating when he was speaking of study at Cairo (poor Schuyler!); so gentle and conciliatory when he spoke of my own plans and of our common friends—as of my little daughter and my wife, for example.

By the way, when he first met them he made them both laugh with him and like him in less than five minutes. I cannot praise a man's heart more highly than in saying that.

MARRION WILCOX.

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ARTICLE I.—JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Author of "The History of the United Netherlands;" "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld;" "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," etc. Edited by George William Curtis, with portrait. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square, 1889.

John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1879.

THE former two of these volumes appeared nearly two years ago, and the latter has been for several years before the public. In the meantime, English reviewers, periodicals, and newspapers have noted them, their subject and contents, far more adequately than Mr. Motley's own countrymen or at least than our usual organs of public and literary opinion. It was our purpose a year ago to draw attention in the *NEW ENGLANDER AND YALE*

REVIEW to these volumes and to the career of Motley as an example and inspiration; but, delayed in the execution of this purpose, we now attempt it in the confidence that the subject has lost none of its value during the interval.

It is as an American, a fellow-countryman, that we feel the strongest interest in Motley; and it is in that aspect, as a man and as a literary artist, that we shall try to present him here. We are well aware that he and his career are pointed to by Englishmen and many Americans as typical or illustrative of the culture and influences of Europe rather than of this country. We do not so read the story of his life. A truer American, a more ardent republican, a more passionate American patriot, never honored us than this man, in his life and in his death. He was as real an American, as true a product of our soil, to the last, as Benjamin Franklin. But we have no thesis to uphold, no case to make out; we shall aim only to let these volumes tell the tale and point the moral of his life and career.

Few Americans, we might say few men, have ever been more favored of what we call nature and circumstances, in the growth, from the first, of character and mind, of personal and social qualities. His American ancestry began early in the last century in the person of his great-grandfather, John Motley, of Belfast, Ireland, who settled and reared a large family at Falmouth, Maine, two of the sons removing in 1802 to Boston and there maintaining a prosperous business career for a half-century. Thomas Motley, one of these sons, married the daughter of Rev. John Lothrop, and of eight children of this marriage John Lothrop Motley was the second, born in what was then the town of Dorchester, April 15, 1814. Like so many other gifted men, he owed to his mother, first by inheritance, then by influence and training, the special type of his character and the fibre of his genius. Dr. Holmes' *Memoir* gives glimpses which make us sure of the unusual grace of mind, character, and manners which marked Mrs. Motley. Dr. Holmes says of her: "She was a woman who could not be looked upon without admiration," and he quotes Mr. Wendell Phillips' phrase—"her regal beauty," and adds, "Her character corresponded to the promise of her gracious aspect." The volumes of *Correspondence*, in Motley's letters to his mother, which begin in

1825, from the Round Hill School at Northampton, when he was eleven, and continue till her death in 1865, give rare and touching evidences of the depth of her influence over all his life. In a letter of March 15, 1865, to his eldest daughter, now the wife of Sir William V. Harcourt, written after her death, but before the fact was known to him, Motley says of his mother: "I think of her every hour of the day, and yet I have almost habituated myself to think of her as one already in Heaven. . . . Certainly no one ever had a more angelic mother than we have had. It is, I believe, a sacred truth that I never had a word of difference with her in the whole course of my life. I cannot recall that she ever spoke a word to me except of love and tenderness, since I was born."

Motley's school life was passed in a single summer at a private school at Jamaica Plain, then in two years at Round Hill, under Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Cogswell, and in 1827, at the age of thirteen, he entered Harvard College. He was not diligent in his college studies, though an eager miscellaneous reader and fond of the indulgence of writing for his own amusement. "He had a small writing-table," says Mr. Phillips, "with a shallow drawer; I have often seen it half full of sketches, unfinished poems, soliloquies, a scene or two of a play, prose portraits of some pet character, etc. These he would read to me, though he never volunteered to do so, and every now and then he burnt the whole and began to fill the drawer again." Such, however, was the impression made by him upon the college authorities, that in spite of a "rustication," at the end of his course the rules of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which limited the number of members to the first sixteen of each class, were stretched so as to include him—"a tribute," says Dr. Holmes, "to his recognized ability, and an evidence that a distinguished future was anticipated for him."

Two years were then passed in study and travel in Europe, and in 1834 returning to Boston he studied law and became a member of the profession, though he did not engage seriously in its practice. He was married in 1837, an event which, next to his mother's influence, if not even more than that, moulded and determined his social life and destiny thenceforward. In 1839, his public literary career was begun by the publication

of the novel, called "Morton's Hope,"—a work which gained him no increase of fame and of which Dr. Holmes well says: "It is not to be read as a novel; it is to be studied as an autobiography, a prophecy, a record of aspirations, disguised under a series of incidents which are flung together with no more regard to the unities than a pack of shuffled playing-cards." "Morton's Hope" was plainly, if unconsciously to its author, autobiographical, and of it Dr. Holmes' remarks are aptly true: "In no other of Motley's writings do we get such an inside view of his character with its varied impulses, its capricious appetites, its unregulated forces, its impatient grasp for all kinds of knowledge. With all his university experience at home and abroad, it might be said with a large measure of truth that he was a self-educated man, as he had been a self-taught boy." In such busy leisure as had always marked him, he passed two more years, and in 1841 he received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, an event which seems to have determined his career in its two principal directions—diplomatic pursuits and historical work. He returned to Boston in 1842, and in 1845 in the columns of the *North American Review*, startled his friends and the literary world of his neighborhood by an essay on Russia and Peter the Great—an essay which after familiarity with the rich maturity of his after work, one finds the worthy precursor of the more elaborate but hardly more powerful portraiture of the Dutch Republic and John of Barneveld. This essay was followed by two others in the same magazine in 1847 and 1849 on Balzac, and the "Polity of the Puritans." Each of these essays is deeply interesting for its own merits of style and tone, as well as for its promise of what was to follow. The bent of Motley's art and life thenceforward, the first strong strokes of a great literary career, are here disclosed. Nothing can exceed the exactness with which these magazine pages prefigure and paint the tone of thought, the color and quality of the genius of Motley, the historian, as we now know him,—the same picturesque richness of style, the same flowing, rich and choice, but idiomatic diction, the same power of imagination which enabled him to say twenty-five years later in a letter to his mother,—"My days are with the dead,"

as Robert Southey says, and I find dead men much more lively companions than many I meet with when I go out into what is called life."

In 1849, Motley served one term as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in the same year published his second novel, "Merry Mount, A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." Dr. Holmes states that in 1846 he had begun to collect material for a history of Holland. Finding Prescott, then at the zenith of his literary activity, engaged in the same field, he privately made known to him his plans and studies, and received in return the most cordial encouragement and help of the elder historian. We would gladly present here Motley's report of this episode, especially of his interview with Prescott, for it is delightful to see, in these days of literary piracy and greed, such an example of truthful and chivalrous fair-dealing between authors working in the same veins, who might easily have been estranged and embittered towards each other.

In 1851, in order to carry forward and complete his studies for the History of the Dutch Republic, he went abroad, residing and studying successively at Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels. From the latter place in 1853 he writes to Dr. Holmes a letter from which we quote enough to show the power of his historical imagination: "With the present generation," he says, "I am not familiar. *En revanche*, the dead men of the place are my intimate friends. I am at home in a cemetery. With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on the most familiar terms. Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlit square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call him by his Christian name." To illustrate the nature and extent of his work, he adds in the same letter, "I go day after day to the archives here (as I went all summer at the Hague) studying the old letters and documents of the fifteenth century. Here I remain among my fellow-worms, feeding on these musty mulberry-leaves, out of which we are afterwards to spin our silk. How can you expect anything interesting from such a human cocoon? It is, however, not without its amusement in a mouldy sort of way, this reading of dead letters. It is something to read the real, bona-fide

signs-manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexandre Farnese, Philip II., Cardinal Grenville, and the rest of them. It gives a 'realizing sense,' as the Americans have it."

At length, in 1856, the work of full ten years appeared in the three volumes of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." It is of interest to remark that the manuscript of this work was offered to Murray of London, and declined; it was then published in London at Motley's sole expense, an American edition being published by the Harpers at the same time as the London one. We look back with pitying amazement at the London publishers of the middle of the seventeenth and of the eighteenth century who rejected "Paradise Lost" and the "Vicar of Wakefield," but our wonder can hardly be less at this London incident of the middle of the nineteenth century; and we are glad to believe that at last even book publishers have passed the day when a manuscript accredited and offered by a respectable author had no chance for a judgment based on its merits. From the flunkey days of Patronage to the mercenary days of Bargains, as Carlyle pictures it, was a long forward step; but a long step remained and had not been taken by all publishers when Motley went upon the London market, unheralded, in 1856, with the most brilliant work of historical painting and delineation "in the grand style," which the last forty years have given us.

A part of the years 1856 and 1857 was spent by Motley in America, and from 1858 to 1860 he remained abroad at work on his vast project of a history of the whole period from the abdication of Charles Fifth to the peace of Westphalia,—“at which last point,” he wrote, “the political and geographical arrangements of Europe were established on a permanent basis,—in the main undisturbed until the French Revolution.” Of this the first portion, consisting of two volumes of the history of the United Netherlands, was published in 1860, the remaining two volumes not appearing until 1868. In this interval Motley had accepted, and resigned after six years' service, the position of Minister to Austria. In 1868, he returned to Boston, signalizing his visit by his masterly address before the New York Historical Society on "Historic Progress and American

Democracy," as well as by the most notable political speech of the same year, in support of the candidacy of Gen. Grant for President. In March, 1869, he was appointed Minister to England and was removed from that position in July, 1870. In 1874, having in the meantime remained abroad engaged in literary work, he published his last work—"The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland,"—a work which Dr. Holmes aptly describes as "an interlude, a pause between the acts which were to fill out the complete plan of the 'Eighty Years' Tragedy,' and of which the last act, the Thirty Years' War, remains unwritten." At the beginning of 1875 occurred the death of Mrs. Motley, and after a summer and autumn in America in 1875, he returned to England, where near Dorchester, Dorset, he died May 29, 1877.

So much of biography our subject has demanded, though our chief interest for this Article is the contents of the two volumes of Correspondence which are before us.

Dr. Holmes's Memoir is well described by Mr. Curtis as "admirable." It has all the tenderness of an intimate friend, with the invariable literary skill of its author, as well as a most spirited defence and vindication of Motley from aspersions resulting from incidents of his diplomatic career. This memoir is, however, a brief expansion of a biographical sketch prepared by Dr. Holmes and read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, and is what its author styles it—"but an outline which may serve a present need." Alone, this memoir would be deemed inadequate and meagre, aside from its polemic character in some aspects: but now that the two volumes of Correspondence are given us, there is far less need of him whom Dr. Holmes modestly and graciously salutes as "a future biographer."

The Correspondence of Motley discloses a wealth of personal character, of artistic culture, of literary attainment and skill, of social charm and worth, which seems to us quite unequalled in the annals of our American literature for the last half-century. So rich a work composed only of letters originally private, written necessarily without thought of publication, reveals a depth of culture as well as soundness of character which is well calculated to increase our self-esteem as countrymen of Motley. Letter-writing is often pronounced a lost art; and there is a

large measure of truth in the dictum. In the sense of composing private letters for purposes of real social entertainment, and with serious literary care, we have recently had but few examples such as Cowper's letters, for one instance, give us. Letters in form but not in reality, mere literary essays and sketches, we have had often enough. Here, however, we are presented with a series of veritable letters—letters of domestic affection, of daily news of family and friends, of school life and university life, at home and abroad, of foreign art and manners, of politics and literary reflection,—in short, on every theme which should interest, instruct, and inspire a highly-gifted and cultured gentleman,—all written too for the eyes only of those to whom they first went. Surely, here is a test of culture and character which is crucial and final.

Of Mr. Curtis's editorial work a word only is permissible. He has given us the highest instance we anywhere remember to have met, of editorial self-effacement,—a preface of a single page, with barely seventy lines in the whole two four-hundred-page volumes, of note or explanation: and of comment, not a word. Who shall hereafter say that editorial self-restraint may not find its most perfect example in a professional author and life-long journalist? And Mr. Curtis's editorial reticence is well placed and in the best possible taste. The letters which are published and as they are published need no editing. What was withheld, what was judiciously omitted, as Mr. Curtis suggests, as "repetition" or as "essentially private" or as "comments upon persons and affairs which, however innocent or playful, might cause needless pain or misapprehension,"—in all this judicious and needful task, we do not doubt the editor's tact, justice, and delicacy of feeling, have had their full exercise. The result is that we have here two volumes of letters "printed as they were written," and we do not hesitate to risk the opinion in advance of what we shall show of these letters to justify it, that they are a precious and permanent enrichment of our literature.

The Correspondence follows, in the main, if not entirely, a chronological order. The following from a letter to his father dated Göttingen, July 1, 1832, well illustrates his spirit, as well as his faculty of description, and gives a picture worth re-seeing, of the German university student of fifty years ago;—

"But I have said nothing yet of the students because I am afraid of attacking such a boundless and inexhaustible subject. The German students are certainly an original and peculiar race of beings, and can be compared to nothing.

The University towns are the homes of '*outréness*' or rather, they are places where it is impossible to be *outré*, except by dressing or behaving like 'a Christian or an ordinary man.' You can hardly meet a student in the streets whose dress would not collect a mob anywhere else, and, at the same time, you hardly meet two in a day who are dressed alike, every man consulting his own taste, and fashioning himself according to his *beau idéal*.

The most common outer garment is a red plaid or a blue velvet frock-coat, twenty of which you find to one of cloth. The head is covered with a very small cap with the colors of the *Landmannschaft* to which the individual may belong. The boots are garnished with spurs universally, albeit innocent of horse-flesh; the fore-finger of the left hand always with an immense seal ring (often of iron or brass); and the upper lip and chin fortified with an immense moustachio and beard (in fact, I have seen several students with a depending beard more than four inches long, and there is hardly one who does not wear moustachios.) A long pipe in the mouth, a portfolio under the arm, a stick in the hand, and one or two bull-dogs at the heels, complete a picture not in the slightest degree exaggerated of a Göttingen student! The most promising article in the formation of a German student's room is the pipe. There are generally about twenty or thirty of different kinds hanging in his room—of porcelain, meerschaum, and stone, all ornamented with tassels, combining the colors of his *Landmannschaft*; and you have no idea how beautifully some of the pipes are painted with landscapes, portraits (there are often beautiful miniatures painted on them), or coats of arms. Pipes are a favorite present among the students (and you have anything you wish painted on one when you wish to give it away). Every one smokes, and smokes at all times, and in all occupations (except that they are not allowed to smoke in the streets), reading, writing, talking, or riding. I prefer a pipe now to a cigar, and I am hardly ever without one in my mouth (for instance, I have been smoking a great meerschaum all the time I have been writing this), and I always breakfast at half-past five o'clock (!) on a cup of coffee and a pipe, and continue the 'cloud-compelling' occupation through the day. I find I grow fat on it, for I never was in such health in my life. I find that I have said nothing as yet about the German duels. These things are such a common and every day occurrence that I have ceased to think at all about them. I must, in the first place, tell you that the accounts you have read in Dwight, etc., of the frequency of these things is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, in fact it is entirely impossible to exaggerate them. I have been here now about three weeks, and during that time as many as forty have been fought to my knowledge, and I know of as many as one hundred and fifty that are to take place directly." (Vol. I, pp. 19, 20.)

He proceeds to describe the self-imposed modes of discipline then in vogue and adds a word of defence or explanation of the duel.

"There is also a regular code by which the different offences are meted, and the degrees of sabre satisfaction determined. The most common and slightest insult is the 'Dummer Junge' (stupid boy), which demands a duel of Twelve Gangs. (A 'Gang' I cannot exactly describe. It is the closing of the two combatants and a certain number of blows and parries.) The parties have each a second by his side to strike up the swords the moment a wound is received. The doctor then steps in, examines the wound, and if it proves to be '*Anschüss*' (a wound of a certain length and depth), the duel is discontinued.

A more gross insult demands twenty-four Gangs, and a still more important one, forty-eight. But the most severe duel is that of one 'Gang' in which, as I have said, the duel continues until one drops.

You need be under no apprehension of my returning with a disfigured visage, for as a foreigner is seldom or never insulted, and if he has the right of choosing his own weapons (which in my case would be pistols or rifles, and the Germans have an aversion to gunpowder), in which event the offender generally makes an apology and backs out of the business. I assure you I have not at all exaggerated this duelling business. If you cannot have faith in it you have only to say —

'Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though folks at home condemn them.'

And though it is beyond all contradiction a brutal state of things, yet I cannot help thinking it is not without its uses. For instance, some of the students are perfect knights-errant, and if they hear of a lady being insulted (for it is not uncommon for a German student who wishes to manifest his independence, to push a lady off the sidewalk), are sure to seek out the offender and salute him with 'Dummer Junge,' in which case twelve gangs of the *Schläger* must necessarily ensue."

From 1832 to 1834 he pursued with fidelity his studies in law at Göttingen and Berlin, at the latter place under Savigny, in part, and in January, 1834, he thus writes to his father :

"I think I could bear a tolerable examination in the Civil Law in a few weeks, at which time I shall have finished the study of it. I hope in the course of two months to have some knowledge of the German Common Law and of the Law of Nations, which I have also been studying. Of my other studies, which have been merely for myself, I shall say nothing."

His letters readily show us that here, as in college days, his "studies merely for himself" embraced art, history, German,

French, Italian, etc. Leaving Berlin we find him writing, or sending extracts from his diary to his parents, in succession from Vienna, Paris, and Rome. In Italy he is plunged into the maze of masterpieces of classic and renaissance art, and the impressions made on him seem to come as near as anything can to a demonstration of what is the real power of Art, and of the relative perfection of the trophies of art which Italy still holds. Motley was a clear-sighted, open-hearted observer, unconventional, self-reliant in opinions, and cultivated to a degree which made him a fair test of the power of this world of art over the imagination and taste of mankind. The theme is threadbare now, if it was not when Motley wrote, but it is worth while to give a word of his letter from Rome, dated November, 1834:

“My Dear Parents:

* * * * *

The common casts, prints, etc., had given me no better idea of the Apollo Belvedere than they had of the Venus de Medici. I have heard of persons being disappointed in both. This term ‘disappointed’ is a cant and favourite phrase which I don’t profess to understand. If a person expected an elephant and found an Apollo I can conceive of his being disappointed, but if he was looking for a divinity when he saw the Apollo and was then ‘disappointed,’ I can only say that the fault was in him. The whole figure of the Apollo is slight almost to spareness, but at a little distance the nose is a thousand times more scornful than I expected, and the whole face has almost a chilling repulsiveness. But on approaching nearer, this expression melts away, all the anger concentrates in the nostril, and the eternal beauty of the face and figure dissolves itself and floats almost like a drapery around the whole statue. The god, the divinity speaks, breathes, moves in every line, limb, muscle. Every deity of the ancient temple has lent this face his brightest attributes. The forehead of Jupiter, when it was pregnant with the Goddess of Wisdom, the eye of Juno, the lips of Venus, and the hair floating on the shoulders and bound on the forehead as if by the very fingers of the Graces. The very first sight of the statue transports you to Delos. The Muses in their hallowed vales rise around you, and in the midst of them and presiding over them, and over everything which makes life lovely, stands the god of eternal youth, and light, and beauty, and poetry in his full divinity before you. It is no longer a piece of chiselled marble which enchains your eyes, the figure expands into life, into immortality, while you are gazing; the ground seems to sink away before his lofty god-like steps; you see the glittering chariot of fire and hear the snorting steeds, and you start lest the god of the sun shall have already sprung into his car, and be already rolling in light and glory and divinity above the earth.

There is on the whole more divinity, more of the godhead in the Apollo than in any ancient statue, at least that I have seen. One may have more loveliness (as, for instance, in Meleager), and another more nature, but the Apollo is not flesh, is not marble—there is nothing earthly about him. It is a being to whom none but Ganymede or Hebe have administered. He has never been fed but with nectar and ambrosia; there are no protruding veins, no swelling muscles—all is perfect, god-like, beautiful repose. He is the embodiment of the ethereal essence which is the being of gods, and there is not a particle of materiality about his whole system. It seems impossible that labour and time should have created such a statue. It seems to have waked into existence like a single thought, a single impulse. It seems the sudden and startling realization of the brightest dream which the genius of its artist had ever conceived. It is impossible to imagine that it could have been produced by degrees, that the sculptor could have seen the future divinity concealed in the heart of the shapeless marble; that he could have watched his own bright, original thought gradually unfolding itself from the bosom of the stone, breathing upon him slowly and mysteriously like the birth of day and night, and bursting at last from its marble chaos in full, perfect, immortal loveliness of his first burning conception. It seems impossible; it seems to be the thought itself waked into immortal existence by the stroke of a wand, so ethereal, so immaterial, so god-like is the statue."

The freshness, naturalness, the unforced enthusiasm of such impressions are better than any more learned or technical criticism, or rather they *are* criticism in its best mood and use.

One of the most remarkable letters in these volumes is a series of extracts, evidently from his diary, sent to his parents from Naples, April 30, 1835, after his ascent of Mount *Ætna*, which is too long to quote. An English reviewer, with much reason, finds in the impression made upon Motley by "the celebrated pyramidal shadow of the cone of *Ætna* formed on the southern side of the island," the suggestion of a great passage in his description of the shadow cast by Philip II. over the Low Countries, in the first volume of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, beginning, "As across the bright plains of Sicily when the sun is rising," etc.

In turning over these letters—many of them for the third and fourth time—we are continually met by new evidences of the breadth of Motley's sympathies and the soundness of his culture. Here is a man who is at once an austere student, a tender lover of wife and children, a man of society, at least to

the extent of marking with keen zest its phases—"its tricks and its manners"—portraying them to others with satire which is never sour, and wit which is ever genial—a student of art, swayed by its enchantment, but clear-sighted to find its lurking secrets or expose its conventionalisms and false shows, alive in every fibre and open at every pore to the spell of history, "the tales of humanity," which so haunt the imagination of a stranger or foreigner in Europe, yet ever an eager patriot, roused to rage by a taunt aimed at his country or countrymen; surely the outpourings of love, confidence, and what these led to, from such a man touching life at so many points, must be of worth beyond the ordinary! The letters are in truth, if we may attempt a brief characterization, information illumined by wit, sentiment, satire, imagination, and affluent learning, while through them all runs the clear, never-failing tone and current of love of family, and kindred, and country.

The perfection of literary style seen in the greater number of the letters is remarkable to a degree. There are pages especially of his Russian and Italian letters which are hardly surpassed in point of mere style by any pages of his formal histories. Such, for example, are the two letters to his parents from Naples, Dec. 28, and April 30, 1834 (vol. i, pp. 108–121), the extracts from his diary at St. Petersburg in 1841, and the letter to his uncle from Florence, Dec. 13, 1855. He is passing through Prussia in 1841 on his way to St. Petersburg, and he sends to his wife this picture of the Prussia of fifty years ago:—

"Prussia has no history—the reigning family is an ancient one; but the State is new, and an artificial patchwork, without natural coherence, mosaiced out of bought, stolen, and plundered provinces, and only kept together by compression. A Prince of Hohenzollern—something-or-other-ingen bought the Mark of Brandenburg with the dignity of Elector of the Empire, and his successors, after having in the course of two or three centuries subjugated the barbarous Prussia proper (already well hammered by the Teutonic knights and the Polish kings), helped themselves to a slice of Poland, and stolen Silesia, had the pleasure at the beginning of the present century of seeing their ingeniously-contrived kingdom completely sponged out of existence by Napoleon, and then repaired and put together again by the Cabinet-making of Vienna. Since then, Prussia is a camp, and its whole population drilled to the bayonet. It is the fashion to praise its good administration; but I have no sympathy with your good administrations.

Prussia is a mild despotism to be sure. 'Tis the homeopathic tyranny—small doses, constantly administered, and strict diet and regimen. But what annoys you most is this constant dosing, this succession of infinitesimal Government pills which the patient subject bolts every instant. Everything, in fact, is regulated by the Government; the royal colors are black and white, and Government is written in black and white; all over the kingdom. The turnpike-gates are black and white; the railings of the bridges are black and white, and so are the signs of the taverns, post-houses, etc., etc. In every inn a royal *ordinance* stuck up against the wall informs you how much you have to pay for everything—for your dinner, your bed, your schnapps, your glass of sugar-and-water. This is well enough for the traveler; but a sort of arrangement neither complimentary nor gratifying to the inhabitants. But what nonsense it is for me to be wasting all this time in such a tirade."

At St. Petersburg he introduces into a letter to his wife, John Randolph's burst of rage at Russian climate, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere:—

"I shall avail myself of the indulgence which the President has been pleased to accord me, and leave this worse than Stygian atmosphere in time to escape the rigours of its arctic winter. This country may well be likened to a comet; we are now in the perihelion—I shall not wait the aphelion. Never have I see so many severe cases of summer disease. St. Petersburg, built upon a morass, resembles Holland in everthing but cleanliness and wealth. An inundation of the Neva, the only outlet of the vast Lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, lays the city under water. The mark of the last inundation is four feet above the surface of the streets, which are all on a dead level. The water for drinking is detestable, worse even than that of Norfolk or New York, and never fails to engender the most fatal diseases. Dysentery in its worst form, bilious fever of the most malignant type, are now raging.

The "*Concord*" (the ship which brought him) is a perfect hospital. I have written thus far interrupted every quarter of a minute by innumerable flies, gigantic as the empire they inhabit, which attack the face in all its vulnerable points—nose, mouth, ears, and eyes under the cover of the spectacles. This is the land of Pharaoh and its plagues. It is Egypt in all but fertility. The extremes of human misery and human splendour here meet. Although I succeed an Anglo-Russian (in his house) who considers himself very neat, yet an exact description of the house prepared to receive me, the public rooms excepted, would not be very pleasing to him or the reader," etc., etc.

Illustrative of his taste for all forms of art, we find him writing from St. Petersburg to his mother, Dec. 26, 1854.

"Last night I went to see Taglioni in a new ballet. The subject seemed to be something about Montezuma and the Spaniards; but the play-bills are in Russian and pantomime is panto-Hebrew to me, so that

I don't know the name, and could only guess at the subject. I have seen her a good many times, and Mary will never forgive me when I say that she is decidedly more graceful and a better dancer than Fanny Ellsler. Nothing can equal her swimming, sweeping, whirling, floating motion; her dancing is a perfect abstraction or emanation. Ellsler has more *espièglerie*, is prettier, dances with more elasticity and power, and I dare say excels her in pantomime—which I hate and don't understand—but she is not as graceful as Taglioni. The charm of Taglioni's dancing is its absolute freedom from effort. Her most difficult steps and postures seem to produce themselves without any volition of her own, and the most graceful, and in reality the most elaborate movements, seem as artless as those of a 'three-years' child."

How clearly he penetrated the shams and equivocations of European diplomatic life as he met it, the following description of an incident at St. Petersburg in 1841, will show:

"Speaking of Casimir Perier, I dare say you have not taken the trouble to read in the newspapers the farcical quarrel between the Courts of France and Russia which has furnished the main topic of conversation lately in this place. Count Pahlen, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, left his post unquestionably to avoid making the speech to the King on New Year's Day,—a duty which devolved upon him as senior ambassador. Louis Phillipe retorts by ordering his *Chargé* (the Ambassador being already away on leave) to be taken ill on the day of the Emperor's fete (or day distinguished both as the name's-day of the Czar and the epoch of my presentation), but at the same time to exhibit his convalescence immediately afterwards in the most public manner. Accordingly, Perier abstains from the Court circle on the plea of indisposition, and the next day appears in the Nevskoi Prospect, and the same evening at the theatre. The Czar, in a great huff, immediately despatches a courier to Mr. Kisseleff, Russian *Chargé* at Paris, ordering him to be immediately taken ill, in order not to go to Court on New Year's Day. Mr. Kisseleff accordingly excuses himself and *his aunt* at the same time; makes his appearance at various salons, announcing himself "*indisposé par ordre*." This completes the first act of the farce. The second act opens at St. Petersburg with the counter-manding of the Court circle on the Russian New Year's Day, which luckily for the successful development of these operations is twelve days later than that of the rest of Christendom, and with the appearance of the French *Chargé* at the Court ball on the following evening. The Court circle was (probably) postponed because the Emperor would at that ceremony have been obliged to converse with Perier, while at the ball he was able to cut him in the sublimest manner. The act closes with the appearance of the Russian at a Court ball at Paris; the reconciliation is, superficially, at least, effected, and the curtain falls. The whole thing, however, is chiefly interesting in so far as it illustrates the character of Russian society. Since the beginning of the affair, the

whole St. Petersburg nobility have discontinued all intercourse with Perier. Dinners, etc., were countermanded, because he happened to have been invited before the plot was discovered, and their whole course displays the entire and abject dependence of the whole fabric of society as well as of government upon the will of the Czar."

From London in 1842 he writes to his wife this report of Thiers as an orator, which is certainly interesting in the light of Thiers' later career as a statesman. After speaking of Guizot whom he describes as having "a fine monastic sort of face, and a short uncourtly figure," he says :

"The only person, however, of those whom I heard who is really an orator, is Thiers. The others were merely lecturers (Laplague, Hermann, Duchatel, etc.), who take their speeches (apparently written out in full) into the Tribune, and drone away like preachers in a pulpit. But Thiers had very few notes, and spoke almost without recurring to them. The subject was a very uninteresting one to a stranger, being a debate upon the project of a new law for the assessment of direct taxes, submitted by a member of the Opposition. Thiers hopped up into the Tribune after a recess, rubbing his hands and smirking about with the most delicious *aplomb*. The House would not come to order for a great while, and he looked down upon them with the most provoking *sang-froid* while the President was ringing his bell like a dustman, and the *greffiers* (or whatever they are called) were bawling, "En place, Messieurs, en place:" like so many diligence conductors. At last when order was restored, he leaned over the Tribune and began to squeak, not to speak ; and yet, in spite of his funny voice, every word that he said was distinctly audible, and his style was so fluent, so limpid, and so logical, his manners so assured and self-possessed, that, in spite of the disadvantages of his voice, his figure, and his great round spectacles, which give him the appearance of a small screech owl, I thought him one of the most agreeable speakers I had ever heard. The Chamber is evidently afraid of him without respecting him, and his consummate brass, added to his ready wit, makes every one of his speeches gall and wormwood to his enemies."

At Brussels in 1851, his letters show how strongly the physical as well as the political and moral struggles of that people had impressed his mind and heart—the same tone, the same imagery, the same energetic sympathy, which mark and color the opening chapters of the "Dutch Republic."

Pursuing his work at Dresden, the winter of 1852, with unrelaxing ardor, he finds time to write to his mother of Sontag who was then about to visit America :—

"Since Sontag departed we have had nothing at the opera. She played seven nights here, of which we went six, the seventh being a repetition of a part in which we did not admire her the most (Rosina.) The best tickets, the best places (and we had always the best seats in the house, owing to a small *douceur* judiciously administered to the box-keeper), cost three thalers, (two dollars and fifty cents) each. You will probably pay much more. It was rather an extravagance, but Mary has not much amusement here and she is very fond of music. I think you cannot help being pleased with Sontag, and advise you to go very often. *La Fille du Regiment* is her best part, but she is quite charming in all. She is very pretty at forty-seven, looks twenty-seven, is an uncommonly good and graceful actress in light parts, and her voice, although it is of course faded, and indeed effaced as to some of the notes, is exceedingly sweet, and she possessed to perfection the flowery, arabesque, decorated style of singing, which is so rarely heard. Of course it is not equal to the passionate and tempestuous style of the Italians, of Malibran, Pasta, Grisi, but it comes next to that, and it is at least perfect of its kind. She was much admired here, and the house was always brimming over, a thing which I have not seen before or since, although the prices of the seats were tripled. She is to go to America this summer."

From Dresden he writes to his mother of the Sistine Madonna, and we quote his criticism and judgment for the charm of its freshness of view and unconventional spirit, as well as for what seems to us the justness of its estimate, though it has become highly unfashionable to admire or speak admiringly of this marvellous work:—

"I am pretty well persuaded that the '*Madonna di San Sisto*' is the first picture in the world. I don't think any painter has ever so well hit the exact combination of the supernatural with the natural which is always attempted in the face of the infant Saviour. The expression, without ceasing to be that of an infant, has still something infinitely imposing and majestic. The Madonna is faultlessly beautiful and very human, yet there is an expression beyond humanity; not elevated, for it is humble; not triumphant, for it is sad; but prophetic and wondering, as of a face gazing vaguely, but earnestly into the depths of the future, and dimly conscious of the coming struggles of humanity. There is a sentiment that the child in her arms is the Saviour and the Judge of unborn millions; there is the submission of a mortal to a super-human destiny; there are tenderness, patience, pathos, and transfiguration above the clouds of common emotions; everything, in short, which painters have from the beginning of Christian art endeavoured to typify by that mysterious image, the Madonna. I don't think that it is possible to exaggerate the beauties of this picture with regard to its suggestive effects. It has no fault as a composition, which is a great

virtue, for even Raphael often has something which jars upon the mind, even in his most harmonious pictures. But here there is nothing discordant—everything is musical. The Madonna and Child are inexpressibly beautiful and lofty, the venerable figure of the kneeling pope is full of piety and fervour. The Barbara is a model of grace and modesty, and the two cherubs at the base of the picture are exquisite expressions of innocence and infantine devotion.

As you are perfectly familiar with the composition by the engraving, I do not apologize for speaking of the picture, otherwise I should do so, for I hold that to have to listen to the description of a painting of which you have never seen any copy or sketch is an infinite nuisance. I said that this picture was the best in the world, and I have tried to explain why I think so. Because it is the highest flight into the regions of the sublime and beautiful to which the mind of Raphael ever attained. I never wish to criticise it. It hushes criticism. It is the only picture which awes me into silence. When I go away I readily admit that there are many paintings much superior as works of art. It does not compare to the 'Transfiguration' nor to Titian's 'Ascension,' not to Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' as a finished exhibition of colour and handling and technical power. It looks almost like a fresco already. The body of the child is a mere smooch of lamp-black, the shadows are generally without transparency, except in the drapery, which has been retouched. The face of the Virgin, however, is exquisitely coloured, and that of the Child, although by no means strongly painted, has still warm, life-like tints. The truth is, the picture is a sketch wholly from the hand of Raphael, and dashed off in a moment of enthusiasm."

His intense disgust at American slavery, native to his character, comes out in numerous letters at about this time. Writing from Dresden in 1852 he laments in terms as mournful as a Boston Whig the death of Webster, but in the same letter referring to European ignorance of America, he says:

"When I say that nothing is known about America, I am wrong. Everybody knows that slavery exists there, for everybody in Germany has read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I am glad of it, because I believe the only way the curse is ever to be taken from the nation is by creating such an atmosphere all around the slave States, that a slaveholder may not be able to thrust his nose outside his own door without scenting that the rankness of his offence is tainting every wind of heaven. The only way in which the system can cease to exist, is, it seems to me, by working the children of the present slave holders. The coming generation in each of the fifteen slave States are the people who must grapple with this question; but the question won't be staved off for a third. It is all up for your generation or for mine. If one or two States, like Kentucky and Tennessee, should come to abolish the system and should succeed well, afterwards the great obstacles would

be removed. Of course the black race is not by nature capable of social or intellectual equality with the white, nor have they ever desired it, so far as I know. But it is begging the question to say they will be insolent and that they won't work after emancipation. Certainly they are orderly enough and industrious in Massachusetts. Besides slavery is an immense crime, while refusing social equality is a matter of taste, and is only denying to the blacks that which does not exist, and never did exist anywhere with regard to the whites."

Again, two years later, from London, he writes to his mother:

"We love our diseases, and cling to them as the only source of health and strength. When you look at America from a distance, you see that it is a great machine for constantly extending the growth of cotton and expanding the area of negro slavery. This is the real motive power of our whole political existence, and such a principle can only carry us over a precipice, yet all who lift their tongues and voices against the curse, or who express their disgust at the hypocrisy of a nation prating of freedom when its whole aim is to perpetuate slavery, are esteemed mischievous and malignant."

The London letters which cover the spring and summer of 1858 have been justly, we think, regarded as among the most interesting of the series. Here, with him, we meet almost all that was then famous in the London realm of literature, science, politics, and society. To name those who figure here is to call the roll of England's great names of thirty years ago—Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Dean Milman, Thackeray, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord John Russell, Brougham, Stratford de Redcliffe, the Duke of Argyle, Robert Lowe, Palmerston, Gladstone, D'Israeli, Sir Henry Bulwer, Bulwer Lytton, John Forster, Hallam, Grote, Lord Carlisle, Lord Dufferin, Monckton Milnes, Bright, Lord Clarendon, Senior, Tyndall, John Stuart Mill, Wilkie Collins, Lord Stanhope, John Sterling, Ruskin, Harriet Martineau, Whewell, Hayward, Rawlinson, Darwin, Layard, Dean Stanley, Browning, Kinglake. With these and such as these Motley was on terms of favored social friendship, but they never appear in his letters except where we are given some glimpse which is significant or descriptive.

To his wife he writes of Thackeray:—

"I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, and roundish face, with a little dab of a nose

upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly-stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great ‘snob’ of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavor to Boswellise him a little, but it is very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle the author. Thackeray said, ‘Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived—if they are on the road, he may perhaps treat them civilly.’ Mackintosh praised the description in the ‘French Revolution’ of the flight of the King and Queen (which is certainly one of the most living pictures ever painted with ink), and Thackeray agreed with him, and spoke of the passages very heartily. Of the Cosmopolitan Club, Thackeray said, ‘Everybody is or is supposed to be a celebrity; nobody ever says anything worth hearing and every one goes there with his white choker at midnight, to appear as if he had just been dining with the aristocracy. I have no doubt,’ he added, ‘that half of us put on the white cravat after a solitary dinner at home or at our club, and so go down among the Cosmopolitans.’”

Lord Lyndhurst he thus describes :

“As soon as I got into the room Lady Lyndhurst opened upon me such a torrent of civilities that I was nearly washed away. I certainly should not repeat, even to you, and even if I remembered it, the particular phraseology. Once for all, too, let me say that I only mention such things as these in conformity to your urgent request. I would no more write such things to any one else, even to my mother, than I would go and stand on my head in the middle of Pall Mall. I feel like a donkey, and am even now blushing unseen, like a peony or any other delicate flower, at the very idea of writing such trash, and I beg that you will thrust my letter into the fire at once. Moreover, I assure you, with perfect honesty, that if you had not been so very desirous that I should put my head a little while out of my shell, I should certainly keep it in and pass all my time at work, which by the way, is getting these few days past somewhat behindhand. She then took me in and presented me to Lord Lyndhurst. I liked him very much. Although he is eighty-six years of age, his intellect is undimmed. He has almost lost the use of his legs, and is wheeled about in a chair; but he goes down to the House every day, and he occasionally makes a speech, which is neater, more concise, and more elegant than any that are delivered there. He must have been very handsome, with a decided resemblance to his sister, Mrs. Greene. He wears a brown wig; has regular features; is not very unlike Mr. Otis* in appearance. His manner is very gentle and winning. He said some very kind things to me about my book, and talked very agreeably on other subjects.”

* Harrison Gray Otis.

Lord Brougham is thus photographed in a letter to his wife :

"Let me give you a photograph, while his grotesque image still lingers in the camera-obscura of my brain. He is exactly like the picture in *Punch*, only *Punch* flatters him. The common pictures of Palmerston and Lord John are not like at all to my mind, but Brougham is always hit exactly. His face, like his tongue and mind, is shrewd, sharp, humorous. His hair is thick and snow-white and shiny; his head is large and knobby and bumpy, with all kinds of phrenological developments, which I did not have a chance fairly to study. The rugged outlines or headlands of his face are wild and bleak, but not forbidding. Deep furrows of age and thought and toil, perhaps of sorrow, run all over it, while his vast mouth, with a ripple of humor ever playing around it, expands like a placid bay under the huge promontory of his fantastic and incredible nose. . . . Such is what remains at eighty of the famous Henry Brougham."

Lord John Russell thus appears at dinner at Pembroke Lodge :

"Lord John was very amusing, told lots of anecdotes about the Duke of Wellington, George IV., and other personages, with much sly humor and enjoyment. The popular idea of 'Johnny' is that of a cold, cynical, reserved personage, but in his own house I never saw a more agreeable manner."

In 1861, his anxiety over American affairs led to a sudden visit to Boston. He was intensely aroused by the crisis and his letters burn with patriotic emotion and passionate defences of the War for the Union. But we cannot forbear here to quote a word of characteristic humor from a letter of Dr. Holmes dated February 16, 1861, to Motley, while he was still in London. Dr. Holmes says :

"I should like very much to hear something of your every-day experiences of English life,—how you like the different classes of English people you meet—the scholars, the upper class, and the average folk that you may have to deal with. You know that, to a Bostonian, there is nothing like a Bostonian's impression of a new people or mode of life. We all carry the Common in our heads as the unit of space, the State House as the standard of architecture, and measure off men in Edward Everetts as with a yard-stick."

In a letter from Boston to his wife and daughter, in London, June 14, 1861, Motley thus speaks of the meaning of the war, in referring to his own famous letter to the London *Times* :

"The paper was at once copied bodily into the Boston and New York papers, with expressions of approbation, and I make a point of stating this to you, both because I was myself surprised at the deep impression which the Article seems to have made here, and in order that you may let any of our English friends who are interested, know that the position taken in the Article is precisely that which is recognized by all men throughout the Free States as the impregnable one in this momentous conflict.

"The reason why I am saying so much about it now is simply because it is the text, as it were, to all I have or probably shall have to say on the subject of American politics in my letters to you. *Any one who supposes this civil war is caused by anything else than by an outrageous and unprovoked insurrection against a constituted government, because that government had manifested its unequivocal intention to circumscribe slavery, and prevent forever its further extension on this continent, is incapable of discussing the question at all, and is not worth listening to.* Therefore it is (and with deep regret I say it) that there is so deep and intense a feeling of bitterness and resentment towards England just now in Boston."

The italics are ours; and the statement is so true, so exactly just, as to be worth fixing in the memory.

His record of his impressions of President Lincoln show us again how that wonderful man grew into the confidence of all who met him. Thus, June 20, 1861, he writes:

"I went with Seward in the evening of Monday to see the President. He looks younger than I expected—less haggard than the pictures—and on the whole, except for his height, which is two or three inches above six feet, would not be remarked in any way as ill- or well-looking. His conversation was commonplace enough, and I can hardly remember a single word that he said, except when we were talking—all three—about the military plans in progress, he observed, not meaning anything like an epigram, 'Scott will not let us outsiders know anything of his plans.' He seemed sincere and honest, however, and steady, but of course it is quite out of the question for me to hazard an opinion on so short an acquaintance as to his moral or intellectual qualities."

Again, June 23, he says:

"I went" (at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Montgomery Blair) "and had an hour's talk with Mr. Lincoln. I am very glad of it, for had I not done so, I should have left Washington with a very inaccurate impression of the President. I am now satisfied that he is a man of very considerable native sagacity; and that he has an ingenious, unsophisticated, frank, and noble character. I believe him to be as true as steel, and as courageous as true. At the same time there is doubtless an ignorance about state matters, and particularly about foreign affairs,

which he does not affect to conceal, but which we must of necessity regret in a man placed in such a position at such a crisis. Nevertheless his very modesty in this respect disarms criticism.

Our conversation was, of course, on English matters, and I poured into his not unwilling ear everything which my experience, my knowledge, and my heart, could suggest to me, in order to produce a favorable impression in his mind as to England, the English government, and the English people. There is no need of my repeating what I said, for it is sufficiently manifest throughout this letter. And I believe that I was not entirely unsuccessful, for he told me that he thought that I was right, that he was much inclined to agree with me, but, he added, 'it does not so much signify what I think ; you must persuade Seward to think as you do.'

In Massachusetts in 1861, Motley sees young men—Gordon, Holmes, Dwight, Lee, Greene—raising companies and regiments of volunteers for the war and he exclaims :—" Oh, how I wish that I had played at soldiers when I was young! Wouldn't I have applied for and got a volunteer regiment now! But alas! at forty-seven it is too late to learn the first elements, and of course, I could not be a subaltern among young men of twenty-two." And again from Austria, in 1862, he writes: "It seems to me at times as if I could not sit out this war in exile. I console myself with reflecting that I could be of little use were I at home, and that I may occasionally be of some service abroad. The men whom I most envy are those who are thirty years of age, and who were educated at West Point, or rather that portion of them who did not imbibe a love for the noble institution of slavery, together with their other acquirements at that college."

As has been stated already, from November, 1861, to March, 1867, Motley was minister at Vienna, but his heart was in America. We wish our space permitted us to quote many a passage from this correspondence which gives us the best possible statements of our great cause, then trembling in the balance of war, or rarest glimpses of the state of feeling towards us in Europe, or valuable pictures of European politics in the years closely preceding and during, the Austro-Prussian struggle of 1866. The old German *Bund*,—"Blessed old Bund"—"B. O. B." as he writes it,—the European Balance of Power—"B. O. P."—and the sham and mockery of Louis Napoleon, are constant themes for his satire and contempt. It would, we

think, be hard to find a more complete and vivid account of events in Europe from 1861 to 1867 than these Vienna letters contain. In August, 1866, he writes :

“The Union of Italy and the Union of Germany, to prevent which has been the steady aim of Louis Napoleon, just as it was his steady aim to assist Jeff. Davis in destroying the American Union, are in a fair way of accomplishing themselves in spite of him. We shall hear of no more Italian Confederacies with the Pope for President.

The B. O. B. has exhaled, and Austria is left out in the cold (for her own good, as I sincerely believe) and so much for Louis Napoleon as dictator to Europe and master of the situation. Alas, poor Louis Napoleon ! Where be your Sardinias and your Genoa now ? Your Rhenish provinces and your Belgiums ? Quite chapfallen. Go to Vichy.”

The Bismarck letters alone have a unique value and interest, which cannot be resisted. They raise our estimate of Motley ; they throw a strong light on the personal character and spirit of the most remarkable figure of the century in continental politics and public life. At Göttingen in 1832 Motley met two Americans from Charleston—Mitchel King and Amory Coffin—both still living, and with them became intimate with Bismarck as fellow students, an intimacy continued by Motley later at Berlin. In 1855 he visited Bismarck at Frankfort, where the latter was then Prussian Ambassador. Of him at Frankfort, Motley thus speaks :

“Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of honor, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable talents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be found any day in any Court ; and I have no doubt that he is destined to be Prime Minister, unless his obstinate truthfulness, which is apt to be a stumbling-block for politicians, stands in his way. . . .”

Writing to his wife from Bismarck's house at Frankfort, he says : “Madam de B. and her mother have both assured me over and over again that Bismarck was nearly out of his wits with delight when he saw my card. I should certainly not say such a thing to anybody but you, and I am not so overburdened with self-esteem but that we may afford to tell each other the truth in such matters, and it really gives me pleasure to know that a man of whom I think so highly has such a warm and sincere friendship for me. I am sure that you will like him,

and I only regret that we can see so little or nothing of each other for the rest of our lives." And of Bismarck's home here, he says; "Here there are young and old, grandparents and children and dogs all at once, eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing, and pistol firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drank is offered you; porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, burgundy, or claret are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute."

Nine years later he meets him again at Vienna;—"Bismarck is at present Prime Minister of Prussia, and is here to negotiate a peace with Denmark. We were very intimate in our youth, and have always kept up the association, having renewed our old friendship six years ago at Frankfort, where he was Prussian envoy at the Diet. He dined with us yesterday *en famille*, asking me to have no one else except Werther, the Prussian Minister here, that we might talk of old times, and be boys again. Tell Lily that he regretted, he said, very much not seeing her, having heard so much in her praise from Baron Werther, and many others. I regret it, too, excessively. Lily will tell you all about him politically. He is as sincere and resolute a monarchist and absolutist as I am a republican. But that doesn't interfere with our friendship, as I believe that Prussia is about as likely to become a republic as the United States to turn into a military monarchy." Writing from Vienna, in 1866, of the future of Prussia, he says: "It is now a military despotism. The hard-cutting instrument, which is now personified in my old friend Bismarck, may do its work by cutting away all obstacles and smoothing the geographical path to Prussia's great fortune. Bismarck is a man of great talent and of iron will. Probably no man living knows him more intimately than I do. He too believes in his work as thoroughly as Mahomet or Charlemagne, or those types of tyranny, our Puritan forefathers, ever believed in theirs." In 1872, he visited Bismarck at Varzin and his letter from there to his wife gives us views of the great statesman, of surpassing interest:

"After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting

manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters—without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, this is the great Bismarck—the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. When one lives familiarly with Brobdignags it seems for the moment that everybody was a Brobdignag too, that it is the regular thing to be; one forgets for the moment one's own comparatively diminutive stature. There are a great many men in certain villages that we have known who cast a far more chilling shade over those about them than Bismarck does. . . . I wish you could have heard him. You know his way. He is the least of a *poseur* of any man I ever saw, little or big. Everything comes out so off-hand and carelessly; but I wish there could be an invisible, self-registering Boswell always attached to his button-hole, so that his talk could be perpetuated. There were a good many things said by him about the Nikolsburg Conference confirming what I had always understood.

The military opinion was bent on going to Vienna after Sadowa. Bismarck strongly opposed this idea. He said it was absolutely necessary not to humiliate Austria, to do nothing that would make friendly relations with her in the future impossible. He said many people refused to speak to him. The events have entirely justified Bismarck's course as all now agree. It would have been easy enough to go to Vienna or to Hungary, but to return would have been full of danger. I asked him if he was good friends with the Emperor of Austria now. He said, yes, that the Emperor was exceedingly civil to him last year at Salzburg, and crossed the room to speak to him as soon as he appeared at the door. He said he used, when younger, to think himself a clever fellow enough, but now he was convinced that nobody had any control over events—that nobody was really powerful or great, and it made him laugh when he heard himself complimented as wise, foreseeing, and exercising great influence over the world. A man in the situation in which he had been placed was obliged, while outsiders for example were speculating whether to-morrow it would be rain or sunshine, to decide promptly, it will be rain, or it will be fine, and to act accordingly, with all the force at his command. If he guessed aright, all the world said, What sagacity,—what prophetic power! If wrong, all the old women would have beaten him with broomsticks.

If he had learned nothing else, he said, he had learned modesty. Certainly a more unaffected mortal never breathed, nor a more genial one. He looks like a Colossus, but his health is somewhat shattered. He can never sleep until four or five in the morning. Of course work follows him here, but as far as I have yet seen it seems to trouble him but little. He looks like a country gentleman entirely at leisure. . . . I wish I could record the description he gave of his interview with Jules Favre and afterwards with Thiers and Favre, when the peace was made.

One trait I mustn't forget, however. Favre cried a little, or affected to cry, and was very pathetic and heroic. Bismarck said that he must

not harangue him as if he were an Assembly; they were two together on business purposes, and he was perfectly hardened against eloquence of any kind. Favre begged him not to mention that he had been so weak as to weep, and Bismarck was much diverted at finding in the printed account afterwards published by Favre, that he made a great parade of the tears he shed."

And in another letter, referring to his visit to Varzin, he says:

"As for B. himself, my impressions of his bigness have increased rather than diminished by this renewed intimacy. Having been with him constantly fourteen or fifteen hours a day for a whole week, I have certainly had opportunity enough to make up my mind. . . ."

Bismarck's letters to Motley, of which some half-dozen or more appear here, would alone make the fortune of a book. One of these letters is too good to be left out. We rub our eyes to make sure that it is the "Man of Blood and Iron," who writes:

"BERLIN, May 28rd, 1874.

"JACK, MY DEAR.—Where the devil are you, and what do you do that you never write a line to me? I am working from morn till night like a nigger, and you have nothing to do at all—you might as well tip me a line as well as looking on your feet tilted against the wall of God knows what a freary colour. I cannot entertain a regular correspondence; it happens to me that during five days I do not find a quarter of an hour for a walk; but you, lazy old chap, what keeps you from thinking of your old friends? When just going to bed in this moment, my eye met with yours on your portrait, and I curtailed the sweet restorer, sleep, in order to remind you of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Why do you never come to Berlin? It is not a quarter of an American's holiday from Vienna, and my wife and me should be so happy to see you once more in this sullen life. When can you come, and when will you? I swear that I will make out the time to look with you on old Logier's quarters, and drink a bottle with you at Gerolt's, where they once would not allow you to put your slender legs upon a chair. Let politics be hanged and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house, and conversation and the best old hock shall pour damnation upon the rebels. Do not forget old friends, neither their wives, as mine wishes nearly as ardently as myself to see you, or at least to see as quickly as possible a word of your handwriting.

'Sei gut und komm oder schreibe.

Dein, V. BISMARCK.

'Haunted by the old song, "In Good Old Colony Times."*

* In 1888, Prince Bismarck, in his great speech to the German Reichsrath, quoted this song, adding at the same time that he had learnt it from his "dear deceased friend, John Motley."

The fact of Motley's resignation of his position of Minister to Austria in 1867, and his removal from his position as Minister to England in 1879, has already been stated.

Of the former incident—known as the McCracken affair—little need be said. We believe the action of our government on that occasion has long been regarded as no better than contemptible. The very existence of McCracken is mythical; it is not certain such a man ever knew or saw Motley. Apologetic friends of Mr. Seward assert that President Johnson being in "a state of intense irritation, and more or less suspicious of everybody about him," on reading the McCracken letter, exclaimed, "Well, let him (Motley) go," and Mr. Seward acquiesced. To Dr. Holmes, Motley wrote:

"As so many friends and so many strangers have said so much that is gratifying to me in public and in private on this very painful subject it would be like affectation, in writing to so old a friend as you, not to touch upon it. I shall confine myself, however, to one fact, which so far as I know, may be new to you.

"Geo. W. McCracken is a man and a name utterly unknown to me.

With the necessary qualification which every man who values truth must make when asserting such a negation, viz: to the very best of my memory and belief, I never set eyes on him or heard of him until now, in the whole course of my life. Not a member of my family or of the legation has the faintest recollection of any such person. I am quite convinced that he never saw me nor heard the sound of my voice. That his letter was a tissue of vile calumnies, shameless fabrications and unblushing and contemptible falsehoods—by whomsoever uttered—I have stated in a reply to what ought never to have been an official letter. No man can regret more than I do that such a correspondence is enrolled in the Capitol among American State Papers. I shall not trust myself to speak of the matter. It has been a sufficiently public scandal."

We think there was but one way to treat the insult of being asked to deny the statements of the McCracken letter. That way Motley adopted, and instantly resigned his position.

The removal from his post at London was an act which cannot be so summarily dismissed, if touched upon at all, and it was so conspicuous an event, and one leading to so many consequences in Motley's career as to require some notice in any review of that career. Dr. Holmes has treated it at some length; the Correspondence omits all editorial reference

beyond the mere record of the fact, except a brief allusion in a letter to Dr. Holmes in December, 1870, in which Motley says:

"You must forgive me if recent events have so disgusted me with political affairs that I do not like to go into them. I truly believe that I found myself, exactly at the moment when I was expelled from my post, in a position in which I could do much good. I thought myself entirely in the confidence and the friendship of the leading personages in England. And I know that I could have done as well as any man to avert war or even animosity between two great nations, and at the same time guard the honour and interests of our nation. Farewell; write to me soon, if you care to send an occasional message to one who now plunges into obscurity forever and without personal regret."

Motley was appointed to the English mission in March, 1869, the first month of President Grant's first administration. Following so soon after the McCracken incident and in view of General Grant's violent quarrel with President Johnson, it was justly regarded as a signal tribute, on the part of the administration, of confidence in Motley and of intended rebuke to Johnson and his Secretary of State. No doubt it had such meaning in the mind of the new administration. Motley went to his post in April, 1869. To Dr. Holmes he wrote April 16, of that year:

"I feel anything but exultation at present; rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and at the same time that I am taking greater responsibilities than ever were assumed by me before. You will be indulgent to my mistakes and shortcomings, and who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel, and the times are threatening. I shall do my best—but the best may be poor enough—and keep 'a heart for every fate.'"

On May 15, 1869, he received the instructions of the United States government, which related almost exclusively to the then pending "Alabama claims." In a conversation with Lord Clarendon, the British Foreign Secretary, June 10, 1869, he presented the views of our government, making a minute report of this conversation June 12, 1869, to our State department. To this report our Secretary of State replied, June 28, 1869, using the following language: . . . "Your presentation and treatment of the several subjects discussed in that interview meet the approval of this department." Then

referring to the alleged "right of every power, when a civil conflict has arisen within another State, to define its own relations and those of its citizens," he says the President's view "was not presented in precise conformity to that view," or, he adds, "as it would doubtless have been conveyed by you had your communication been made in writing." He concludes: "You may be well content to rest the question on the very forcible presentation you have made of the American side of the question."

The report of the conversation with Lord Clarendon was submitted to his Lordship for verification by Motley, and our Secretary of State was notified of the fact July 30, 1869. Motley was thereupon requested, in view of the inconsistency of some his representations of the President's views in the conversation with Lord Clarendon, with the views expressed in the instructions of September 25, 1869, to inform Lord Clarendon that the former presentation of views had been, in part, disapproved by the Secretary, and to this end he was allowed to read to his Lordship from the letter of the Secretary in acknowledgment of Motley's report of the conversation or to state to him orally the substance. Motley at once made the desired explanation or correction to Lord Clarendon in a written communication dated October 23, 1869, in the words used in the letter of our Secretary of State. Additional instructions were sent to Motley by the Secretary of State September 25, 1869. Of these instructions it is accurate to say that they, more nearly in terms as well as in spirit than the instructions of May 15, 1869, covered and endorsed the presentation of the American case by Motley in his first conversation with Lord Clarendon. Of his own position at this time Motley writes, December 27, 1869, to Dr. Holmes :

"I thought myself entirely in the confidence of my own government, and I know that I had the thorough confidence and the friendship of the leading personages of England."

On July 1, 1870, no whisper of dissatisfaction having in the mean time reached him from our government, a request to resign was forwarded to him, followed on July 12, by a telegraphic request for a telegraphic reply to the request for his

resignation. To the latter request Motley replied by cable thus:

"I respectfully request you to inform the President that I feel compelled to decline the offer he makes in giving me an opportunity of resigning my post, for considerations which are set forth in full in my letter of to-day."

Thereupon, November 10, 1870, he was notified of his removal and directed to commit the archives and other property of the legation to the American *Chargé*, Mr. Moran. On December 7, 1870, Motley wrote and sent to the State Department a review of his official conduct and the circumstances of his removal; and on December 30, 1870, Mr. Fish, our Secretary of State, replied in a letter addressed to Mr. Moran.

The literature of this passage of history has since been enlarged by two reported newspaper interviews, in the New York *Herald*, with Gen. Grant during his foreign travels; by one reported newspaper interview with Mr. Fish; and by an elaborate letter of Mr. Bancroft Davis, First Assistant Secretary of State in 1869 and 1870, in the New York *Herald*, January 4, 1878, since published in pamphlet by its author under the title "Mr. Sumner, the Alabama Claims and their Settlement."

We have re-collected, re-read, and re-considered, and have now before us, all the documents here mentioned. Our personal acquaintance with the authors of the anti-Motley documents would certainly lead us to avoid any hasty unfavorable judgment upon the case as presented by them, nor will our space permit us to enter upon an extended discussion. It appears to us upon the whole case that the removal of Motley was as unjustifiable an act as can be conceived of in a case where absolute power exists to remove at will. We will add,—for it is necessary to be just,—that we do not permit ourselves to believe that either Mr. Hamilton Fish or Mr. Bancroft Davis, influenced only by his own character, judgment, or sense of public duty, would ever have done this act.

The letter of Mr. Fish to Mr. Moran is painful reading to the friends of the Secretary. No judicious mind can say less than that it lacks dignity of style, is wanting, in some passages,

in decent regard for the proprieties of official intercourse, and is on the whole and at best not above the type of a "smart" letter of a hard-pressed and dexterous attorney-at-law. Mr. Fish's friends have always denied his authorship of this letter, and with obvious good reason. It is no excuse for the Secretary. The letter bears and will ever bear his honored name. That disastrous signature will never "out."

What was the true cause of Motley's removal cannot be averred with absolute certainty; but if events are ever explained by circumstances—coincidences of time and evidences of mental states and personal feelings,—we think the true cause may well be believed, if not affirmed, to have been the estrangement, rising at length into quarrel and hatred, between President Grant and Senator Sumner. The persistency with which this conclusion has been denied and combatted by the anti-Motley champions, we think, is due to the firm and persistent public belief that the true cause lay there, and this belief, in turn, is due to the visible facts familiar to public knowledge.

No more cruel personal blow could have been struck at a self-respecting and sensitive man. Motley struggled to bear it, to recover from it. Writing at this time he says: "Do not believe me inclined to complain, or to pass what remains of life in feeble lamentations. When I think of all the blessings I have had, and of the measure of this world's goods infinitely beyond my deservings that have been heaped upon me, I should despise myself if I should not find strength enough to bear the sorrows which the Omnipotent has now chosen to send."

The story of his life from this point may be, as it must be here, quickly told, as it appears in the Correspondence. It is full of labor, courage, and pathos. His letters from the Hague, whither he had returned to resume his historical work, begin in April, 1871, and are continued from Dresden during the fall of the same year. In January, 1872, he is again at the Hague, where he writes of himself: "I am afraid that I write history now rather from the bad habit of years, and because one must have a file to gnaw at, than from any hope of doing much good. The desire to attempt the justification of the eminent and most fearfully injured Barneveld inspires me, but

I cannot help thinking, so far as my own small personality is concerned, that the public has had enough of me, and will hardly absorb another book of mine. Moreover, I have at last the consciousness of being doubled up. I have suddenly fallen into old age, as into a pit. And I hate it. I try to imagine that it has much to do with the climate, and the marshy exhalations of a soil below the level of the sea, this sudden failing of intellectual and bodily vigor, languor, lassitude, moorditch melancholy."

In August, 1872, after his visit to Varzin, he is back at the Hague, where he remained until nearly the end of the year. From this time till the end he remained in England. In the beginning of 1873, he published "*John of Barneveld*," and in July, 1873, he was attacked by the fatal malady from which he never recovered. One finds in his letters from this point scarcely any falling off in vigor or interest, while the expressions of his affection for family and friends grow more tender to the last. A letter from Carlyle at this time presents the Chelsea cynic, so-called, in his softest mood;—"Your letter of Saturday last touches me to the very heart, not for many years have I had any word addressed to me which stirs so many deep and tender feelings. Alas! I know too well what depths of suffering you are struggling with, how dark and solitary is all the universe to you—suddenly eclipsed in this manner, and how vain is all human sympathy, how impossible all human help. Courage, courage, nevertheless! Time and pious patience do bring relief by slow degrees. . . . God bless you, help you, and be with you always."

Believe me ever, if it be the least comfort to you,

Yours, with deep sympathy, affection, and respect,

T. CARLYLE."

Motley's letters continue till May 17, 1877. He died May 29, of the same year. He was buried by the side of his wife in Kendal Green Cemetery, just outside of London. On the gravestone, underneath the record of his birth and death, are the words chosen by himself;—"In God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

We here close our effort to set forth the contents of these volumes with unaffected feelings of satisfaction that, even tardily and imperfectly, we have at last been able to render what we hope may be a service to letters and learning, a tribute to lofty aims, heroic labors under the seductions of fortune and without the spur of necessity, to disappointments and trials nobly borne, to a whole life of purity, faithful labor, and splendid patriotic service. The last time we saw Motley was on the fourth of March, 1869, as he stood looking from the Diplomatic Gallery of the Senate Chamber, on the scene preceding the first inauguration of President Grant. It was the figure and face of an ideal gentleman, a scholar who had kept his touch with the world of practical life and society,—beautiful in feature, in bearing, in whole aspect. His words, like his face, were radiant with patriotic pride and emotion. We remember the exultant tone in which referring to the end of President Johnson's term and "policy," and the beginning of President Grant's, he exclaimed as he swept by us in the throng,—“Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer!” We saw him no more, but these words come back to us as we close, and we involuntarily apply them to him now as he rests from his labors in that life which was long a reality and solace to him before he entered it.

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

New York, Sept. 27, 1890.

ARTICLE II.—THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA IN JAPAN.

SECOND PAPER.

THE American fleet separated in a storm. If our Japanese friends could have known it, and could have seen our belabored ships scuttling away into the darkness and foam, they would have taken it for an interposition of the Wind-god. Surely the temerity of these western barbarians deserved to be visited with vengeance. The gale developed into a typhoon, the largest though by no means the most violent of the four encountered by the *Saratoga* during her four years' service in these uneasy seas. By a subsequent comparison of the log-books of several ships that were caught in different parts of its whirling circuit, it was found to have been more than a thousand miles in diameter, and to have swept over a wide area of the North Pacific Ocean. It raged for several days; and I believe every vessel in our fleet got entangled in some part of its vortex. Our own ship, the *Saratoga*, left Yedo Bay under orders for Shanghai; and after the gale struck us, with battened hatches and sea-swept decks, we rode on the outer rim of that cyclone almost all the way back to China. It was riding a wild steed, as all sailors know who have tried it; but whatever the designs of the Wind-god, we reached Shanghai all the sooner for his ungracious aid. Six months we lay there at anchor off the consulate. It was the time of the Tae-ping rebellion. As if to give us further object-lessons in the oriental *modus vivendi*, one night the Tae-pings inside the walls rose and captured the city. The imperialist forces came down from Peking to retake it. And thenceforward, about once in three days, we were treated to a Chinese battle—sometimes an assault by land, and anon a bombardment by the imperial fleet of fifty or sixty junks; all very dramatic and spectacular, celestial and yet entirely terrestrial, sometimes sanguinary, often funny.

In February, 1854, the American fleet again met in Yedo Bay. It went the first time with four vessels, this time with nine. The return of the western armada so greatly reinforced

must have constrained the Japanese officials to do some hard thinking. It was the death knell of the old policy of exclusion. And yet how tenaciously they clung to it. Our second visit began with another chapter of the same refusals, evasions, subterfuges, with which they had tried to baffle our mission before. First, the Mikado's answer—if he should condescend to give one—would be given at Nagasaki, six hundred miles off. "No," said the Commodore, "we can despatch business better at Yedo." But that could not be; Japanese law required that negotiations with foreigners be carried on at Nagasaki. So much the worse for Japanese law, but he was an American, under explicit orders from the American government. The officials concealed their chagrin, and making a virtue of necessity, admitted that a building was already in process of erection near Uraga, the little city off which the ships were anchored. "This is the stormy season," was the answer; "my squadron is not safe in a roadstead so exposed. I must move higher up." They protested with the utmost vigor; but this man could not be bluffed nor hoodwinked as some of their previous visitors had been. He shifted his anchorage to Yokohama, some twenty-five or thirty miles above, and within less than an hour's sail of Yedo. So powerful a force lying so near their great metropolis undoubtedly expedited the negotiations.

Meanwhile, as in all historical movements, other influences were at work behind the scenes. It was only another part of the mystery brooding over this strange land that things we did not suspect should be working for us in the dark. Not till years after did it transpire what an unknown friend the American fleet had in Nakahama Manjiro. The story of this young Japanese waif reads like a romance. In 1838, while out fishing with two other boys, their boat was carried out to sea by the current and wrecked on a desolate island. Here they lived a Robinson Crusoe life for half a year, and were then picked off by an American whaler and carried into Honolulu. Manjiro remained with his new friends, acquired the language, and ultimately reaching the United States, received an education. Another whaling voyage, a visit to the California mines, and he was back in Honolulu, anxious to

revisit the scenes of his childhood. Nothing could deter him ; the representations of his friend, Chaplain Damon—the distance and perils of the way, the risk of being beheaded for his pains in case he should succeed—no argument or obstacle could stand for a moment before his unutterable longing for home. The chaplain set to work ; and in due time Manjiro and his two companions, now grown from lads to young men of twenty-five, were equipped with a whaleboat, a compass, a Bowditch's *Navigator*, and a sack of hard bread, and were put on board an American merchantman bound for Shanghai. A few miles from Lew Chew they and their whaleboat were launched and committed to the waves. A hard day's rowing brought them to the shore. Six months later they were forwarded in a trading junk to Japan. They did not land with impunity. An imprisonment of nearly three years was needed, before the authorities could decide whether it was a capital crime to be blown off the coast in boyhood and return in manhood. The year 1853 came round. The great Expedition had come and gone, and was to come again. Here was a prisoner in their dungeons who had actually lived in the country of the western barbarians, spoke their language, and knew their ways. It would not be wise to behead such an expert. Let him come to court and tell us what he knows. He was summoned accordingly, and the court made large drafts upon his stores of information. From a prisoner he was transformed into a noble, elevated to the rank of the Samurai, and decorated with the two swords. His whaleboat was made the parent of a whole fleet of boats constructed exactly like it, even to the utmost rivet. His Bowditch's *Navigator* he was required to translate ; and a corps of native scribes under his direction made some twenty copies of it for use in the Japanese marine. One of these copies Manjiro afterwards gave to his friend, Chaplain Damon, and it was on exhibition at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Dr. Damon had often inquired after the three adventurers, but had never learned their fate. Years after the treaty had been signed, a fine Japanese steamer, the *Candinamara*, anchored in the harbor of Honolulu, and the commander came on shore to call on Dr. Damon. It was no other than Manjiro,

now an officer of high rank in the Japanese navy. The mutual inquiries and explanations can be imagined. "Where were you at the time of the Expedition?" asked the chaplain. "I was in a room adjoining that in which the interview took place between Perry and the Imperial Commissioners. I was not allowed to see or to communicate with any of the Americans; but each document sent by Commodore Perry was passed to me to be translated into Japanese before it was sent to the imperial authorities: and the replies thereto were likewise submitted to me to be translated into English before they went to Commodore Perry." Manjiro was more than interpreter. His knowledge did not stop with the mere idioms of the language. He knew the American people, their ways, their manner of life, their wealth and commerce, the magnitude of their country, their power and national prestige. He was the divinely appointed channel through which American ideas naturally flowed into Japan. A mind endowed with faith can easily recognize a plan and purpose in the whole training of Manjiro, from the moment when he was driven from his country by what appeared to be only accident. It was a case of providential selection.

This chronicle will not attempt to detail the negotiations. They are recorded elsewhere and need not be repeated. I shall have fulfilled my commission if I keep within the range of personal reminiscence. While therefore the diplomats are at work on the vexed questions of the treaty, let us mingle with the curious throngs outside. The public sentiment of the hermit-nation was rapidly melting away before our neighborly advances. The people were glad of our coming. They flocked on board, and were received as friends. They admired our ships. They liked our dinners. It is not to be denied that some of them betrayed an especial weakness for our brandies and wines. On shore these courtesies were always reciprocated. During the discussions over the treaty many meetings were held; and on several of these occasions an entertainment was served by the Japanese in native style. Sidney Smith said of his countrymen, "An Englishman is like an oyster—you must get into him with a knife and fork." The same sentiment may be applied to our work in Japan. Diplomats

who dine together will be likely to deliberate amicably. The treaty was the resultant of a good many dinners.

It was my good fortune to be present at one of these oriental banquets. It was the day when the Mikado's presents to our government were exhibited. They were not numerous, but they were fine specimens of the dainty art and exquisite skill of Japanese craft. Several pieces of cabinet lackerwork especially surpassed in beauty of design and finish anything of the kind we had then seen. The other presents were silks, crapes, silverware and furniture, together with samples of household utensils and artisans' tools. Many of my readers doubtless have seen them at the Patent Office in Washington, or at the National Museum, to which they were a few years ago transferred. When these samples of Japanese art had been sufficiently admired, our genial hosts led us to the banqueting hall and dinner was set before us. This was of course composed of native viands, served in native style, and eaten with native chopsticks. If you have not learned to eat in that particular method I would not advise you to begin. At least when you are hungry. The results are meagre, and feasting settles down into fasting. The dinner was abundant. To such Saxon sea-appetites as ours it was toothsome; and what with chopsticks, fingers, and our own penknives, we wrestled with it in masterly fashion. First they seated us in long rows around the hall on wooden benches, and then ranged similar benches before us, spread with scarlet tea-cloths. Upon these, in front of each guest, was set a small wooden lackered stand, perhaps a foot square, and protected by a rim which kept the dainty dishes from crowding each other off. Mine was filled with the most delicate porcelains, and I longed to appropriate the ceramics, rather than their contents. The viands consisted of soups, vegetables, oysters, crabs, boiled eggs, pickled fish, sea-weed jelly, and some other compounds which we were not quite sure we recognized, and so felt toward them that hesitating awe which the elder Mr. Weller experienced toward "weal pie." The drinks were saki, a strong liquor distilled from rice, like the samshu of China, and tea, served as always in the East without alloy of sugar and cream. To these edibles we applied ourselves with lively industry, and considering our disabilities

with the chopsticks they proved remarkably evanescent. More saki and tea prepared us for a dessert of candied nuts, sugared fruit, sponge cake, and confectionery; and when this was done our funny hosts brought us each a sheet of brown paper to wrap and carry away what we had not eaten. Some of mine was still extant when I reached home seven months later.

This was a point of etiquette they observed themselves, and it occasionally developed droll results. One day at a dinner-party on board the flag-ship a Japanese functionary fell in love with a fine frosted cake and a bottle of hock. According to custom he desired to take them home with him. But it was late, and his potations had already made him too unsteady to be a safe bearer of such freight; so the Commodore promised to send them by a special messenger in the morning. Morning came, but the cake was gone. *Evasit, erupit.* Some unhallowed tar had stowed it away inside for safe keeping. Here was a terrible dilemma. What if the negotiations themselves should be imperilled for lack of that cake! A sort of drum-head coroner's inquest was hastily summoned to sit on the absent loaf. The verdict was, "Send the hock, but tell him that in America we present cake in the evening." The guest was perfectly satisfied, and by sundown another frosted loaf like the stolen one was concocted at the galley and sent on shore.

After the dinner our good-natured hosts conducted us to the beach. Among the presents was a large supply of rice for the fleet. This was put up in straw sacks or hurdles containing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds each. By the pile stood a company of athletes and gymnasts, chosen from the peasantry for their strength and size, and trained for the service and entertainment of the court. At a signal from their leader, who was himself a giant of muscle and fat, a sort of human Jumbo, they began transporting the rice to the boats. Some of them carried a hurdle on each hand above their heads, some would carry two laid crosswise on the shoulders and head, while others performed dexterous feats of tossing, catching, balancing them, or turning somersets with them. I saw one nimble Titan grasp a hurdle, fasten his talons in it, throw it down on the sand still keeping his hold, turn a somerset over it, throw it over

him as he revolved, and come down sitting on the beach with the hurdle in his lap.

Later in the afternoon the same athletes entertained us with a wrestling match. A ring had been prepared in the area of the council-house, and the ground softened by the spade. The athletes came in, stripped to the usual loin-cloth and equipped with satin aprons gorgeously embroidered and fringed. Stationing themselves in a circle around the ring they performed with grave pomp a series of weird incantations and passes, then filed off to the rear and laid aside their satin finery for business. As their names were called by the master of ceremonies, a pair of them would advance, take their stand at opposite points of the ring, crouch on their heels, and repeat the passes. Then entering the ring and warily approaching each other, they again crouched, again gesticulated, and finally with a demoniac yell sprang at each other, for all the world like two monstrous frogs. They used the head, not the fist. They plunged into each other, capered about and dove into each other headlong, butted each other on the breast and shoulders with frantic violence. Some of them had raised large welts on their foreheads by frequent indulgence in this frisky pastime. They were soon exhausted, but very few thrown. An hour sufficed for these huge calisthenics; and when it was all over and the puffing giants had collapsed, the ring smoked with the dust of battle, and looked as if it had been trampled and torn by a herd of elephants.

A more agreeable spectacle that afternoon was the sight of the first railroading in Japan. Among the presents to the Mikado we carried a railroad; not to be sure a completely equipped railroad with mortgage bonds and preferred stock, but so much of the genuine article as is represented by its road-bed and rolling stock. In the rear of the council-house the mechanics of the squadron had laid the circular track, and thither we all repaired. There stood the locomotive and car, exquisite specimens of American workmanship, the engine already hissing and fuming, impatient to be off, the car as sumptuous as the richest woods and the finest art could make it. The whole was constructed on a scale of one-fourth size, and so nothing larger than a French doll or a Newfoundland dog could

enter the dainty rosewood door. The engineer had to sit on the tender and stow his legs alongside the engine. And when a timid Japanese was finally induced to take a John Gilpin ride, he had to sit on the roof of the car, and bestow his feet on the tender. You can imagine how he clung to the eaves of the car, and how his robes fluttered and his teeth chattered, as he flashed around the circle. He thought he was going to be a 'dead-head,' and so, to be sure, he was. This miniature railroad was long kept as a sort of imperial toy. A large store-house was built for its safe-keeping; and every little while they would relay the track, and parties of princes and courtiers would go dashing around on a sort of circular picnic.

The telegraph was more of a puzzle to them than the steam engine. We carried them a line fifteen miles in length, of which half a mile was set up as a sample. They would go to one end, deliver a message, and then trot mystified to the other end, only to find their message safely arrived and waiting for them. It was just Yankee magic. But they have mastered it themselves now, and the Empire is interlacing itself all over with an ever increasing web of wires and rails. Another of our presents was a brass Dahlgren howitzer. While Mr. Townsend Harris was our representative at Yedo, they had already cast a thousand pieces like it, and had mounted them in their fortifications. Their salutes on Washington's birthday and the 4th of July were appropriately fired from these guns.

After many meetings and much elaborate discussion, the negotiations were finally completed. The Treaty was signed on Friday, March 31, 1854. Our ship, as the one which had been longest in commission, was selected to bring it away. The bearer of despatches, Capt. Adams, came on board; and on Tuesday, April 4, the *Saratoga* spread her white wings for home. At Honolulu Capt. Adams left us and brought the treaty home by way of Panama, reaching Washington some time in June. The *Saratoga* pursued her voyage, calling at beautiful Tahiti, rounding Cape Horn in a dashing gale the mid-day of winter, July 15, dropping in at Pernambuco for supplies, and reaching Charlestown Navy Yard in September—having been absent from the country just four years.

The marvelous transformations that have since revolutionized the island empire I need not recount. We felt our way into her harbors in the dark. Now, and for twenty years past, every headland and cape has been surmounted by a lighthouse, truthful token to the approaching mariner of the cordial welcome and help that await him. "Where cannon was cast to resist Perry now stands the Imperial Female Normal College. On the treaty grounds rises the spire of a Christian church."* The famous edict against Christianity is abolished. The first missionaries landed in 1859; now nearly two hundred are at work in different parts of the country. Some of them in the early days resided in Buddhist temples, rented to them by priests, who to give them accommodation moved out with all their idols. We may accept it as a happy omen of the vast educational and spiritual transformations which are even now cleansing those heathen shrines and illuminating them with the radiance of the Cross. The great Island Kingdom of the Orient is in the golden dawn of her renewal; and now, more than ever, deserves to wear the diadem of her ancient title, "The Empire of the Rising Sun."

JOHN S. SEWALL.

*Griffis. *Matthew Calbraith Perry*, 325.

ARTICLE III.—HENRIK IBSEN'S BRAND.

ENGLISH speaking people have had Henrik Ibsen brought to their notice in a strangely piece-meal, unhistorical way. Some one of his later works, commonly "A Doll-Home" has first attracted attention and then others of the stage-plays of modern society have been sought out and read in a hap-hazard way. Some few persons have perhaps tried to study the poet's antecedent development but have found the material accessible in English very inadequate. Thus there are no English translations of those unique dramatic poems "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," nor of that delicate satire "Love's Comedy." What the non-existence of these translations may mean to the English reader, is evident from the statement that very probably the works on which Ibsen's permanent place and fame in pure literature will depend are, in chronological order, these four: "Love's Comedy," "Brand," "Peer Gynt," and "Ghosts." Among these the writer does not hesitate to rank "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" higher than the other two, while his individual preference would give the highest place of all to "Brand." The choice between "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" is, however, difficult and perhaps unnecessary, since the one may be regarded as the counterpart of the other.

Mr. Evans in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1890, recounted Ibsen's life until his voluntary exile beginning in 1864. Like Goethe, Ibsen found a congenial environment, favorable to development, in Rome, where "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" were written, the former appearing in 1866, the latter in 1867. Both are in rhymed verse. In "Brand" the lines all have four accents, while the rhymes may be either single or double; the movement may be either iambic or trochaic, the latter being employed in tender, emotional passages. The whole is divided into five acts, but within the acts the successive scenes are not numbered.

The aim of this Article is to give such a plain, unvarnished outline of the drama, and to translate literally with close repro-

duction of the rhythm and to some extent of the rhymes, such portions as will together produce as nearly as possible the impression to be gained from a careful reading of the original.

The theme of "Brand" is idealistic self-sufficiency, as that of "Peer Gynt" is materialistic self-sufficiency. "Brand" has been called "the tragedy of the categorical imperative;" its hero is a man of strong will, who seeks to make will absolute, not only in himself but in all about him, and who learns that love is no less essential than will.

The drama opens on mountain snow-fields of Norway, with heavy fog, rain and semi-darkness. Brand, in company with a peasant and his young son, is struggling along, having lost the way. The peasant, though summoned to his dying daughter, wishes to turn back, but Brand, who, as we learn, is a pastor in the established Lutheran church, will go on. He reproves the peasant for his unwillingness to risk his life that his daughter may die in peace, saying :

"Go home. Your life's the way of death.
You know not God ; God knows not you."

To this the peasant rejoins : "Oh you are hard," and after they part, Brand soliloquizes :

"They grope towards home. Oh slave so slack,
Were will a well-spring in thy breast,
Were strength the only failing thing,
The toilsome way I would have shortened ;
On death-tired back, with wounded foot
I would have borne thee gladly, lightly ;—
But help is useless to a man
Who wills not, though he cannot do.
Hm—life, life ; strange indeed it is,
That life's so dear to these good folk !
Each puny man finds life so weighty
As if the world's salvation all,
Each human creature's health of soul,
Were laid upon his feeble shoulders.
They will no doubt make sacrifices !
But life's the thing that must be spared.

(smiling, in recollection.)

Two thoughts in boyhood came to me
And made me twist and writhe with laughter ;
One was : an owl afraid of darkness,
And one : a fish afraid of water.
Whence came that twisting, writhing laughter ?

Oh, from the discord dimly felt
 Between things as they really are
 And as they surely ought to be,—
 "Twixt having aye to bear a burden
 And finding burdens all too heavy.
 Each man in Norway, sick or well,
 Is such an owl, is such a fish ;
 He's made for work within the deep,
 He ought to know and live life's darkness,—
 And this it is that makes him fear.
 Upon the beach he flounders, frightened,
 And from his star-lit chamber flies,
 With cry of ; ' air and flames of day ! ' "

Now the fog begins to lift and Brand, hearing song and laughter in the distance, sees a pair of betrothed lovers, Einar and Agnes, parting from a group of friends upon the mountain's highest ridge. They come singing and sporting towards him in the clear summer morning, until with a shout he stops them on the very brink of a precipice. With lightest minds they tell the story of their hasty betrothal and how they now are on their way to take the steamer for home, there to be married, and then will go to the south, "like swans in their first flight." Brand listens coldly and turns away with a "Farewell, you two !", when Einar recognizes him as a school-mate in boyhood, saying :

" You are the Brand of old,
 Sufficient always in yourself ;
 Our games could never draw you on,
 To join your comrades' boisterous troop."

From Brand's replies we discover that he is to make a hurried visit to his native place near by and then is expecting to take the same ship as Einar and Agnes. To Einar's rejoicing that he is going the same way as they, Brand rejoins :

" But I go to a funeral.

(Agnes :) A funeral?

(Einar :) To bury whom?

(Brand :) That God you just now named as yours.

(Agnes :) (shrinking away :) Come, Einar !

(Einar :) Brand !

(Brand :) In shroud and coffin,

By daylight broad there shall be laid

Each earth-thrall's God, each day-work-drudge's.

This thing must to an end be brought ;

It's time for you to understand,
That He has ailed a thousand years.

(Einar :) Brand, you are ill.

(Brand :) No, well and sound ;
The present human race diseased,
It is, that healing needs to find,"—

healing of its halfness and weakness. Again Brand declares :

"Both race and God degenerate,
He needs a cap for his bald pate.
But *this* God never can be mine !
Mine is a storm, a weak wind thine, * * *
And He is young, like Hercules,
No gran'ther in the gray sixties."—

and further on :

"It is not dogma, is not kirk
That I would better by my work.
For both have seen a primal day,
And see, presumably, they may
A final night that shall descend.
All things created have an end,
By worm and moth consumed, decay ;
All must by rigid law and norm
Give way before an unborn form ;
But one thing death shall ne'er control,—
The uncreated spirit-soul,
Which was redeemed, when it was lost,
In time's fresh spring, at awful cost,
And built by faith's intrepid force
A bridge for flesh to spirits' source.
Of this but fragments now are found,—
Because false views of God abound ;—
But from these bits, of souls the stumps,
These broken spirits' torso-clumps,
These heads, these hands, a *whole* shall rise,
Such that the Lord shall recognize
His *man*, His noblest work, at length,
His offspring Adam, young in strength."

They part, and after Brand is gone, Agnes feels as if the sun had set and clouds and darkness gathered about them, while she asks Einar if he saw how great Brand grew when speaking.

The third and last scene of the first act is a way leading along a rocky wall with a wild deep at one side. Above and back of the mountain are seen larger heights with peaks and snow. Brand approaching his childhood's home, describes, as

his recollections are revived, this narrow valley, barren, sunless, stormy, cold. In under the shadow of a crag he sees the small red house of his widowed mother.

“There upon the strand of stone
I grew up, a child-soul lone.—
On me rests the cramping weight,
Thwarting weight, that I'm in kinship
With a soul that pointed earthward,
Alien to my higher self.
All the great things, willed before,
Fade now as behind a veil.
Strength and courage fail me quite,
Mind and soul grow lax and flabby ;
Here, in drawing near my home,
As a stranger must I come,—
Waking bound and shorn and tamed,
Samson-like in harlot's lap.”

He sees the people astir on the way to church :

“Oh I know you in and out,
Lax of soul and dull of mind !
All the Lord's Prayer you can offer
Is so little winged by will,
Little resonant with fear,
That of it none reaches heaven,
Ringing clear as voices should,
Other than the fourth petition.
This the country's countersign,
This the people's watchword is.
Out of all connection torn,
Written into every heart,
There it lies, the storm-tossed wreck,
Stranded wreck of all your faith.
From this sultry gorge away !
Stifling mine-air here is found ;—
Here no banner's folds can fly
Borne aloft by breezes fresh !”

As Brand starts on, a stone rolls close past him, thrown by Gerd, a girl of fifteen who runs to the top of the nearest ridge with other stones in her gathered apron. She is half-crazy and has thrown at an imagined hawk, which is for her the embodiment of all evil. Gerd tells Brand that she is on her way to church, but that her church is a great cavern of ice and snow at the end of a narrow ravine far up in the mountains. As she

leaves him, Brand reflects briefly, and closes the scene and the act with this soliloquy in which is summed up the symbolism of the three meetings of which this first act consists :

“ To church she goes, like them below.
Down there,—up here, which one does best?
Which one gropes on most wildly, worst,
Which farthest strays from peace and home,—
The garland-decked light-mindedness,
Which plays along th’ abyss’s verge,—
The dull lax-mindedness that plods
Along the ways of use and custom,—
Or that wild-mindedness whose flight
Makes evil almost beautiful?—
To arms against this triple foe!
I see my call; it flashes forth
Like ray of sun through open crevice!
I know my task; to slay these trolls
Will be to heal the world’s whole woe;—
The laying them within the grave
Will be the world-plague blown away!
Up, arm, my soul! Now draw thy sword!
To battle for the heirs of heaven!”

(He descends towards the village.)

The second act opens immediately hereafter down by the fjord, with steep enclosing walls of rock. The little crumbling old church stands on a low hill near. A storm is approaching. Poor people, men, women and children are gathered in knots, some on the strand, some on the surrounding slopes. The district-magistrate is seated on a stone in the center, distributing provisions with the help of a clerk. Einar and Agnes stand a little way off in the midst of a group. Some boats are seen at the water’s edge. Brand comes out upon the church-hill, without being noticed.

There is famine. Bad harvests, floods and drouth have done their work, and now want, disease and death are rife. Einar has given all that he had with him; but when the magistrate, on catching sight of Brand, bids him loosen his purse and help, Brand refuses, and to the magistrate’s reproach that he is hard as flint, he answers with emphasis, coming down among the people:

“ When pass the days in sultry quiet,
With slow step like a funeral,

Then lies it near to think that us
 The Lord has stricken from his book.
 But better has He proved towards you ;
 He sprinkled terror on your hearts ;
 With scourge of mortal need He smote ;
 He took the dear things He had given.”—

This seems to the people the extreme of harshness, but Brand continues :

“ Oh, could the whole of my heart's blood
 Refresh you as a saving flood,
 The stream should well forth lavishly,
 Each vein and artery be drained.
 But here to help would be a sin !
 Lo, God will lift you from the mire ;
 A living folk,—though sparse and weak,—
 Sucks from affliction food and strength ;
 The drooping sight gets falcon flight
 And gazes far, beholding beauty ;
 Weak wills are braced in opposition,
 And back of strife see vict'ry sure.
 If want begets not noble conduct,
 The herd is base, not worth the saving ! ”

These words are scarcely uttered, when, as the storm is breaking upon the fjord, a woman with bewildered air and torn dress hurries down over the slopes, crying for help. She lives across the fjord ; her husband crazed by want has killed one of their three children and then laid violent hand upon himself ; she is seeking a priest :

“ Come save his soul despite the storm !
 He cannot live, he dares not die ;
 Within his arms the child's corpse holding,
 He's calling on the Evil One ! ”

The magistrate declares that the man does not belong to his district ; Einar and all the men present refuse to stir in response to Brand's appeal for one to aid him :

“ Your God would help none over fjord,
 But know that mine will be on board.
 One man 's enough,
 To help with fore-sail and with scoop !
 Come, one of you that lately gave !
 Give, e'en to death, give, to the grave ! ”

Even the stricken wife and mother will not risk her life; only Agnes is brave. She renounces Einar because of his cowardice and turns to Brand, saying that she will go in the boat. The people watch them as they cross in safety, and also see and hear Gerd standing above, laughing and shouting, horn-blowing and stone-throwing. When now many agree to a man's suggestion that Brand would be the right pastor for them, the magistrate gathering up his books and papers, closes the scene thus:

“ At any rate it's not good form
To meddle with another's calling,
And interfere and risk one's life,
Unless the reasons be most cogent.—
I also do my duty ever,—
But always keep within my district.”

With the change of scene we are in front of the house to which Brand was summoned. It is late in the same day, and the fjord now lies bright and smooth. Agnes is sitting near the water; after a little, Brand comes out of the door:

“ *That* was death. Away it washed
Every stain of fear and horror;
Now with features large and calm,
Cheerful and at ease he lies.
Can deluding, vain deceit
Make of night a day so bright?
Of his wild and hellish guilt
But the outward shell he saw,—
That which can be named with lips,—
That which can be grasped with hands,—
And disgrace upon him brands,—
What he wrought upon the babe,
Violence done to the dead.
But the two who sat in fright,
Staring with wide-open eyes,
Still, like birds together flown,
Crowded in the chimney-corner,—
They, who only looked and looked,
Knowing not themselves whereat,—
They, whose souls received a mark,
Which they cannot scour away
In the wear and wash of time,
E'en when bent and old and gray,—
They, whose stream of life shall rise
Here in this remembrance foul,—
They, who now shall grow in light

Of his dreadful work of night,—
 They, who ne'er on pyre of thought
 Can burn clean this putrid mem'ry,—
Them he could not recognize
 As the two who have in hand
 Accusation and arraignment.—
 And from these will generation
 After generation spring,
 Going forth to sin and evil?
 Wherefore? Grim th' abyss's answer:
 Of their father they were sons!
 What shall be struck out in silence?
 What adjusted with indulgence?
 When must we begin to face
 Stern accountability
 For our heirship to the race?
 What a judgment-day and judge
 When that solemn hearing comes!
 Who shall test and who shall witness,
 Where they all delinquents are?
 Who dare then produce attesting
 Documents, transferred and soiled?
 Will this answer be accepted:
 From my father came the guilt?
 Riddle vague and deep of night,
 None has power thee to solve.
 But the thoughtless, senseless crowd
 Dance along th' abyss's edge;—
 Each soul ought to shriek and quake,—
 But not one among a thousand
 Sees the mountain-guilt that rises
 From that little word: *to live*."

Now appears a deputation from Brand's native parish across the fjord. They bring to the stricken family what help they can, as to which Brand says:

"If all you gave excepting life,
 Then know that you have given nought!"

But their errand proper is to invite Brand to be their pastor:

"Before now many told
 And showed us where the way might lie;
 The way they pointed out, you *went*."

* * * * *

(Brand:)
 Ask what you will, but never this!
 On me is laid a greater duty.
 I need the mighty stir of life,
 I need the world's wide-open ear.

What can I here? Shut in by mountains,
The voice of man is void of power.

(Spokesman :) Where mountains answer, there sounds long
The word that's spoken full and strong,"

and soon he turns upon Brand the latter's own words :

" If all you gave excepting life,
Then know that you have given nought.

(Brand :) One thing is owned, we cannot give ;
That one thing is our inner self.
We may not fetter, may not bind,
We may not stay our mission's river ;—
It must flow on, the ocean find.

(Spokesman :) In bog and tarn though lost it be,
As dew it gains at last the sea.

(Brand :) (looking sharply at him :)

Who put such words upon your lips ?

(Spokesman :) You gave me them by your great deed.

But Brand cannot yet accept this call and the men silently leave. He turns to Agnes, who, describing to him the vision into which her reveries have formed themselves, points him to the world of the individual human breast. Then Brand :

" Each man's heart must be the globe
New-made, ripe for life of God ;
Here the vulture shall be slain,
Vulture that devours the will,
Here be born the newer Adam.
Let the world then go its way,
Under thralldom or with singing ;—
But if it would crush my work,
Meeting me with enmity,
Then, by heaven, I will strike !
Room on all the curving earth
To be thoroughly one's self,—
This is lawful right for man,
And none other do I crave !—

(He is silent a while, in thought.)

Thoroughly one's self ? One's self ?
But the weight of heritage
And of debt the race has left us ?

(Starting and looking forward.)

Who is she that scrambles, earth-bent,
Crooked, up along the hill,
Weak, with neck far forward drawn ?
Now she stops and rests, to breathe,

Seeks support to keep from falling,
 Reaches with her long, lean fingers
 Swiftly to her pockets' depths,
 Dragging treasure, it would seem.
 Round the withered skeleton
 Flaps the dress like folded wings ;—
 Nippers-like her hands are curved ;

* * * * *

(With sudden fear.)

Ice-cold memories of childhood,
 Ice-cold gusts from home and fjord,
 Sprinkle frost about this woman,
 Sprinkle worse frost on my heart — — !
 God of mercy ! "T is my mother !"

Brand's mother indeed, come to beg him be careful of his life ! He is her only child and shall be her heir if he will but preserve his life, perpetuate the family and increase the fortune she will leave to him. But the son asks what she would do if he were minded to scatter it all to the four winds, and recalls one of those "ice-cold memories of childhood";

"One autumn evening, father dead,
 And you lay ill. I stole in there,
 Where he lay pale, by candle-light.
 I stood and stared forth from a corner,
 And saw he held a book of psalms ;
 Amid the scent of airing linen,
 I marvelled most at his deep sleep,
 And how his wrist could be so slender ;—
 Then steps I heard out in the hall ;—
 In came a woman, saw me not ;—
 She took her way straight to the bed.
 There she began to search and snatch ;
 She lifted first the dead man's head,
 Drew out one package, others too,—
 She counted, whispered : ' More, yet more !'
 A parcel, corded well and knotted,
 She dug up from a pillow's depths ;
 She tore, she cut with angry hands,
 She bit it open with her teeth.
 She dug again. She hit on others.
 She counted, whispered : ' More, yet more !'
 She wept, she prayed, she wailed, she swore ;
 The scent of hidden things she had,—
 And if she found,—with joyous fear
 She fell like falcon on her prey.
 At last each nook and cranny emptied,

She left the room, like one condemned ;
 She wrapped her findings in a rag,
 And softly groaned : ' So, that was all !'
 (Mother :) My claim was great, my find was small ;
 And it was more than dearly paid for.
 (Brand :) And dearer still the cost became ;
 It stole from you my filial love."

The mother recalls her early life ; that at the bidding of her father she had cast off a poor cottager's son, thus quenching all love within herself, and had married a man much older and much richer. Disappointment and miserliness have been her lot ; not until long after her husband's death did she succeed in accumulating the amount she had set her heart on. She again urges Brand to take the inheritance, when it shall be his. Brand asks whether he shall take her debt also, and to his mother's reply that there is no debt, and if there were any, no law to impose it upon him, he rejoins :

"Not one
 That's written down with pen and ink ;
 But on the mind of honest sons
 There stands engraved another law,—
 And *this* law shall be satisfied.
 Oh blinded one, learn now to see !
 You've lessened God's estate on earth ;
 Your loan of soul you've wasted, lost ;
 That image in which you were born,
 With mould of mire you've covered o'er ;
 The spirit able once to soar,
 You've clipped its wings, in dust held down.
 Your debt is *this*. Where will you turn,
 When comes our Lord to ask His own ?
 (Mother :) Where will I turn ? Where turn ?
 (Brand :) Fear not !
 Your son assumes your debt entire.
 God's image, stained and soiled by you,
 Shall be set up will-washed in me !
 Meet death with confidence and hope.
 In bonds of debt you shall not sleep ;
 I'll clear the debt.
 (Mother :) Both debt and guilt ?
 (Brand :) Your debt. Nought else ; mark well my words.
 Your debt of soul your son shall clear ;
 Yourself must answer for your sin.
 That sum of soul that went to waste,
 Consumed by you, a slave of earth,

Can to the last remaining doit
 Be paid by effort of another.
 But that it went to waste, is guilt ;
 For guilt is penitence—or death !”

So Brand demands that his mother shall renounce all her possessions and go naked to the grave, as a condition of his coming to her in her last hour. She cannot promise now, but departing asks him to remain near by, so that she may summon him if she will.

Brand, turning to Agnes, announces his purpose to settle in his native parish as pastor, and in his thoughts calls to his people :

“ Come, ye men, who wander dully
 In my native, narrow valleys—
 Soul to soul and face to face,
 We will try our cleansing task,
 Halfness felling, lies confounding,
 And the will's young lion waking !
 Hand on pickaxe, or on sword
 Honors equally a man ;
 One our aim is,—to become
 Tablets on which God can write.”

As Brand ends these stirring words, Einar comes, hoping to win Agnes again, but in vain, for she cannot and will not leave Brand. This choice of hers is the conclusion of the second act.

(Agnes :) Not from teacher, friend and brother.

(Brand :) Frail young woman, have a care.
 Mountain-pressed on every side,
 Shadowed o'er by cliff and peak,
 Locked within the gorge's night,
 Shall my life from henceforth run,
 Like an evening with no sun.

(Agnes :) Darkness frightens me no longer ;
 Clouds are pierced by starlight stronger.

(Brand :) Know that I am strict in claiming,
All or nothing I demand ;
 Better sink your life in ocean,
 Than turn back when on the way.
 Haggling-margin none there'll be,
 No indulgence for your fault ;
 If your life suffices not,
 Willing you must then meet death !

(Einar :) Flee, oh flee this trifling wild !
 Leave this law-beclouded man ;

Live that life you know you can !

(Brand :) Choose ;—you stand where part the ways.

(He goes.)

(Einar :) Choose between the storm and calm !

Choosing now to go or stay

Choosing is of joy or sorrow,

Choosing is of night or morning,

Choosing is of death or life !

(Agnes :) (rises and says slowly :)

Into night ; but then through death,—

Morning will dawn red beyond."

She follows in Brand's steps. Einar looks after her a moment dejected, and then with bowed head goes out toward the fjord.

The interval between the second and third acts carries us forward three years to the parsonage and its small, stone-fenced garden, opposite which rises a high wall of rock, while in the background the fjord lies narrow, shut in. Agnes has become Brand's wife and here they live with their little son Alf. It is afternoon and upon the steps leading from the door into the garden, Brand stands above and Agnes is seated below. Brand is restlessly looking over the fjord awaiting a message from his dying mother. Agnes urges him to go unsummoned, and at his refusal chides him for being so hard, although not towards herself. Their conversation shows that Brand has been successful as pastor, that Agnes rejoices in her lot, and yet that both cherish a secret fear of losing Alf because of the trying location of their home. Brand has learned something of love from Agnes and Alf, and attributes to this his success. But Agnes says to him :

" And yet your love is stern and hard ;

Whom you would fain caress, you smite.

(Brand :) You, Agnes ?

(Agnes :) Me ? Oh no, you dear one ;

'Twas light, what you have bid me bear ;—

But many a soul has turned away

At your demand of *all* or *nothing* !

(Brand :) The thing the world has named as love,

I do not will and do not know.

What God's love is, I apprehend,

And that is neither weak nor mild ;

But hard e'en unto dreadful death,

It deals, caressing, oft a blow.

What answered God on Olivet,

Where lay His Son in woe and sweat
 And prayed the cup might from him go?
 Did He withdraw the cup of pain?
 Oh no! Its dregs He made Him drain.

(Agnes :) If this the standard be of worth,
 Condemned is every soul on earth.

(Brand :) None knows, on whom the judgment falls;
 But in eternal letters flames:
 'Be faithful to the end of strife,
 No haggling wins the crown of life!
 The sweat of fear is not enough;
 You must go through the torture-fire.
 The *cannot* you will be forgiven,—
 But never that you do not *will*."

And again :

See how upon the whole herd lies
 The claim : no coward compromise!
 A man is judged in all his work,
 If half he do and half he shirk.
 This precept shall as law be heard,
 Enforced by life if not by word.

(Agnes :) (throwing herself upon his neck :)

Where'er you go, with you I'll keep!

(Brand :) For two no cliff can be too steep.

This scene between Brand and Agnes is interrupted by the passage of the doctor, who is answering a call to Brand's mother. He shows how sound reason views the question of duty. He reproaches both Brand and Agnes for persisting in living where they do, compassionates Agnes, and chides Brand for his refusal to go to his mother, to which Brand proudly replies:

"As son and heir, on me I took
 All debts against her in the book.

(Doctor :) Clear first your own!

(Brand :) If one atone,
 For others God the deed will own.

(Doctor :) No beggar can atone, who lies
 In debt up to his very eyes.

(Brand :) If rich or beggar, full I will,—
 And this one thing all claims can fill!

(Doctor :) Of human will the *quantum satis*
 Stands entered as your wealth's whole store;—
 But, priest, your *conto caritatis*
 Shows none but blank leaves heretofore!

(He goes.)

(Brand :) There's not a word men so defame
 With falsehood, as they do love's name ;—
 It's spread with Satan's art, a veil,
 To hide the lack when will doth fail ;
 Of it a cover fair men frame
 To deck their life's light toying play.
 If slipp'ry, strait the upward way,
 Abridge it then in love one may ;
 Who goes upon sin's downward slope,
 In love they say he still has hope ;
 Who never strove the goal t'attain,
 In love they say the prize can gain ;
 If one goes wrong, though right he knows,
 A safe retreat will love disclose !

(Agnes :) Yes, it is false ; yet, while I know,
 I often question : is it so ?

(Brand :) One thing's left out ; the justice-thirst
 Of law the will must slake. This first.
 You must first *will*, and not alone
 That which as feasible is shown,
 Not merely where the deed contains
 A deal of drudgery and pains,—
 No, will you must, both glad and strong,
 Through horrors all that round you throng.
 This is not martyrdom, to die
 In woe, on cross uplifted high ;
 But this : to will on cross to bleed,
 To will amid our flesh's need,
 To will amid our spirit's fear ;
 This only brings salvation near.

(Agnes clings closely to him.)

When will prevails in such a strife,
 Then comes the proper time for love,
 It floats, a white descending dove,
 And brings the olive branch of life ;
 But towards this race, in slothful state,
 The best love one can have, is hate !

(in horror.)

Hate ! hate ! A simple word and slight,—
 To *will*, is 'gainst the world to fight."

Brand goes hurriedly into the house where Agnes sees him kneel by Alf's bed and weep. With her feminine insight into his soul, she indicates to us that Brand's present standpoint is but one of transition to full truth :

"Oh, what a wealth of love there lies
 Within the soul of this strong man !
 He dares love Alf, because not yet
 Has sin, that serpent, bitten him."

Brand has found Alf in a high fever, and double anxiety fills him for his mother and his son. There comes a man with summons from his mother, who offers half her possessions if her pastor-son will come and administer the sacrament. Brand refuses, and the messenger leaves him, saying :

“Your answer’s scourge I shall let fall
As lightly, gently as I can.
For her this comfort still remains :
Not full so hard is God as you.”

He has hardly turned away after these words when he meets another messenger with whom he comes back. Now the mother offers nine-tenths of what she owns, but uselessly, for Brand dismisses the two men with the demand of all or nothing :

“Cleared table for the mercy-feast.”

Again Agnes fears that Brand is too hard, and we even seem to see the beginning of a wavering, in Brand’s words :

“Yet when before a soul alone
I stand and summon it to rise,
I seem to swim storm-tossed at sea
And cling to some frail bit of wreck.
With tears of torment oft I bite
The tongue I use in chastisement,
And while I lift my arm to smite,
I thirst and yearn for love’s embrace.—
Go, Agnes, look to him who sleeps ;
And sing him into brightest dreams ;
A child-soul clear and gentle is
As mountain-lake in summer-sunlight ;
A mother hovers over it
As does the bird so fairly mirrored
In deepest depth on noiseless wing.”

As Agnes now goes into the house, she asks Brand to give her a helpful thought.

(Brand :) (embracing her :)

“Whoever has no guilt shall live.”

(Agnes :) (looking up brightly :)

“One thing we own God dare not claim.”

(She goes into the house.)

Brand’s meditation on Agnes’ words, mingled with anxious thought of his mother, is interrupted by the coming of the

district-magistrate, who distributed food at the opening of the second act:

"The district-magistrate,
Good-natured, dapper, brisk and round,
With hands in both his pockets stuck,
And arms like parenthetic curves."

He is a representative of material selfishness, drawn to Brand by the latter's prospective riches, but fearing him as a dangerous rival for popular favor, and so he advises that soon it will be best for all concerned if Brand shall seek a larger field of usefulness. Here he is in place as little as a wolf among a flock of geese. People in these poor valleys are weak and narrow with no thought of what lies beyond their rock-walls. Once their ancestors took part in the great movements of the world, in King Bele's reign, when as vikings they plundered England and the lands to the south, and then waged glorious civil war at home. Even now King Bele's memory is not dead, and he and his grand times are often celebrated enthusiastically over punch between seven and ten o'clock of an evening. Continuing, the magistrate says:

"Twixt us and you this difference holds,
That you with strong, defiant will,
Desire to plough and fight at once.
It seems to me your meaning is:
To blend our life and its idea,—
God's war with tilling of potatoes
In oneness finally presented,
So intimate as when saltpeter
And coal and sulphur turn to powder.

(Brand :) That's it.

(Magistrate :) Impracticable here,
Though elsewhere, may be, feasible;—
Go thither with your high demands,
And let us plow our moor and sea.

(Brand :) Plow first then into deepest ocean
Your boasting of ancestral glory;
No dwarf grows man-tall, though he have
Goliath for his great-grandsire.

But the magistrate's first word remains his last, and when Brand declares war on him and all his temporizing methods, he asserts that Brand will be the first to fall.

(Magistrate :) "Brand, hopeless he who fights alone.

(Brand :) My force is strong; I have the best.

(Magistrate :) That's possible;—but I have most."

In upon Brand's reflections the doctor soon breaks, to tell him that his mother has died, having held fast her possessions to the end. The doctor endeavors both to comfort and correct Brand.

(Doctor :) "A wholly by-gone age you wish
In everything to reconstruct.
You think that law and covenant
Are still in force for God and men ;—
But generations change, and ways ;
No flaming bush can frighten ours,
Nor old wives' talk of theft of soul ;—
Its chief commandment : be humane !

(Brand :) (looking up :) Humane ! Yes, this unnerving thought
Is watchword over all the earth.
With this each bungler covers up
That ne'er a deed he dares nor wills ;
With this each puny man conceals
That he will never risk his all ;
'Neath this is broken easily
Each wretch's vow that's basely rued ;—
* * * * *
Was God humane towards Jesus Christ ?
If *your* God then had had His way,
He'd cried for mercy 'neath the cross,—
Atonement then had simply been
A diplomatic note from heaven."

But now Brand must himself face his law of all or nothing. Agnes calls the doctor into the house. On coming out, he tells Brand that Alf must die if they remain here. Brand's father-love wells up within him and at first carries away his will. He desires to start at once. With tenderness the doctor recalls to him the unyielding standard he has set up for others, only now to overthrow it for himself. As the doctor departs, Agnes comes out of the door, with her cloak on and the child in her arms ready to set out. Brand does not see her. She is about to speak, but is struck mute with horror, when she notices the expression on his face. In the same moment a man comes hurriedly through the garden-gate. The sun is setting.

This man warns Brand against the district-magistrate, who is spreading the report that Brand will leave his parish ; he cannot believe it and his last words are :

"For here I stand a single man
And say : depart, in case you can !
I have a soul as much as any ;
The Book alone no help affords ;
It's you who drew me from the depths,—
Try if you now dare slip your hold !
You cannot do it ; I hold fast ;
My soul is lost if breaks that hold !—
But confident I wait to hear :
My pastor quits not God and me."

As Agnes now tells Brand that she is ready for what a mother must and will do, Gerd runs along the road and stops at the gate. In her wild imaginings she exults that after Brand's going, all the evil which he has repressed, will break out again, and the Devil with his troll-servants will rule unchecked. Brand believes her sent of God to show him that his duty as pastor is the older and must displace his duty as father. He will remain. Agnes obeys, bidding him go the way God shows to him. As the act closes, Agnes lifts Alf aloft, and says :

"That offer, God, Thou dar'st demand,
I dare lift up and raise to heaven!
Life's horror Thou must lead me through !"
(She goes into the house.)

Brand looks fixedly into space, breaks into weeping, clasps his hands over his head and sinks upon the steps, crying :

"Oh Jesus, Jesus, give me light !"

The fourth act shows us the parsonage on Christmas Eve. There is no light in the room, and Agnes in mourning is sitting by the window and gazing into the darkness without, trying through the falling snow to see the churchyard where lies little Alf. Brand enters and conversing with Agnes, lays off his wet outer garments. Agnes welcomes him with all the intensity of two days' lonely waiting and brooding over her loss. She shrinks from mention of the churchyard, but Brand believing that only heroic treatment can cure her, repeats the word again and again, although it makes his own brow moist with sweat and fills his own eyes with tears. He urges her to be strong, that they may stand together and with united powers advance step by step. Agnes grants that it is easy to stand in the midst of the storm, and to live the life of active conflict, but she says :

“Think of me, to whom belongs
But a little narrow work ;
Think of me ; I sit at home,
Am unable to forget,
And I do not dare remember !

(Brand:) Have you but a little work ?
Never was it great as now.
Hear, and I will tell you something
That has come to me in sorrow.
Misty often grows my eye,
Mind and heart grow humble, tender;
Then I feel, there might be joy
In ability to weep.
Agnes,—think, then I see God
Near as ne'er before I saw Him,—
Oh, so near it surely seems
Easy must it be to reach Him.
Pantingly I long to throw me
On His breast, a new-found son,
And to feel the pressure firm
Of His warm, strong father-arm.

(Agnes:) Brand—Oh see Him ever so,—
As the God you can reach unto,—
More a father, less a sovereign!

(Brand:) Agnes,—block the way I dare not
For His own advancing work;
I must see Him great and strong;
Heaven-great the age demands,
Just because itself is little.”

Continuing, Brand bids her see God as a kind father and bring to himself in his striving and suffering, the cheer and refreshment of God's love. But Agnes answers:

“Every work, if close we scan it,
Is too heavy for my strength;
All the branches of my thinking
In the one are twined together.
All is poem-like, unreal.
Let me weep now, let me mourn,
Help me thus account to render
Of myself and of my duty.—
Brand, last night while you were gone,
In my room he came to me;
Health-adorned I saw his cheeks;
In his little shirt dressed thinly,
Stumbling on with childish step
Forward to my bed he came,
Stretching forth his arms to me,

Smiling, calling for his mother,—
But as if he asked for warmth!
Yes, I saw it! Oh, I shuddered!—

(Brand:) Agnes!

(Agnes:) Yes, the child was cold!
Oh, he must be so out there
On that cushion cold of shavings!

(Brand:) 'Neath the snow lies but the corpse;
Borne to heaven is the child.

(Agnes:) (shrinking from him :)
Oh, why tear my wound asunder
Midway in my woe and terror!
That which harshly you term corpse,
Must for me yet be the child.
* * * * *

Alf who sleeps beneath the snow,
Is my Alf up yonder too.

(Brand:) Many a wound must open bleeding
To restore you from your sickness."

Agnes implores Brand to be patient, mild and gentle, and to strengthen her, adding :

"God, as you have made me know Him,
Is a king within his castle ;—
How dare I appear before Him
With my little mother-sorrow ?"

While she would by no means turn back to her old life, Agnes finds everything about her too large,—except the church. This chance thought of Agnes has for Brand all the force of an intuition, and since he has heard the same thing from many in the parish, he resolves to build a new, large church. When Agnes leaves the room, to prepare the Christmas candles and decorations, that all may be bright and cheerful in appearance as it was the year before, and God may see here a chastised daughter and son with humbled minds, these words are exchanged :

(Brand :) (embracing her :)

"Your work is, to give forth light !

(Agnes :) (smiling sadly :)

Yours, to build your new church large ;—
Oh, but finish it ere spring !"

(She goes.)

Brand's prayer that God will strengthen Agnes and place her burden upon him, is interrupted by knocking on the door

and the entrance of the magistrate. He has come to confess himself beaten, not because Brand is right, but because he now has the most on his side. The magistrate is always with the majority, a typical representative of indifferentism; when the majority call white black, he cries "gray;" he has good plans for making roads, draining swamps and introducing this and that branch of industry, so that he may maintain his influence and position, but has little care for the moral welfare of his district. His aims have united the good of the people as he conceives it, with provision for his own numerous family of daughters. Now poverty seems to him the great evil of his district, and for its abolition he proposes a plan, in which he and Brand may, he hopes, sink all their differences:

"A deep-felt want shall be supplied
By building for the district's good
What we may call a poverty-pesthouse;
Yes, pesthouse I would term it, since
From guilt's contagion it shall free.
And then this building I have thought
United fitly with a prison,
So that effect with cause be shut
Behind the selfsame bar and lock,
With but a wall 'twixt stall and stall.
And since I am well underway,
It is my mind to build a wing,
So that one roof may cover all,
To use for parties and elections,
For festivals and graver things,
With speaker's desk and room for guests,—
In short, a neat political hall."

Brand suggests with irony that a madhouse might be added, and rejects the proposal because he intends himself to employ his inheritance from his mother in replacing the small old church with one new and large. At first the magistrate will not hear of the removal of the old building with its ancient memories, but finally comes round to the proposition that he and Brand together shall build the new edifice. He cannot stop now to discuss the details, for he must attend to a band of gypsies recently come into his district, all but two or three of whom have been caught. But as he makes ready to go, he recalls how Brand is in a way connected with the gypsies. The poor cottager's son whom Brand's mother had cast off, had

fled half-insane to a gypsy-band, taken to himself one of the women and so become the father of a half-crazy, half-gypsy girl—Gerd. After the magistrate has gone, we hear Brand's thoughts :

“ Oh, endless wrong I must atone for,—
The thousand motley threads of fate
In such confusion are entangled,—
Guilt's fruit lies mingled so with guilt,
The one infecting still the other,
That he who looks within, sees right
And grossest wrong becoming one.

(He goes to the window and looks out long.)

My little child, a guiltless lamb,
Was slain for what my mother did ;
A soul deranged brought word from Him
Who thrones above the crests of clouds,
And bade me cast the die of choice ;
This soul deranged had come to life,
Because my mother's soul went wrong.
The Lord thus uses fruit of guilt
As food for even-balanced justice ;
Upon each later generation
He thus hurls down his visitation.

(withdrawing in terror from the window.)

The God of law rules o'er the race !
The object sought is even balance.
Self-sacrifice alone contains
The power which can lift us higher ;
But *that* word men drive out by lies ;
They shrink in fear from what they know.

(walking long up and down.)

To pray? To pray? A word indeed
That by the lip right smoothly passes,—
Profusely used among all classes.
Prayer is for them a random cry
For mercy to all riddles' riddle,
To beg a place upon Christ's load,
With both their hands to point on high—
And stand knee-deep in pools of doubt.
Oh, if with this the thing were done,
Then I might dare like all the rest
To hammer at the door of Him
Who is so 'fearful in His praises'!

(standing in silent thought.)

And yet in days when dread was worst,
In that great fearful hour of grief,
In which our child his last nap slept,
When no kiss from his mother's lips

Brought back the smile upon his cheek ;—
 What *was* it? Did I not pray then?
 Whence came that sweet bewilderment,
 That flood of song, that melody,
 Afar off heard and flying past?—
 It bore me high and bore me free.
 I prayed? And prayer refreshment brought?
 Within this house I talked with God?
 And did He hear? And did He look
 Upon my mourning and my tears?
 I know not! All is closed and shut,
 Again has darkness round me fallen,—
 And nowhere, nowhere is there light . . .
 Why, Agnes—in the dark she sees!—

(He calls in dread.)

Light, Agnes—light, if light you have !

(Agnes opens the door and enters with the Christmas candles, whose brightness fills the room :)

(Brand :) Light !

(Agnes :) Do you see the Christmas candles?

(Brand :) (softly :) Ah ! Christmas candles !

(Agnes :) (placing them on the table :) Was I long?

(Brand :) No, no !

(Agnes :) How bitter cold it is ;

You must be freezing—

(Brand :) (with emphasis :) No !

(Agnes :) (smiling :) How proud !

You *will* not light or warmth require.

(She fixes the fire in the stove :)

(Brand :) (walking back and forth :)

Hm, *will* not ?"

Agnes begins to decorate the room and places one candlestick so that its light may shine out through the window to Alf. Brand, true to his severe remedy, insists that she shall draw the curtains again. Agnes does so in tears, and soon, while Brand is inflexibly urging his "all or nothing," she says with profound agitation :

"Now opens, like a vast abyss,
 That Scripture word that ne'er before
 I fully fathomed.

(Brand :) What is that?

(Agnes :) Whoever sees Jehovah, dies !

(Brand :) (throwing his arms about her :)

Oh hide, oh hide ! And see Him not !

Close tight your eyes, lest—

(Agnes :) Shall I?
 (Brand :) (releasing her :) No!
 (Agnes :) You suffer, Brand.
 (Brand :) In love for you.
 (Agnes :) But still your love is hard.
 (Brand :) Too hard?
 (Agnes :) Ask not ; I follow where you go."

When Brand leaves the room, Agnes asks if she may not open the curtain just a little, but only to hear his "No!" Alone she feels herself bereft of son, of husband, and of God, is tempted to let the light shine out for Alf, and finds comfort only in the happy memories of the year before. She kneels down by a chest of drawers, pulls one out and takes from it various things. In the same moment Brand opens the door to speak to her, but noticing what she is doing, he checks himself. Agnes does not see him, absorbed as she is in thoughts of Alf suggested by the baby-clothes before her. In vain is Brand's outcry :

"Spare me, God ! I cannot break
 This her final idol-altar ;
 Send another, if 'tis right !"

For, scarcely are the words out of his mouth, when a sharp knock is heard at the entry-door, and as Agnes with a scream turns and sees Brand, the door is thrown open and a woman with torn attire and a child on her arm, comes hastily in, demanding clothes for the little one. She is one of those from the gipsy-band, whom the magistrate is hunting. Brand insists that Agnes shall give her all of Alf's clothes. With the reluctance of a slow death-struggle, Agnes complies, and the woman steps outside to dress her child. Not yet, however, has all been given. For Agnes, taking from her bosom a little, folded cap, confesses that she had reserved this one thing.

(Brand :) "*His* cap?
 (Agnes :) Yes, with tears made wet,
 Moistened by his death-sweat cold,—
 Since, preserved upon my heart !
 (Brand :) Worship still your idols false."

And now Agnes yields up this last precious treasure. While Brand is gone to hand the cap to the gipsy woman,

Agnes stands motionless ; gradually the expression in her face changes to that of radiant joy, and when Brand returns, she flies exultant to meet him, and throws herself upon his neck, calling :

“ I am free, Brand, I am free !

(Brand :) Agnes !

(Agnes :) Past is now the darkness !
 All the horrors that have weighed
 Like a nightmare on my breast,
 Lie now hurled to the abyss !
 Vict'ry comes when strives the will !
 Swept away is all the fog,
 Flown afar are all the clouds ;
 Through the night and over death
 Gleam of morning's dawn I see !

And again :

Thank you that my hand you guided,
 Faithfully for me have struggled ;
 Oh, I saw your heart's quick torture.
 You stand now in vale of choice ;
 Now on you the weight must fall
 Of the choice of 'all or nothing' !

(Brand :) Agnes, riddles are your words ;—
 Ended are the pains of conflict !

(Agnes :) Think upon that Scripture word :
 He, who sees Jehovah, dies !

(Brand :) (shrinking back :)
 Woe is me, what light you kindle !”

As before when his own law came dimly home to himself, Brand rebels at first, but when Agnes shows him plainly that he need only bring back to her the baby-clothes, to make her as she was before, that if he will and dare do this, she can remain with him, he yields obedience, saying :

“ I have here no choice to make.

(Agnes :) (throwing herself upon his neck :)
 This and all I thank you for !

Weary steps you, faithful, guided !
 Mists of heaviness are o'er me,—
 Faithful, you will guard my couch.

(Brand :) Sleep ! Your day's work now is done !

(Agnes :) Done ! The night lamp now is lighted !
 Vict'ry took my store of strength ;
 I am weary, I am faint ;
 Easy though is God to praise !
 Brand, goodnight !

The magistrate, in full uniform and with beaming countenance arrives now, to congratulate Brand on the completion of this great church with its noble style, magnificent proportions, and wonderful resonance, and to announce to him besides the gift of a silver memorial cup from the district-board, that he is to be decorated with the cross of some high order. The two men are fully characterized by the following speeches. When Brand utters doubt of the real largeness of the church, the magistrate says :

“It all depends on what folk think.
It adds not nor detracts a whit
That kennel-small the church may be,
If people but unvexed believe
That it is marvellously large.”

And Brand goes from the magistrate with the indignant outburst :

“This talk is wholly empty, vain ;—
I leave you wise as when I came ;
Of what there lay behind my words,
No faintest trace you comprehended.
I did not mean that largeness, which
In feet and inches can be measured,
But that which comes in mystic glory
By turns to chill and fire the soul,
Which beckons on to dream and linger,
And lifts one high as starry night,
Which, which—go from me ! I am faint ;—
Explain, convince, talk to the rest—”
(He goes up toward the church.)

To the magistrate departing Brand's utterances seem very confused, while Brand descending again and looking after the other, says :

“Could I but crush him with my heel !
Each time I try to lift his sight
Above low artifice and lie,
He belches forth his rotten soul,
Ill-mannered, to my very face !—
Oh, Agnes, why were you too weak ?
I'm weary of this empty game,
Where no one wins, and no one yields—
Yes, hopeless he who fights alone !”

How hopeless, he is to see further from the ensuing conversation with his immediate ecclesiastical superior, the provost or dean, one of the characteristic products of a state-church under certain conditions—very little of a pastor, very much of an official, shallow and selfish, but able to preach and talk with great unction. He comes with worthless congratulations and a grave warning, that Brand must now sink his individuality in his office, or suffer the consequences. His parting words express the essence of his errand and of his character :

“ A man like you must finally
A better sphere of action find ;
But if you wish to be content
In large relations as in small,
Put on the age's uniform.
The corporal with stick in hand
Before his squad must beat the time ;
Ideal of leader in our land
Is now-a-days the corporal.
As into church squad after squad
The corporals now lead their men,
So into paradise the pastors
Must lead their folk by parishes.
It's easy all ; as ground for faith
You have, of course, authority ;
And since on learning this is built,
With blindest trust it can be followed ;
Then, how the faith shall be presented,
The law and ritual make plain.
So now, my brother,—don't despair ;
But for reflection use the time ;
The situation boldly ponder !—
Within the church I wish to try
If I can pitch my voice more high ;
We are not used to resonance,—
It is a rare thing hereabouts.
Farewell, farewell ; I mean to preach
Upon the schism of human nature
And how God's image is effaced,—
But now it must be time, I think,
To take a little food and drink.”

The dean goes, leaving Brand in thought as if petrified, but he soon rouses into an outburst of despair, ending thus :

“ Oh, if but one met me in faith—
And gave me confidence and peace.”

One does come, a pale emaciated figure, dressed in black ; it is Einar, now a hypocritical, canting pietist, with no interest in Brand, Agnes, and the past, except as it all seems to him to have been the Lord's means of making him holy. So in passing on, he says :

"On me adheres no spot, not one ;
Well-washed am I in bath of faith ;
And off is every dirt-splash rubbed
Upon that washboard,—holiness ;
My Adam's apron I have made
With batlet of revival, clean ;
And surplice-white I now appear,
Because I've used that soap-lye, prayer.

(Brand :) Fy !

(Einar :) Fy again ! Here sulphur smells,
And gleams I see of Satan's horns.
I am a grain of heaven's wheat,—
You—chaff upon the judgment-scoop."

As he goes, Brand looks after Einar awhile ; suddenly his eyes brighten and he bursts out :

"That's the man, whom I have needed !
Now my fetters all are shattered ;
My own flag shall wave about me,
Even though not one will follow !"

And now when the people, impatient to see Brand, stream in toward the church, throwing the procession into disorder, he speaks to them such words of bitter reproof and of sweet, persuasive invitation, that almost all of them flock about him ready to follow, and then :

(A thousand voices :) "Light is kindled where was darkness ;—
One is : live and worship God !

* * * * *

(Brand :) Far from here ! Not here is God,—
Cannot be among such folk ;
Free and fair his kingdom is.

(He locks the church-door and takes the keys.)

Here I am no longer pastor.
I recall the gift intended ;—
None shall from my hand receive
For your festival the keys !

(He throws them out into the river.)

Thralls of earth, if in you will,
Creep in through the cellar's hole ;

Bend your supple backs, and crawl ;
 Let your sighs in damps and darkness
 Venom-laden graze the earth,—
 Impotent, consumptive gasps.

(Magistrate :) (aside, relieved :)

Ha, there went his knighthood's order !

(Dean :) (likewise :) Now he never can be bishop !

(Brand :) Come, you young,—you strong ones, come ;

Breath of life shall from you blow

All this dismal corner's dust.

Follow my triumphal march !

Sometime surely you must waken ;

Sometime surely be ennobled,

Breaking peace with compromise ;—

Out of all your paltry needs ;

Out of all your muddled halfness ;—

War declare for life or death !

* * * * *

O'er the high moor's frozen billows !

Through the country we will journey,

Loose all soul-destroying snares,

Caught in which our folk are sitting,—

Purify them, raise them, free them,—

Crush out all remaining dullness,

Will be men and will be priests,

Stamp anew God's impress worn,

Make the land one vaulted temple !

(The crowd gather about Brand, who is raised up on the shoulders of a few.)

(Many voices :) Great the time is ! Visions great

Lighten through the brighter days ! ”

The multitude streams up through the valley ; but few remain behind. After a little the magistrate and the dean follow.

The next scene is far up on the mountains with rain. Fatigue and hunger, wet and cold are wearing upon the crowd whom we see with Brand, toiling upwards. He can now give them no satisfactory answers to their petulant inquiries about the length of the way, the duration of the struggle and the prize of victory, and so the dean and the magistrate find it very easy to persuade them to return, when the former promises forgiveness, and the latter falsely alleges that an enormous school of fish is making into the fjord below. The fickle multitude drive Brand with stones into the wilderness and then descend.

The rest of the act takes us still farther up on the wide mountain wastes. An increasing storm is driving the heavy clouds over the snow-fields; black masses and peaks of rock are seen at intervals, and then are veiled again by the fog. Brand comes bruised and bleeding, and ends thus a long soliloquy :

“ Is that image lost, effaced,
In which soul of man was made?
Is our origin forgotten?

(*Listening.*)

Ha, there's singing mid the storm !

(*Chorus of the invisible ones :*)

Never like Him thou becomest,—
For in flesh thou hast been made ;
Do His work now, or deceive Him
Equally wilt thou be lost !

Worm, thou ne'er becomest like Him,—
Death's full beaker thou hast drained ;
Follow Him now or deceive Him,
Equally thy deed 's condemned !

Dreamer, ne'er becom'st thou like Him,
Thou hast lost thy heritage ;
Rich He grows not by thy off'rings,
For thy earth-life thou art made !”

While now these floods of doubt as to whether his life-motto has not after all been wrong, pour down upon him and his thoughts turn with longing to Agnes and Alf, a bright spot opens in the fog, in which stands, in appearance—Agnes. This apparition—for Brand the tempter in the wilderness, the spirit of compromise,—endeavors to tempt him to renounce finally his “all or nothing.” He is firm, the apparition suddenly disappears in the fog with a piercing cry, as of one in flight, and now Gerd appears with a rifle loaded with a silver ball in order to kill the hawk in which her fancies see the Evil One. She finds Brand lame, bruised, with bleeding temples, and misled by her insane imaginings, she thinks him to be Christ and so addresses him, ready to fall at his feet and pray. This immediate comparison to the meek and loving Saviour, breaks Brand's obstinate mind and softens his heart. The clouds lift, and finding himself at the entrance to Gerd's Ice Church, he exclaims :

"Forth from here a thousand miles !
 Oh, how fervent is my longing
 Now for light and sun and mildness,
 Peace, with all its churchlike stillness,
 And the summer-realms of life !

(bursting into tears.)

Jesus, I have called Thy name ;
 Never hast Thou me embraced ;
 Let me of Thy saving garment,
 Moistened with atoning blood,
 Grasp now but the outmost corner !

(Gerd :) * * * * *

Man, why wept you ne'er before ?

(Brand :) (radiant and as if made young again :)

Frostway bears through law and further,—
 Then—the summer-sun down-shining !
 Till to-day was need to be
 Tablet on which God can write ;—
 From to-day my life shall glide
 Like a poem rich and warm.
 I can weep, the crust is broken,
 I can kneel,—and I can pray."

Brand now falls upon his knees, and Gerd, moved by his tears and his tone of love, takes courage to slay the Evil One ; she shoots at the hawk. The shot brings the Ice Church with the snow above it down upon them. Brand cries, facing the descending masses :

"Answer, God, in jaws of death ;—
 For salvation counts no whit,
 Of man's will the *quantum satis* ?

As the avalanche buries him and Gerd, a voice rings out through the thunderous crash :

"He is *Deus caritatis* !"

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ARTICLE IV.—THOUGHTS ABOUT PROTECTION AND
CENTRALIZATION.

THE word "protection," as used by publicists now-a-days, means the protection of American manufacturing interests against foreign competition. It does not include the protecting of agricultural interests; nor the protecting of physical, intellectual, social, or spiritual interests. In the minds of protectionists these latter interests are apparently of insufficient importance to be regarded as factors in the country's welfare. Or it may be that they are not elements in their political economies. An Article in the July number of the "North American Review," signed Andrew Carnegie, presents the principles, the plans, the expectations, the hopes, and the ultimate possibilities of protection, so clearly, so frankly, and so fully, that all can understand the proposed future, and all can see that the present is the result of forces which are working out that future. For thirty years these forces have prevailed. The time must be near at hand when their victory will be complete, or when some majestic popular revolution will destroy them utterly, and overthrow their nearly finished work. The singular frankness of the writer must proceed from conviction; his boldness of utterance, from consciousness of adequate support. The *ultima thule* of protection, as he announces and predicts it, he puts into words Gladstone is reported to have used of the United States: "A world, and not a very little world." The condition to which protection is leading this "little world" is commercial isolation; and the writer rejoices that the signs of the times show this isolation to be near at hand. The time is coming, under protection, when importing and exporting will cease; when home demand and home supply will balance; when there will be no surplus of produce to export; no demand for imports either raw or manufactured. How the desired equilibrium is to be preserved when once reached, the writer does not show; but he rejoices in its approach, and rejoices with words which are

not only his words, but the words of the class to which he belongs.

"The control of our own home market," as he puts it, is the complete victory which is about to crown the efforts of protection.

So far the easy-going American, though in theory he must accept commercial isolation as the logical terminus of protection, has regarded the condition as practically impossible; or as so very far off that its consideration might well be bequeathed to future generations. But if to-day but three per cent. of the products of the United States are exported; and if the entire foreign commerce of the country is decreasing at the rate of one hundred millions a year; then, if present forces be not arrested, how long will it be before Mr. Carnegie and his fellow protectionists are congratulating themselves on the completed triumph of their policy? Are we not already in the penumbra of commercial eclipse? Is it not therefore the right and the duty of living citizens to consider what may be some of the effects of commercial isolation on the country?

Commercial relations are the basis of all peaceful relations. This has been law since the beginnings of history; since the Phœnicians first set sail from the harbor of Tyre. War may carry civilization and open new sources of intercourse; war is exceptional, peace is normal. A nation which withdraws itself from commercial relations with other nations withdraws itself from the brotherhood of nations and from the brotherhood of mankind; from the affections, sympathies, mutual interests, aims, and hopes which make one people, under one God, of all the inhabitants of the earth, whose chief end under His command is to help one another in the pursuit of happiness and in the development of civilization and benevolence. This is not preaching, but a statement of the economic fact that unless a nation, or an individual, be placed in a position for the full and free exercise of the highest, noblest, and best faculties, accumulations of wealth will not suffice for moral health, nor for intellectual happiness. The earth and the fullness thereof are the only limits man may set to his practical activities. Isolation begets narrow-mindedness and conceit in a nation, precisely as it begets the same qualities in individuals.

If a people be confined to the consideration of their own laws, their own customs, and their own notions, they will soon regard them as the sole existing. The congress of the United States is to-day engaged in the task of substituting one of its resolutions for a fundamental principle of international law. International law is the modern protest against medieval lawlessness and barbarity. As yet but few of its ideas have been formulated and accepted; and there is no more blessed human duty than to fortify these few and to increase their number. Of the few, no one, so far, is more generally accepted than the one limiting the jurisdiction of States over the waters which line their coasts. This country is presenting to-day the sad spectacle of an endeavor to overthrow this law and to substitute in its stead the purchased medieval claims of a semi-barbarous people; and that, too, in favor of a monopoly created in defiance of the Constitution. Is this picture not vivid enough to expose the dangers of isolation?

Commercial relations cannot be considered apart from other relations in devising schemes for the welfare of States; still, for the time, let human aspects be veiled and only commercial phases be viewed.

The termination of foreign commerce will cause radical redistribution of values, and necessitate new sources of revenue. Changes are taking place and their direction is evident. The tendency is seen in the decrease in importance of sea-board cities in comparison with the increase in population and wealth of internal points of distribution. When the census is complete, the vast alterations of the last ten years will be apparent, and the causes evident. Eastern cities, to hold their own, must gain in manufacturing power the equivalent of loss in commercial power. Their efforts are strenuous but vain. The West has the raw material at its door. The East is handicapped by cost of transportation. With ports wide open to the importation of raw material, the manufactories of the East could meet the competition. Dependence upon the South and West for materials means certain termination of eastern manufacturing activity and of eastern financial supremacy. Deprive Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore of foreign commerce and of home manufactories;

and how long will it be before grass is growing in Washington street, Broadway, Chestnut street, and Charles street? Will the East submit to being impoverished? Will the country at large accept the dictation of protected centers? If the United States offer nothing but "cash," and that only to a favored few, will the many deem the Union worth preserving? In the civil war there was but one real issue—slavery. If war come again each congeries of States will have its issue. To keep States together under the banner of protection will require an imperial force autocratically administered.

Mining companies, manufacturing companies, and transportation companies are the three potential factors of protection. The three are bound up with, and depend upon, one another. Without coal and metal, factories would close; without manufactures to transport, railroads would have little else to carry. The stockholders in one company are the stockholders in the others. The companies differ in name to comply with statutes, but they are one in interest and in management. In the presence of these colossal powers which own the country from one end to the other, the individual is lost. Only by their permission and in their interest can he appear in mart, forum, or hall of legislation.

With the cessation of foreign commerce, the trunk lines running into sea-board cities would go into bankruptcy and the millions of trust and other funds invested in their obligations would be lost. Be sure this will not take place till the "Protection Barons," as they are called, have disposed of their holdings and have placed the product where they propose locating centers of distribution. If you wish to preserve the savings of a life of toil, flatter them, bow low before them, tickle their vanity, till they impart some one of their secret purposes. More valuable this than years of study of the laws of trade, or of the so-called principles of finance. Wall street brokers have long since given up inquiring into the intrinsic value of securities. They use their wits to find out whether the "barons" are selling or buying. This may be the easiest country in which to make a fortune; it is certainly the hardest country in which to keep one. The man who has inherited a fortune, or who by years of work and saving has accumulated

one, will soon find his securities dwindling in value for unknown reasons, and himself forced to take his diminished capital back into the maelstrom of business to save it from total wreck. There is no space in these United States for the modest capitalist who would devote age and leisure to art, to science, or to any unproductive investigations. That it is easier to make money than to keep it is so often heard that the saying may be taken as descriptive of the financial condition of the country. Even real property has no permanent value amid the contending forces of protected financial masses.

The vast and increasing expenses of the protected nation will have to be met by the imposition of new and enormous internal taxes. As the "Protection Barons" control national and State legislation, these taxes will be laid where they will hurt the barons the least and the people the most. So the process of the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer will be extended and amplified. It is not a far-away future that is being considered but an impending present. Internal taxation presents some relieving notions. What a notion is one of them for the contemplation of the descendants of the Puritans!

Where protection is perfected, internal taxation is as necessary as where trade is free. Of internal taxes, the easiest to impose and the easiest to raise are taxes on wines, spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco. Of the internal revenues of Great Britain, nearly one-half are paid by the bibulous and the smokers. The victuallers, as they are called, that is the importers, manufacturers, and sellers of wines, spirits, tobacco, etc., constitute the most powerful political body in England. Neither tory nor liberal dare offend them. No party in power has presumed to close the Sunday dram-shop. The Prince of Wales must attend the victuallers' annual banquet. The protection barons may be forced to copy England in the matter of internal taxes. Thus the people may find in rum a power to set over against the power of protection. A glorious future for a God-serving country! The English victuallers are not ambitious. They will not refuse the titles Her Majesty may confer, but politics do not attract them. The

consciousness of their power is sufficient. They exercise it latently. They ask to be let alone and their request is granted; for at will they could unseat any ministry of Her Majesty's creating. May our victuallers be more active; for on their activities may depend the preservation of our few remaining liberties.

The revenues of the United States are about four hundred millions. The expenses under protection are increasing and soon will be six hundred millions. To raise this sum every imaginable tax will be necessary. The tax gatherers will cover the face of the earth like locusts. Nor can the custom force be lessened; for every yard of landing place will have to be guarded against smuggling. Every incoming passenger will be searched to the skin. What a charming country it will be to live in!

The question will be asked, "Is there no other power but the rum power to oppose to protection?" In England there are several powers which by their counterbalancing preserve the common people in reasonable comfort. The power of the crown is the highest and the one which appeals the most strongly to the sentiments and affections of the people. Then come in order the power of the landed aristocracy, the power of the established church, the power of the army and navy, and the power of learning. Though the rum and the money power are superior in actual potency, they respect the other powers and show them a deference which has effect.

The further question will be asked: "If virtue, honor, and patriotism no longer subsist in the United States but as 'cash' permits their expression, why should not all the English divisions be introduced to counteract the pernicious supremacy of 'protected cash?' Is personal liberty less secure in Great Britain than in the United States; is justice more expensive; are laws less impartially administered; is legislation more venal; are property safeguards less strong? Can any form of government be worse than a plutocracy? Would one not rather submit himself to an English aristocracy; a German military despotism, or even a Russian autocracy? Is living less pleasant anywhere to-day than in the United States? Englishmen are

leaving us and hurrying back to their May poles ; Germans to their beer and their music ; the French to their cafés."

The "North American" writer combats the notion of monopoly by stating that the shares of all American manufacturing and transporting companies can be bought in open market. Very true. But in what State of the Union are manufacturing, or transporting companies compelled by law to publish such reports of their condition and operations that the individual, however wise he be, however exhaustive his study of published reports, can invest with assurance of safety ? Buying stocks on public information is putting one's money into a lottery. Can the condition of a manufacturing company located in one's own town be ascertained unless one be "in" with the directors ? Does a week pass that a railroad, whose published returns made in strict accordance with statutes show wonderful gains, does not go into liquidation ? How many firms of bankers and brokers are there in the country who would deem it their duty to expose schemes of rascality by which they are profiting ? How flimsy the demarcation between the term "legitimate business" as used in Wall street, and the good, strong, Saxon word "thief !" Is there a city in the United States to-day where money does not outrank manhood ?

One point the writer does not consider. He does not state how the stupendous profits of manufacturing in the United States are to be secured to American citizens. What is to prevent richer countries from going into the business ? If they cannot sell us their manufactured articles, what is to prevent them from transplanting their "plants"—I believe that is the word—to this side of the water, and snatching away the rewards of protection from under our very noses ? How long has Carnegie himself been a citizen ? Does a day pass without an English syndicate buying something ? If we are to be reduced to the condition of serfs should not the "protection barons" at least give us masters of our own blood ?

Where there is concentration of power and of wealth republics cannot endure. All history is in evidence. Cæsar and Brutus were the richest citizens of Rome and rival note-shavers. Distribution of wealth is essential to the continuance of a republican form of government. A republic demands a polit-

ical economy which will keep up a perpetual redistribution of values. The United States is reaching that condition of unevenly distributed wealth which is the certain precursor of change in the form of government. The republics of South America are too poor to support royalty. The French republic is a passing fancy.

Another of Carnegie's points is that the increase of wealth in the United States does not depend on foreign increment but results from internal improvement. He cites figures to show that foreign commerce only adds one-tenth to the estimated yearly increase in wealth of the nation. The factor of immigration he most singularly omits from his calculation. Economists estimate that each immigrant, apart from his possessions, adds a thousand dollars to the wealth of the country. Though immigration under protection is naturally decreasing, there are still about five hundred thousand persons coming every year to this country in the hope of a happier life and of an easier living. If it be conceded that each has but ten dollars in his pocket, or the equivalent in tools, utensils, or furniture, this sum multiplied by the number arriving and the result multiplied by the economic value of each will give a total well worthy of consideration. The effect of protection in lessening immigration is evident. The best immigrants, and the major part, are attracted to this country by the hope of the possession, the fruits, the enjoyment, and the dignity of landed proprietorship—the one hope they cannot have at home. Protection is depopulating eastern farms and is covering western farms with mortgages. The only profitable cereal cultivation to-day requires syndicates, large capital, huge agricultural machinery, and the favor, or control, of a transportation company; in fact appliances similar to those of a factory which deprive the laborer of individuality and self-respect and reduce him to the condition of an animated bit of mechanism. Instead of the freeman of fifty years ago, overlooking his own acres, rejoicing with thanksgiving, glorying in his independence, the farmer of to-day is number so-and-so in a gang.

Mr. Carnegie asks for signs. What he asks is the sign when any particular industry has had all the protection it needs? As if any industry would ever acknowledge that its

greed had been fully satisfied! He does not ask for a sign that the country at large is being injured by protection; yet that sign is most evident. In legislation is the sign conspicuous. When the greater part of legislators' time is taken up with matters affecting individual values, then the republic is in danger. When an individual, or a body of individuals, can make himself, or themselves, richer by legislation, and legislators are helping him, or them, to do it; then ring out the alarm. Then let freemen hasten together, as when the belfries of Brugges and Ghent rang out their warning clarions! In republics, legislation should be general. If individual, it should be to give individuals powers which cannot be exercised generally and which must be exercised for the general good. The condition of the country is sad enough to the lovers of republicanism and of free institutions. How many important matters come up year by year before Congress which have not for their immediate object the enriching of classes at the expense of the masses, or the retention of power by the few over the many? There is apparently a parity of venality between the two great political parties. Legislators can be no better than the people they represent. If Congress be corrupt, it is because legislators are elected for purposes of corruption and because votes are recognized in communities as merchandisable articles. A people is to be judged by the character and acts of its representatives. If representatives are corrupt, it is because Mammon has its altar at every country cross-road.

Every corporation that can afford it employs a lobby. The existence of a lobby indicates the intention to corrupt and presupposes corruptable legislators. If legislators need information they should be informed publicly and openly. A lobby is sly and furtive. It does its work in secret and at night. Its object is to find out, and to tempt, the impecunious, and to turn legislation from public good to private gain. Yet so dull and heavy has become the public conscience that no scorn is excited by the presence of professional bribers swarming the corridors of legislation. If lobbyists are necessary they should carry placards giving name and residence and should wear conspicuously their masters' collars.

The preservation of a fine sense of personal honor has become as difficult in private business as in public affairs. Even one's bookseller now-a-days has two prices for the books on his shelves; one price for the unsuspecting, ignorant, and confiding stranger; another for the purchaser who understands the prevailing system of commissions, rebates, etc. Can a merchant sell to a corporation now-a-days without in some way putting into play with the purchasing agent this same system of commissions and rebates? What is the intrinsic difference between an agent's accepting for himself, individually, a rebate of ten cents a ton on a hundred thousand tons of coal and his stealing ten thousand dollars of the company's cash? Is not the merchant who offers the rebate as guilty as the agent who accepts it. Can the plea of "necessity" be accepted? If a corporation pay ten cents a ton more for its coal than the coal is worth the extra cost must be charged off on the public. Thus it is that the public is being robbed to enrich rascals. Every rascality from top to bottom, from the stealing of a railroad to the over-charge on a ton of coal, must be paid for by the public. Can a man preserve his private and individual honesty who permits such practices on the part of his subordinates? Can a man be successful in business to-day who does not both recognize and practice them?

The public conscience recognizes a difference between stealing from an individual and stealing from the United States, States, and corporations. If United States contractors skillfully avoid obligations, if importers elude payment of legal duties, they will be admired by emulous associates. If a dude "pass" his English togs he will be the hero of his coterie. Call him a smuggler to his face, and he will be as mad as if he really were not one. Are the American people forgetting that consciences can be corrupted; the sense of right and wrong impaired?

It is virtually impossible to convict aldermen of giving away valuable franchises and of receiving bribes for their services in the transaction. Though the proof be perfect, juries will not accept it as evidence. Can a poor man have his wrongs redressed in a court of justice? Is there any limit to the delay and subtleties cash can operate to defeat justice? Has the private individual stock- or bond-holder in a corporation any

rights which it will pay to enforce? Cash, cash, cash! Its sound reverberates from the domes of capitols; rings from steeples; fills banks and market places with its din. It whispers in court and mutters in closets. It is adored by the seaside and is worshipped amid hill tops—Is the picture overdrawn? What is the remedy?

The remedy is as simple as it is for a man to turn from the error of his ways—and as difficult. If the majority of the people of the United States be still upright and virtuous, they can effect a change; for the power is still in their hands. Votes cannot be forced. Voters cannot be bribed against their will. If every honest citizen will put his honest citizenship into active politics the change can be made. No citizen can delegate the performance of his individual duty to his neighbor. Sense of personal responsibility must be revived. Time, ease, and comfort must be sacrificed whenever necessary. The citizen must be willing to fight the very worst manifestations of political degradation. The fight means personal contact; as personal as the contact of the physician with a patient. If money is to be relegated to its subordinate and proper position in national and State councils, and if the higher and nobler interests of a republic are to be advanced, all the ways of thinking and acting which have characterized the country for a score of years must be forsaken. Is such a mental revolution possible? Can a people of their own accord turn from an idol which for thirty years they have worshipped as the children of Israel worshipped the Golden calf? Are minds saturated with notions of gain capable of self-purification? Gigantic fortunes are made as mushrooms make themselves of a morning. Producing causes are so obscure that each one waits as with a lottery ticket hoping his turn may come next. Industry, energy, and honesty are no longer certain factors and are despised. It seems as if the demons of evil must be evoked to save from poverty. Only the unlucky and the envious preach frugality. Can communities in which such notions have so long prevailed reclothe themselves with virtue? History shows no example of successful national repentance.

If the moralist can only help faintly and incidentally, can the statesman, or the jurist, inaugurate the beneficent revolu-

tion? Can he indicate the direction in which energies may be turned to give effect to good intentions?

So far the question has been considered from the point of view of the individual, let it now be considered from the point of view of the Constitution.

The Constitution of the United States is a short document. It can be read through in an hour and the amendments in half an hour. To read and understand the principal judicial decisions made under the Constitution and the important interpretations which have been put on its clauses would require time and the exercise of legal apprehension; but no more time than the subject deserves, no more legal apprehension than is ordinary. The Constitution belongs to the people who made it. Every citizen who can read should read it. The opinion of a casual reader may be as sound as that of a constitutional lawyer whose opinion may be based on a retainer, or be the result of fixed method of thinking. Nor to judge by experience are the decisions of the Supreme Court Justices infallible. When politics are in question, the Justices are as sharply divided on political lines as the loiterers about a country store. Nor must it be forgotten that on one memorable occasion the number of Justices was increased for the purpose of reversing a decision.

One point is very evident. The Constitution has generally been interpreted against the people and in favor of the document; when, if the idea of State sovereignty and of the sovereignty of the people be not an antiquated myth, and the tenth amendment be still valid, interpretations and decisions should have been the other way. It is a fundamental principle of all grants by sovereigns that the grants are to be construed in favor of the sovereign and against the grantees. The United States should exercise no power which has not been clearly, distinctly, and unmistakably conferred. Where there is doubt that doubt should be in favor of the creating people, and not in favor of the created thing. The plea always advanced in excuse is that the people by the Constitution intended to create a new nation and to endow it with all the rights and powers necessary and pertinent to national existence, and that the clauses of the Constitution should be so construed as to assist

this intent. The document, accordingly, has been most liberally interpreted. Especially since 1860, when the United States entered upon a fight for its existence, and the States which supported the Union willingly surrendered every power of which the exercise was deemed necessary for its preservation. Since the war these powers have been retained and not relegated. If they were relegated would not many abuses of the present day disappear?

A few instances will suffice to explain.

The eighth section of the Constitution conveys to Congress the following powers: "To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises; to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and welfare of the United States; to borrow money on the credit of the United States; to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures."

These are the only financial provisions of the Constitution. If our forefathers proposed fixing the value of foreign coin they did not propose any greater financial absurdity than many propounded by their successors.

Under these financial clauses of the Constitution what has not been done? A national banking system has been created. State banks have been virtually suppressed by imposing a prohibitory tax on their circulation. The control of their financial systems has been taken away from the several States, and there has been built up at Washington the most gigantic, the most absolute, the most despotic, and the most dangerous financial system the world has ever experienced. The power of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States reaches to the pocket of every citizen of the United States. At any time, or place, he can create a panic in the money market, or foment speculation by out-flooding of currency. Every business must wait on his decisions; must discount, or anticipate his acts. Sound commercial and financial principles are of little value in comparison with a knowledge of his will, or a hint of his intent. Every business man in the country will testify to the truth of this statement. With such power accumulated at Washington; the treasury within sight of the capitol; the life of the one throbbing the pulses of the other,

how can legislation occupy itself with anything but values? The vast force must be propitiated; constituents must be saved from its ravages; must have their share of its gifts.

The new silver bill which has just become a law presents the evils of the present tendency of unconstitutional and destructive legislation so simply and so clearly that all can see and understand. The bill, divested of technicalities, stripped of useless and misleading verbiage, compels the Secretary of the Treasury to buy of the "Silver Kings," as they are called, so much of the surplus of their mines as they may offer, to the extent of 4,500,000 ounces a month. Or, in other words, \$4,500,000, in round numbers, of the people's money are to be paid over to the "Silver Kings" every month for their individual enrichment, and for absolutely nothing else. No other construction can be put on the law; no other view of it is possible. That the bill is in flagrant violation of the Constitution, that it is opposed to all notions and laws of sound finance and of rational political economy, must be perfectly evident to its partisans, to the members of congress who supported it and to the president who signed it. That all these men are fools cannot be conceded. The bill has been passed for the purpose of enriching all concerned in its passage. Any one who has not received his price in cash expects to receive it hereafter in favors from the "Silver Kings;" or it may be that he has aided and abetted through fear of their power. In such a transaction no other motives are inferable.

Apart from the unconstitutionality of the law, consider its effect. If a merchant have his capital in goods which he can neither carry nor sell he will certainly become bankrupt. If he can force a party to take his unsaleable goods off his hands that party's available capital will be reduced to the extent of the value of the goods. If many merchants can use the same force it can only be a question of time when all the forced party's available capital will be tied up and he himself forced to bankruptcy. If the silver men can force their surplus upon the United States what is to prevent the copper men, the tin men, the iron and the coal men from doing the same thing? Have not all these things the same right to be "protected?" A people who will remain passive at the passage of such an

atrocities as the silver bill may be depended upon to remain passive under any legislation whatsoever. They have ceased to be capable or worthy of self-government. The march towards national bankruptcy has commenced; is well under way. The past has fixed the direction, the present shows no intention of deviation from the chosen route. The conspirators know full well what is in store for the country. They propose saving themselves and their spoils before the crash.

Is there any way in which the march can be arrested? Any process by which the concentration of values and of financial power at Washington can be arrested and a process of redistribution can be inaugurated? Most certainly. The machinery is still in order; the people may still operate it. But where the kindling of patriotism, where the fire of self-sacrifice? If every law conveying powers not strictly conveyed by the Constitution could be repealed the danger would pass. As a first step in the process of redistribution let the prohibitory tax on the circulation of state banks be repealed. This measure alone would be potent. The act was passed to float United States bonds by compelling State banks to reorganize as national banks with a proper supply of United States bonds as a basis for their circulation. Its repeal would enable national banks to resume their former condition. It would not compel them. Local and State interests would then have fair play against general and national interests. The revival of State banks would recreate State financial centers and State financial systems, and thus check the centralization at Washington. The people would be able to choose between the two systems and not be forced as they are now to the one system. If the people prefer State finances with all their alleged inconveniences to concentrated Washington finances, they are entitled to the choice. The inconveniences are more imaginary than real. Liberty has inconveniences. In Europe, within an area no greater than the area of the United States, there are half a dozen financial centers, and half a dozen systems of coinage, yet the traveler passes from one country to another without inconvenience. The merchant buys and sells in all of them without great increase of book-keeping. A single system is not sufficient for so large and so rich a country as

the United States. There can be no natural equality of values between New York and San Francisco.

The Constitution may be regarded as a charter in that it created a new union; it may be regarded as a grant in that it invested the created union with specific powers. Is it not odd that the interpretation of the instrument should have been lodged with the salaried legal advisors of the grantee, who hold court in the bit of territory which the grantee may call its own; a bit, by the by, which saves the grantee, as the Vatican saves the Pope, from a mere technical and documentary existence? Why should not the legal advisors of the grantors take part in the discussions and give equal judgment! Who ever heard of a grantee having exclusive power to interpret a grant to serve his interests? Let not oratorical glamor bewilder, but view the Constitution with the eye of common sense. The compilers of the Constitution were men, not prophetic seers. They compromised with their present, and looked no further ahead than wise men can look to-day. It is the fashion to extol the Constitution as if it were an inspired document. This praise comes invariably from those who would violate its spirit by distorting its letter; who attach hidden meanings to its simple prescripts; who find vast powers where none were delegated, and who discover in methods employed for overcoming existing difficulties unbounded provisions for new emergencies.

Another instance: The United States presents the most extraordinary spectacle of a country in which the increments of wealth, incident to the most prodigious growth and development history has every witnessed, are being poured into the coffers of individuals. You can count on your fingers the names of the railroad magnates who control the routes into the western territories; who can turn immigration as they please, pouring it in directions of personal profit, stemming it and damming it at will.

Here again appeal is made to the Constitution, as if its compilers intended preparing the way for such vast and hurtful monopolies. The clause to which appeal is made is the third clause of the eighth section of the first Article, giving Con-

gress power to "regulate commerce among the several States." This section and the first two sections of the fourth section are all the Constitution contains on the subject of interstate relations. These sections, as most clearly appears to any reader of the history of the Constitution, were intended to stop the levying of taxes by one State on the commerce of another, and to render the recurrence impossible. This and nothing more was the intent of the compilers of the Constitution.

The first two sections of the fourth Article have been expanded by unwarranted amplification till it would seem as if any power might be derived from them. It could certainly never have entered the heads of the framers of the Constitution that a State could convey corporate rights outside of its jurisdiction, yet there are thousands of corporations to-day violating the laws of States where they reside by virtue of charters obtained in States where they are inactive. Corporations organized for business in one State transact business in every State. A railroad stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and transversing a dozen States may be as personal a piece of property as the horse on which the owner is riding. A people's interpretation of the Constitution would prevent a corporation from transacting business in a State unless organized under the laws of the State and by citizens of that particular State. Even if the public were obliged to change cars at every State boundary, the inconvenience would be counterbalanced by the destruction of the railroad monopolies which are clutching the land with tentacles of steel, and with octopus arms are drawing the richness of the country into their corporate bellies. Against such monopolies labor will from time to time revolt, and when the revolt comes there is nothing a republic can offer to secure property and person from its excesses. Where there are gigantic monopolies there must be large standing armies to uphold them in the peaceful exercise of their despotisms, and to protect the innocent against the enraged revolt of their victims.

Is there any clause in the Constitution giving Congress specific power to confer pensions? Is this power anything more than an inference from the supposed existence of a national sovereignty? If conferred at all the States should confer them. Is there any clause of the Constitution giving the

United States specific power to force a State to receive, buy, and sell articles of which the traffic has been decided by the State to be injurious and immoral? The fact that this power has been secured by the voice of the two new democratic appointees to the Supreme Court shows how far away these questions are from the domain of politics and how immediately they concern the people. Is there any clause in the Constitution giving the United States specific power to force a State to recognize as married, persons whom its citizens by law, custom, and inherited instinct regard as adulterers?

Is there any clause in the Constitution giving the United States specific power to confer premiums upon special industries or special agricultural products?

Is there any clause in the Constitution specifically conferring upon the president power to remove from office? Is there any greater necessity for the causeless removal of an able and efficient postmaster than for the removal of an able and experienced officer of the army, or navy? Is ability more easily acquired in the arts of peace than in the arts of war? Are the arts of peace less valuable to the people than the arts of war? The highest development of manhood is possible in every sphere of life. Insecurity of tenure exposes the highest official to time serving and sycophancy.

There is no necessity in multiplying examples. The decisions of courts, the interpretation of statutes, the growth of custom, have all been in one direction; all towards establishing a national sovereignty, all towards destroying the sovereignty of the States and of the people. If the theory be correct that the Constitution created a nation in which resides sovereignty over the States as well as over the people who created it, then all these decisions and interpretations, and this march of custom are correct; and the total obliteration of the names, the boundaries, the laws, the customs, and the histories of States is logical and inevitable. If on the contrary the tenth amendment be not a dead letter and ultimate sovereignty still resides with the people of the several States, then these decisions, interpretations, and customs are in violation of the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. The lost sovereignty must be reaffirmed and reasserted if the people have lingering regard for their State and their individual rights and

liberties. The preservation of local laws and customs is as necessary to the existence of the Union as their destruction was fatal to the republic of Rome.

If the idea of resident and retained sovereignty be revived, then there may be hope of a return to the practice of the simple virtues and to the modest honesty which are essential to the preservation of a republican form of government. If the idea of surrendered and conferred sovereignty be continued, then the Union will fall to pieces and a multitude of independent States will take its place, or an armed autocracy will rule with imperial power. If the present generation do not inaugurate the reform they will see the change. Let eyes be wide open and choice be deliberate.

There is a singular omission in the Constitution. It contains no provision against the passage by Congress of unconstitutional acts. If the president veto an unconstitutional act, Congress can pass it over his veto by a two-thirds vote. As if there were constitutionality in numbers. The act will go into immediate force, and it may be years before the Supreme Court has an opportunity of passing upon its constitutionality. In the meantime it may have become such an integral part of governmental life and activity that political forces will be arrayed in its support to the preventing of a declaration of unconstitutionality. Certainly, when the chief executive has declared an act to be unconstitutional, legislation should halt till the opinion of the Supreme Court be obtained.

The few thoughts of this paper have not been carefully considered, nor are they presented fully, or in logical sequence. The paper is an invitation to others, whose lives may have been as quiet as the writer's, to set about considering the fundamental principles of the country's system of government. A study of the Constitution is as much the duty of the private individual as it is the duty of the prominent statesman. Every citizen of the Union has equal right in the governing of his country. If he do not choose to exercise the right but leave the management of affairs to the ignorant, the foolish, and the venal, he has only himself to blame if the sequence be to himself and to others disaster and ruin.

D. CADY EATON.

New Haven, Aug. 26th, 1890.

ARTICLE V.—WHAT TECHNIQUE DOES FOR A PICTURE.

FROM the painter's standpoint, technique refers immediately to the manner of handling a picture. In painting on canvas, technique has an importance equivalent to spelling and grammar in writing on paper.

In a good picture, this same technique must be subject to approved laws, just as an Article intended for publication must be written according to established rules.

But while it is true that genuine pictorial art requires correctness of technique, it is also true that this quality has been over-estimated, and has been allowed too great individual consequence. As was only natural to expect, the French school with its unexcelled—probably unequalled—drawing and brilliant color fell an early victim to the technique craze. Intoxicated with the new power, largely of its own creation, and revelling in a veritable excess of hand facility, for a time matter was allowed to over-shadow mind—hand work outranked brain work—as if, in an Article, scholarly attainments could be replaced by faultless spelling or the latest flourish in penmanship. And, as was to be expected, later on, there came a sober reaction. But meanwhile, to what masterly shallowness extravagant technique could straightway lead was exhibited in the world-famous and technically wonderful representations of life-size peasant women hoeing cabbages!

And, on the other hand, there are ardent students—serious and conscientious—who venture to ignore technique deliberately. They imagine that to draw in color is to paint; and that with knowledge of drawing, nature may be relied upon to produce pictorial works of art. They abandon original and artistic impression to the flimsy expression of incompetent and more or less sappy sentiment—as if a serious essay were written with phonetic spelling—and thus they invite misfortune with the bitterest disappointments.

In the schools of painting, tradition from all ages has handed down valuable formulæ of technique. The existence of these

formulæ emphasizes to every degree of natural gifts the folly of undertaking to teach itself to paint. Even if exceptional genius, with lavish waste of time, could accomplish the impossible—*cui bono*?

As an instance of technique, and prominent in the precious list, we may mention a cunning method of carefully painting some portion of an object with the last reserve of strength and realism, but intentionally leaving some other portion of the silhouette to appear weak, vague, and indistinct—seemingly unfinished.

This form of technique specially produces pictorial “strength.” This quality, thus astonishingly developed, is tempered by and combined with an all-pervading, atmospheric softness that heightens the effect without weakening the strength. Thus is offered a suggestion that the on-looking eye eagerly accepts. It welcomes the painter’s invitation and never fails to enjoy imaginary work with him in finishing the picture.

Then, too, painters know that in absolute high light, nearly every variety of outline shows gaps and breaks. The contour easily loses itself in the background and melts into the atmosphere. This is an effect that constantly recurs in portraiture. In various high lights or in strong reflexions, on the roundest cheek from the eye-socket to the chin curve there may appear no positive outline; or, perhaps an ear may have no well-defined top, nor is it anything unusual for only the strong and the half tones in the hair to plainly shape themselves against whatever may be behind them.

And so on indefinitely.

Students intending to seriously study art but who are now deluding themselves with the belief that hard work, without instruction, can teach them what is needful for success, may be assured that they are gravely mistaken—that they are pitifully in error. They may be likened to the traveler in a strange land who declines to walk with an experienced guide along well made roads leading to well known centres of interest, but who, in thicket and swamp, prefers to break for himself a path leading whither he knows as little as where he is actually floundering.

Verbal spelling appears plainly in type and may be self-taught.

Pictorial spelling or technique is not to be put in type. It is also far from being either plain or simple, but is countless and complex. Skillful instruction, however, provides short cuts to desirable effects that the self-taught student must—at the best—slowly, probably never as well re-discover.

Lack of this instruction, with inadequate technical knowledge, explains the reasons why the experienced eye is so often offended.

Ignorance of spelling seldom attempts to write a book. However, if the effort should be made, the phonetic outcome is easy far to foretell. But ignorance of technique is more brazen and less modest. Art-struck, it sticks at nothing! Perspective, color, atmosphere, technique, are as if they were not!

The net result—a phonetic picture!

Ability to reproduce faithfully these and numberless technical effects is by no means easily acquired. Sketchy and suggestive, it demands a touch at once light and firm. This touch is the harvest of honest, hard work. By its aid, these seeming accidents are constantly introduced with the happiest result.

F. WAYLAND FELLOWES.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

ARTICLE VI.—YALE'S NEEDS.

Report of the President of Yale University for the year ending December 31st, 1889. Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, 1890. 8vo, pp. 76.

The last Annual Report of the President of Yale University, presented to the Corporation in May, demonstrates the need of more than two and a quarter millions of dollars to put the institution on a fair working basis. The estimate of the President is within reasonable limits. Twice the amount which is so stated could be wisely used in the progressive development of the University. A University like Yale is a living thing. There is nothing dead about it. It is under a positive law of growth. If it is to have a survival, it must have progress. If its death is decreed, it can remain as it is and be buried under its own ruins.

But no one expects Yale to die. The two hundred years of its life are prophetic of its future. The glory of its past is as shadow compared with the brilliancy of its future. It is here for the Nation and for the Race.

The advance which has already been made during the administration of President Dwight may indicate the splendid acceleration which will be seen if sufficient means are furnished to aid and gratify the Faculties and the Corporation. Yale should take and hold the first rank among the strong Universities of the country. We hear of endowments of twenty millions and fifty millions for the planting of new institutions, the regal gifts of individuals. But money is not all. History reckons for something. The noble and worthy past is an endowment. The love and loyalty of a great body of Alumni aggregate a treasure of unestimated value. The accumulations of learning, of sentiment, of biography, of scientific successes, of reverence, of great and hallowed memories, belong to foundations that count the centuries

past. As mushrooms to the oak are new institutions to the old. The new have yet to demonstrate their right to live. Their worthiness is to be proved.

Yale stands with an acknowledged right to be. So standing, it must have nurture. It claims, with the free suffrages of all its Alumni who are observers in all the world, with the decided approval of citizens who recognize it as the chief glory of the city wherein they dwell, munificent support, large endowments, which will enable the University, in all its Schools and Departments, to fulfill the service for which it exists. These should be generously supplied.

We do not make much of the cry of crises. It is commonly a cheap appeal. But if we look at the state of the case, exactly as it is, it must be fairly acknowledged that this is a critical time in the history of the University. We have reached a conjunction such as we have not heretofore known in that history. All the past, and especially the recent past, has led on to it. The growth of two centuries has come to this culmination. And now a magnificent future opens before us. Are we in a condition to meet it? Have we the means, as we have the men, to command success?

The needs are great. Five millions of money are not too much for the actual wants of the University at the present moment.

First and foremost of all, the meager salaries of our working faculties need to be increased. This is patent to all observers. Loyalty to Yale and love for the fine work that these men are doing, may keep them still with us. But we have no right to assume that. They should have far more than they are receiving, and other institutions are ready to give them more. It is a discredit to the University that they are permitted to do for us what they are doing at such deplorably small remuneration.

Without dwelling particularly upon the manifold needs of the University, we may, perhaps, be impressed by a glance at some of them in a simple enumeration: Provision for the employment of additional professors who are absolutely wanted in the growth of the different departments; funds for the erection of new buildings for several, if not for all, of the schools of the University, and for the purchase of books, and apparatus for more efficiency in work; funds for the founding of scholarships, and for the encouragement of learning and of new discoveries, and for the purchase of valuable illustrative collections in the

fields of natural science and of art ; funds also for the larger endowment of the various schools.

Then there is need of room for the expansion of the University in the erection of new buildings. We want four times the room that there is in the present Campus. All the land, which is not now owned by the Corporation, bounded by Chapel, College, Grove, and York streets, should be secured. Besides the eighteen buildings upon the Campus proper, there are now upon this land the noble structures of the Divinity School, the Peabody Museum, the old Gymnasium, the Kent Laboratory, the Sloan Laboratory, and the foundations of the new Gymnasium. The house of the President also stands upon this property.

The Sheffield School seems to be permanently located upon the ample grounds which belonged to the mansion of the Sheffield family, bounded by Hillhouse avenue, Grove, Prospect, and Trumbull streets. Eventually it may need room toward the southwest to meet the other departments of the University.

This land is constantly rising in value and should be secured at present comparatively low prices. The territory is not too large for the coming demand. Compared with the broad acres of other institutions it seems to be but a meager domain for our uses. Twice the number of buildings which we now have would occupy the whole of it. Purchased now, the rental of the dwellings upon it would yield an income to the University until the room was absolutely demanded for its own growth. Three-fourths of all the buildings of the University to-day have been erected since the writer was matriculated at Yale. Future growth can be partly calculated from the progress of the past.

Since the recent demolition of the old Laboratory and the old Cabinet building, lately the Reading Room, we can begin to see what the beauty of the Campus will be when the other old buildings shall in like manner be razed and removed. It is worth the while now to stand in front of the Hyperion and look along the elm-shadowed avenues past the Art School, the new Library, the old Library, Dwight Hall and Alumni Hall, to Durfee. It is already an exhilarating prospect. Clear the entire space and multiply it by four, and let the Colleges cover the areas hereinbefore alluded to, and we shall have something to be proud of. The provision reminds one of the beautiful quadrangles of Oxford, the scholastic enclosures within which are the studies and dormitories of students, dining halls, elegant chapels and libraries, and

attached to which are the cultivated gardens, with retired spots for solitary walks and thought, the haunts of scholars, the retreats of the muses. "New College" is nearly five hundred years old. "University College" was founded, as is said, by King Alfred, a thousand years ago. The tower of "Magdalen College" was built by Wolsey. There you see the house where Tyndale lived. There Addison, Hamden, Gibbon were educated. Passing through the Court you may stroll along "Addison's Walk," by the banks of the little Cherwell, under the shadowy old trees. "Christ Church" was founded by Wolsey and in the Court is a statue of that liberal patron of learning.

So would we see our University expanding and beautified, the Oxford of America, gathering renown with age, adorned in its outer walls, and enriched with liberal learning, the nursery of science and the home of scholars.

BURDETT HART.

Sept., 1890.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Economics and Social History of New England. 1620—1789. By William B. Weedon. In two volumes. 1890. 964 pp. 12mo.

Civil Government in the United States considered with some Reference to its Origin. By John Fiske. 1890. 12mo. pp. 360.

Come Forth. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert B. Ward. 1891. 12mo. pp. 318.

Aids to Scripture Study. By Frederick Gardner, late Professor in the Berkeley Divinity School. 1890. 12mo. pp. 284.

Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix. By Francis Tiffany. 1890. 12mo. pp. 392.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

The Story of Scotland from the earliest times to the present century. Series of "The Story of the Nations." By John Mackintosh, LL.D. 1890. 12mo. pp.

The Jews under Roman Rule. By W. D. Morrison. Series of "The Story of the Nations." 1890. 12mo. pp. 476.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York City.

One Man's Struggle. By George W. Gallagher. 1890. 12mo. pp. 169.

American Antiquarian Office, Chicago, Illinois.

Pre-historic America. Vol. II. Emblematic Mounds and Animal Effigies. By Stephen D. Peet, Editor of the American Antiquarian. 8vo. pp. 350. 1890.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

Handbook of Latin Writing. By Henry Preble, A.B. Harvard, and Charles P. Parker, B.A. Oxon. Revised edition. 1890. 12mo. pp. 109.

The Nine Worlds. Stories from the Norse Mythology. By Mary E. Litchfield. 1890. 12mo. pp. 163.

A Synopsis of English and American Literature. By G. I. Smith, B.A. Instructor in English, Washington, D. C., High School. 1890. 8vo. pp. 125.

NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

No. CCXLVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

ARTICLE I.—CONNECTICUT IN THE REVOLUTION.

The Record of Connecticut Men in the Military and Naval Service during the War of the Revolution, 1775-1783.

Edited by HENRY P. JOHNSTON, A.M., under authority of the Adjutant-General of Connecticut. Hartford, 1889.

THE noble and efficient support which the State of Connecticut gave to the Revolutionary cause has been so generally recognized by our historians—as during the contest it had been repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged by Washington himself—that a more than ordinary interest would seem to attach to the record, lately published, spreading out the exact details of that service and amply verifying whatever has been said of it. This record is a possession the State may well be proud of. It is at once a monument and a history—a monument to great action, and a history which, though dealing in prosaic and statistical features, reaches down at least to the *identity* of the men it commemorates. We have here something like a personality, something very real. Here are the *names* of those who fought for liberty and law and right, the “sires” themselves who had a vivid consciousness that they were laying

truer foundations for posterity to build on. Here are their military organizations—their companies of minute-men and volunteers, their levies, their troopers, their militia, their marines and privateersmen, and their sorely-tried but faithful and soldierly Continentals. Here are the evidences of service—the muster-rolls with dates of enlistment and discharge, and records of promotion and casualties. Here are indicated, in many cases, the lines of march in different campaigns, the camping grounds, the winter quarters, the soldiers' pay and rations (more often the lack of them), the punishments inflicted, and the routine of daily duty. Here are lists of men who fought on well known fields—the men who turned out in the Lexington alarm, who captured Ticonderoga, who marched to Quebec, who helped bring Burgoyne to terms, who suffered at Valley Forge, who fought at Germantown and Monmouth, who stormed Stony Point, who were massacred at Wyoming and New London, and who marched with Washington to Yorktown and entrapped Cornwallis. Here, in a word, is the story of what Connecticut accomplished in the Revolution as presented in official formula and through matter-of-fact documents, but so far the more satisfactory.

The solid value of such a record lies beneath the surface. Reading "between the lines" one finds much more than rosters of troops, regimental organizations, or notes of service. There is a vast deal suggested not only by the names but also by their grouping. We seem to be introduced not alone to the soldiers, but to the communities and population of that day, and are brought to realize more impressively the full extent of the State's efforts. An illustration of this is afforded in the opening pages of the volume, in the "Lexington Alarm List," where the names are entered of the four thousand men who responded to the call for help from Massachusetts at the outbreak of the war. The list is given by towns—forty-eight being represented—and is in each case a portion of the town militia enrollment. Each company is in some sort the town quota for that special service—a voluntary service it is true, but the service of townsmen. It is the community that is interested and on the move. It is the uprising of the towns. So, too, throughout the war the Continental and the militia

regiments were apportioned according to the density of the population, the whole being equably represented. The thirty thousand names on the rolls (and we are told by the editor that were the records complete the number would rise well towards forty thousand) thus represent a large, respectable, well defined, and accurately distributed proportion of the male inhabitants of the State during the years of the Revolution. We may call these men the strength and body of the State, not a fraction or a draft, but essentially the State itself in its full outfit for the emergency. The mass of the citizens had, so to speak, been "mobilized," or more properly had mobilized themselves for the struggle—a fact as remarkable as it is impressive. Clearly the *population* of Connecticut had thrown itself into the war.

The individual names themselves emphasize this relation of the State to the contest. Many hundreds of them can without difficulty be identified as the most honored and respected names in the Connecticut of that day. We have here, as stated in the preface of the volume, "a representative body, largely descendants of original settlers, including all elements in the different communities—judges, pastors, lawyers, physicians, farmers, mechanics, sailors, laborers"—the brains and very bone and sinew. Nearly everybody seems to have turned out for some kind of service at some period of the war, from the members of the Governor's family to the ploughman and the negro. The Governor himself, "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, at Lebanon, was doubtless the busiest man in the State. His four sons, Joseph, Jonathan, John, and David held responsible positions in the army. The Secretary of State, Wylls, at Hartford, remained at his post through the war as for many years before, and was represented in the field by his three sons. Roger Sherman, at New Haven, so closely identified with the Continental Congress, likewise sent three sons to the army, not for brief terms but for six and seven years. The ladies of his household could have had but little male protection during those long seasons of alarm and invasion. Jabez Huntington, wealthy merchant of Norwich, is remembered also through his three sons, the General, the Colonel, and Captain. Family after family sent two or more of their members.

"Old Put" and his two sons, Generals Wooster, Spencer, Parsons, Saltonstall, Silliman, Dyer, Mead, and their sons; the Sedgwick, Knowlton, Tallmadge, Meigs, Hale, Seymour, Walker, Grosvenor, Pinto, Webb, Humphreys, Leavenworth, Hinman, Chapman, Selden brothers; the numerous Lockwoods, Sheldons, Elys, Chesters, Demings, Cleavelands, Chandlers, Grants, Swifts, Whitings, Coits, Stedmans, Marcys, Hubbards, Sumners, Wolcotts, Olcotts, Elderkins, Lymans, Champions, Holmeses, Lyons, Harts, Shipmans, Adamases, Russells, Holts, Baldwins, Welles, Fitches, Clarks, Websters, Porters; the Wadsworths, the Terrys, the Sills, the Bacons, the Bushnells, the Warners, and the thousand others, with names more or less familiar throughout the State to-day, tell us through these lists how the cause was taken home as alike individual and common to all. In his previous monograph on "Yale in the Revolution," Professor Johnston added a new chapter to the annals of Connecticut in showing that the educated and college element contributed its full proportion of energy and blood to American success in that crisis; and in his present volume we have the contribution of all grades and classes in combination. Whoever ventures to re-write the Revolutionary history of the State must necessarily build up on the basis of these works, and emphasize the important points to which attention has been called.

Many new and interesting things are brought out in this volume and vague impressions are clarified. It appears that in point of military capacity Connecticut ranked as the fourth of the Thirteen States—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia having larger populations; but in view of her proximity to that important line of defence—the Hudson River and Highlands—and her own exposed coast and that of Rhode Island, her actual contribution of men to the cause exceeded her proportion. The calls upon her militia were constant, and that body was in consequence kept in an excellent state of organization. The "Continental" or the regular troops from Connecticut—those enlisted for "three years or the war"—were organized in nine infantry regiments and one of cavalry, with detachments of artillery, artificers, or pioneers, and sappers and miners. These troops served in the main army under

Washington and were known as the "Connecticut Line." After 1781 consolidations took place. As to service in the field we find the State represented in all the principal actions of the war save in those fought in the extreme south. Her soldiers were in the thick of the fight at Bunker Hill, at Long Island, Harlem Heights, White Plains, Trenton and Princeton, Quebec and Saratoga, Germantown and Monmouth, and especially distinguished themselves at the storming of Stony Point and in the Yorktown campaign.

The compilation of the record necessitated the examination of widely scattered documents and a close familiarity with the Revolutionary period on the part of the editor. It is to be regretted that so much of the original material lies outside of the State. It would seem possible to obtain the transfer of what the government at Washington possesses to the State Library at Hartford, and the hope may again be expressed that the valuable "Trumbull Papers" in the Massachusetts Historical Society may sooner or later be deposited at the same center. It is also to be hoped that the publication of this record will stimulate some or all of the other old States to honor the memory of their Revolutionary heroes in a like manner. Something has already been attempted by New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and New York has issued a volume worthy of the subject. The remaining States doubtless have sufficient material to authorize similar publications. We could have nothing more valuable to add to our Revolutionary lore, as it is the lack of these official records, complete or incomplete, that the historian feels the most sensibly in the treatment of that period. Connecticut may congratulate her State authorities on what they have contributed in this direction. Indeed, as to this, no other State, we believe, has done as much toward perpetuating the memory of her historic soldiery, for to the Revolutionary record are added the lists of the men who served in the 1812 and Mexican wars, and in a separate and recent volume we have the revised and practically complete rosters of the troops of the Civil war. The State in short, has put on record and in accessible form, the names of over one hundred thousand of her citizens who have turned out for patriotic service in different crises since 1775.

ARTICLE II.—THE DEFENCE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR
IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The Defence of Charleston Harbor, Including Fort Sumter and the Adjacent Islands, 1863–1865. By JOHN JOHNSON, formerly Major of Engineers in the service of the Confederate States. With Original papers in Appendix, full official reports, maps, and illustrations. Charleston, S. C. Walker, Evans, & Cogswell Co., Publishers. 1890. Octavo: pp. 276, clxxxvi.

In this monograph, students of history and of military science have a volume in which they may take delight. The subject is one of much general interest as well as of military importance. The author, the Rev. John Johnson, formerly Major of Engineers in the Confederate States army and Engineer-in-charge at Fort Sumter, now rector of the venerable Saint Philip's church in Charleston, S. C., has made, as he would have been expected to make, a careful study of the official reports of the action of either party in the novel and protracted conflict, and he has the further qualification of having been himself a responsible participator in the events which he describes. This last qualification may commonly be counted upon to give vividness and *vraisemblance* to narration; but it is not always a condition of the impartiality and candor becoming to history. Therefore it is proper to say at once, and with some emphasis, that the author's treatment is remarkably broad, dispassionate, and generous, so that the book may be read by one who was a participator on the other side, in this particular conflict, not only without exasperation, but with respect and confidence.

His style is direct and vigorous, and it is properly devoid of those qualities which suggest an effort to be brilliant and picturesque instead of simply accurate and just. In view of the temptations presented by the intensely exciting and dramatic opportunities of the theme, the absence of rhetorical embel-

lishment is constantly felt as a guarantee of trustworthiness. It is therefore a book which may be read with lasting satisfaction as well as with current interest. While it is sufficiently technical to be useful to the professional soldier, it may be wholly understood by any reader who will look up, if he does not know them, the definitions of a few terms peculiar to military science, the employment of which could not be avoided.

It is a marvellous and thrilling story, made so by the conditions of the case and the spirit and deeds of the actors. No art of rhetoric can add much lustre to the simple facts. In Charleston Harbor the conflict of arms was begun. Upon Fort Sumter the first iron hail of rebellion was poured, which signalled to the people of the Northern States the inevitable reality of a dreaded war. After a bombardment lasting two days, Major Anderson capitulated. The flag of the Union was hauled down, and in its place the flag of secession was raised on the 14th of April, 1861. From that date until the 17th of February, 1865, the fort was occupied by military forces of the Confederate States. During the last two years of this period it was subjected to a series of bombardments,—it might almost be said a continuous bombardment,—exceeding by far any similar demonstration of the destructiveness of cannon since artillery was invented. Twice it was assailed in vain by storming parties. Its garrison never surrendered. Finally, its evacuation was compelled, coincidently with the evacuation of all the supporting defences of Charleston, by the progress of General Sherman's Western army through South Carolina, and was safely accomplished. The weary beseiging army and navy then took quiet possession of the prize which their united, tremendous, protracted struggle had failed to win.

The military events around Charleston during the first two years of the war are rapidly sketched in the twenty-five pages of the first chapter; but subsequent operations, after the real attack and defence began, are narrated with ample particularity and admirable clearness. In the nature of the case, the narrative is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of Fort Sumter and its outworks, Battery Gregg and Battery (or Fort) Wagner, on Morris Island. Wagner was the object of two terrific bombardments followed by desperate and bloody, but ineffec-

tual assaults. When General Gilmore's operations had made it no longer tenable, both it and Battery Gregg were abandoned on the night of September 6, 1863, their garrisons escaping with little loss. Thenceforth the works, reconstructed, were made use of in operations against Sumter. One or two unsuccessful attempts were made against the defences upon James Island, lying west of, and nearer the city than, Morris Island; but no serious attempt was made to get a lodgment on Sullivan's Island, forming the north shore of the entrance to the harbor, upon which was Fort Moultrie supported by a double line of batteries, all mounting about eighty guns which played an important part in the repulse of every naval attack on Fort Sumter and protected the channel by which blockade runners passed in and out.

It was not until the 7th of April, 1863, almost two years after its surrender by Major Anderson, that an attempt was made by the Union forces to recapture Fort Sumter. Then for the first time the efficiency of the class of ironclads invented by Ericson was seriously tested in battle with a casemated fort. That attack failed; but thenceforth a protracted struggle, of which Fort Sumter was the immediate and Charleston the ulterior aim, was carried on by land and sea. This attack and defence constitute a record absolutely novel in many of its conditions and methods, and esteemed by military critics one of the most remarkable in the annals of war for valor, fortitude, and instruction. The story of the part borne in it by the attacking party has been told in many forms, official and unofficial, and in great detail. Concerning the action and experience of the defenders no full and just account has been given before; hence, much in this book is fresh and of the nature of a revelation. The masterly skill, the arduous labors, the heroic devotion of the defenders of Sumter now first appear in a clear light. Whatever error we may attribute to their initial motive, the soldierly prowess and exhaustless fortitude of that garrison will be forever illustrious. Reading this calm, succinct record of their experience, it is quite impossible not to be proud that such heroes were nourished at the same historic springs of patriotism as ourselves, and that all who survive are again united with us in a common allegiance, and a common devotion to the honor and defence of one country.

A few general statistics will partially indicate the fury of the ordeal to which the fort was subjected. The duration of the three principal and eight minor bombardments was altogether 157 days and 116 nights. But for a period of 123 additional days and nights the fort was under fire, interfering more or less with the work of repair and reconstruction. At this fort, the site of which was a made island, having an area of about two and a half acres, the interior parade having an area of about an acre and a quarter, there were thrown 46,053 missiles solid shot and shells, a large proportion of them having a bulk and mass greater than had ever before been used in warfare, the estimated total weight of metal being 3,500 tons. In the seven days of General Gilmore's first bombardment (August 17-23, 1863), 5,009 solid shot and percussion shell were thrown at the fort from batteries out of range of its guns. Of these 4,364 struck the fort, 2,433 outside and 1,931 inside, and but 645 missed the mark. The casualties were 1 killed and 42 wounded; but the fort was practically demolished as an offensive work. From this time its garrison was obliged to endure all artillery attacks, whether by land or sea, without firing a shot in reply. To repair damages by night and keep the flag flying by day were the chief labors.

A brief passage from the author's account of this bombardment has some features of special interest and serves to illustrate his style in description.

"For seven days the breaching batteries of General Gilmore were served vigorously against the fort. Their ponderous missiles, thrown with great precision of aim and with a range beyond all precedent,* had well-nigh done their work of destroying the strong artillery post. An observer from its battered walls could watch the shot and shell rising from little clouds of white smoke far away among the low hills of Morris Island. Sometimes, two or three in sight at once, they would come rushing on their way, and as they neared the fort would be heard hissing and tearing through the air straight to their mark—at one moment, to bury themselves far within the solid masonry; at another, to crush the mass to fragments, sending up clouds of dust or scattering the debris to the winds and waves. So charged with gases did the ruined heaps become

* It was 3,400 to 4,200 yards.

that one could see the smoke escaping slowly from the crevices of the mass, as from the crater of a volcano, long after the force of the shell had been expended: and the peculiar odor of the percussion-powder used for the fuze-plug of the shell so pervaded everything that the air in the fort seemed to be entirely composed of it. One singular circumstance attending this heavy firing of the first bombardment was that, owing to the great distance of some of the guns, the report of a gun firing a shell would be almost merged into the sound of the bursting of the shell itself at the fort."

This recalls an experience of the writer, who, during one of what are designated by Major Johnson the "lesser bombardments," sat for several hours on the deck of the monitor "Nantucket" with its captain, Lieutenant-Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Stephen B. Luce, protected by the whole body of the turret from the raking fire of Fort Moultrie half a mile away, and keeping a record of the elevation of the gun, character of the missile, weight of firing charge, etc., for every discharge of our artillery, and of the apparent impact and effect of each projectile. The 11 inch and especially the huge 15 inch spheres could be plainly discerned and followed by the eye, during their curving flight. We could see the balls from Moultrie's guns also when they had crossed the deck and went shrieking and ricochetting along the surface of the roadstead. Some of them did not pass, but striking the turret made deep dents and broke into fragments. One struck the deck, making a considerable open rent through the iron plating and its several inches of backing, but glanced off. That the sensation of watching the flight of departing compliments of this nature is less trying than that of watching approaching ones, I am prepared to grant.

It remains to be mentioned that this valuable work is made more interesting and complete by an abundance of maps, charts, plans, sketches, and portraits, all of excellent quality, by a calendar of events, many official documents and reports given in full, statistics of other famous defences of beleaguered forts, accounts of ironclad fleets, and a full index. All in all, it must be ranked in the best class of contributions to the history of our civil war.

WALTER ALLEN.

ARTICLE III.—THE SEPTEMBER “POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY” AND MR. WHITE ON “THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE,” AND MR. HUXLEY ON ITS LIGHT.

In the September *Popular Science Monthly*, in what Mr. White is pleased to call the “Warfare of Science,” he has reached “the fall of man” and kindred topics. In the same number Mr. Huxley advances as his ally and after skirmishing all along the line delivers his main assault upon the Deluge.

One would think that Mr. White’s distinguished abilities and his varied successes in different departments of thought had fitted him for the rôle of peacemaker instead of champion of a partisan camp. But if it is war with him and nothing else, so it must be. Perhaps these two gentlemen fancy that between them they shall soon conquer a peace.

In manoeuvring for position, we first call, in parliamentary language, for a division of the question. Mr. White bundles together the bible (we note however his exception of Jesus Christ and the gospels), Chaldean legends, Hesiod, and the authors generally of Greek and Roman myths, and proceeds with his warfare as if they were all one thing. We do not wish to attempt the defence of Chaldean legends or the Greek and Roman mythologists. If these windmills disturb the equanimity of men of science, let them charge upon them by all means, with all their might, singly or in couples. And if they find windmills in mediæval theology we say the same. We are not particularly concerned with the result.

But we have a word to say in regard to the bible. With what eyes can Mr. White have read the bible not to have discovered that it contains not the doctrine he attributes to it and combats, but precisely his own doctrine of the “Rise of Man.” There is no doctrine of the “Fall of Man” in the bible, i. e. except of a single man. And his misfortune is not called a “fall” in scripture language. The fact that Adam’s wife was involved with him in this calamity does not warrant the use of the plural as Mr. White uses it. Mr. White expresses

himself so as to convey the idea that men according to the bible enjoyed a "primeval period," i. e. a period of a first age, of innocence, and high moral, and intellectual development. Whereas the bible really represents the first age to have been one of such unmitigated barbarism that the Lord was obliged to sweep them all off the earth and make a new beginning. As to their condition in the arts, it makes them to have had a city such as one man could build, to have had simple musical instruments, some knowledge of metals, and to have been able to build a big covered boat. But we have a strong suspicion that their achievements could not pass for much now-a-days. After the flood, the bible brings man on by a gradual rise till it leaves him in the midst of Greek and Roman civilization.

How Mr. White could have got so confused as to the camp he was fighting in does not appear, unless somehow his bible has got interleaved with Hesiod or some of that ilk. He has been very much in the position of a general campaigning in Virginia on a map of the Netherlands. Mr. White says that the doctrine of the fall received its first great blow from the revelations of geology. All we have to say is that it was not the bible doctrine of the fall. The biblical account of the origin of evil rests upon no features of civilization beyond gardening and fruit picking, without which of course the human race has never subsisted. The golden age of the bible is as far from the Hesiodic or Saturnian age as the last future of man upon earth is from his first past, which, especially according to the claims of science, is a very great distance.

In anthropological warfare, we know it is possible to create a panicky feeling by much reiteration of "old stone age," "new stone age," "age of cave-dwellers" (though King David was for a time a cave-dweller), "age of lake-dwellers," "beaten copper age," "bronze age," and "iron age." Still it is somewhat reassuring to recall that we are having a pretty good time ourselves though by no means entirely out of the stone age. Not to mention other instances in which we keep hold of the stones, all our metal implements are sharpened and polished by stone; and in the preparation of food from cereals for man and beast, we still hear the grinding of the millstones,

though the steel roller is fast taking their place. Probably, however, we have all passed from the product of the stones to that of the rollers without being at all conscious of the fact at the time. If the world should suddenly be deprived of all metals, and the knowledge of their sources, we think that we should again make a very lively use of stones and be very glad of them. How long it would take man, even at his present state of intellectual development, to rediscover ores and reinvent tools, we have no idea, but have no doubt there would be a "new stone age" most certainly, and yet "man would be man for a' that."

But the bone implements! Well we are in the frequent use of a bone tool at the desk, and if we should attempt to engrave an elephant on it, we are quite sure the result would not surpass what has been found among the relics of prehistoric man.

Science promises us an aluminum age to replace that of iron. We hope the promise will be fulfilled, and that right soon. But does Mr. White expect that in this case his scientific successors will be raised to a plane of essentially higher humanity? And whether we are getting in all respects ahead of our remote fathers in all of our substitutes for stones is not quite clear. Certain it is that if they had depended upon perishable materials as much as we do for literature, they would have left us much more in the dark about themselves than they have.

But Mr. White has sought for "inspiration and true prophecy" among the Latins instead of the Hebrews. He quotes the famous tooth and nail passage from Lucretius as giving the key to all human progress.

Now we have no doubt that the modern woman who works with her finger tips in her flower garden, and that other woman who sometimes appears in our morning police courts, had their prototypes in that far off time. But that the man of the period did not lay about him with some more efficient weapons we refuse to believe. For the minds of the stone age did set on foot some very fair poetry of their own about Old Thor and his hammer, which makes us believe that man always knew enough to set a handle to his stone if he wished to.

In his Part II., in the October magazine, Mr. White develops his doctrine which is implied in Part I., that there is sufficient evidence to prove that, with unimportant exceptions, man has made a uniform rise from "low and brutal beginnings." Here we take issue with him. But it is possible that we are not thinking of the same things when we apply the terms "low" and "high" to human nature and condition. We hold that many a dweller in tent and cabin is higher in the human scale than an important fraction of the population of London and New York; although we know that by a standard of brick and iron, the verdict would be different. In fact, plain or forest has never shown such low and brutal savagery as do the large cities of this civilized age.

In the first place we are confident that the hypothesis, that man came upon the earth at such a grade that the adjectives "brutal" and "bestial" could properly be applied to him, is thoroughly unscientific. In the succession of nature each species appears at the first with its normal constitutional powers and functions in perfection as compared with their subsequent unfolding. It was long a standing objection to evolution that there was no shading in nature, and no pointing backward to the conditions of the races that had preceded. We believe this to have been true of the advent of man, that he came upon the scene in the full enjoyment of all his noble constitutional qualities. A being designed for self-culture certainly did not come possessed of the results of that culture, but with all the potencies requisite for it. And his first lapse into evil could not have been attended with the damaging reaction of ages of the practice of that evil.

We do not believe that man appeared so low down that he could get no lower, but that he always had, as he has to-day, the power of choice between "upward" and "downward." Here comes in the very simple matter of the biblical "Fall." Man could not be upon the earth a single day without moral choices. Unfortunately, as we say, he chose the downward very early, and in that march carried his posterity with him. Thereby he lost the potency that was in him to dominate the repulsiveness of animal death and to convert it into a bright euthanasia. And he compelled the substitution of the slow

and painful rise by self-culture and care for the spontaneous upward growth of holiness.

But man's distinctive qualities are not physical, but moral and spiritual. We believe therefore that man came upon earth with the full possession and exercise of these qualities. And so far as civilization is concerned, though we do not suppose his condition to have been precisely that attributed by scientists to the stone age, it might just as well have been accompanied by the use of stone as of gold and silver.

In the second place there is a science of the spiritual as well as of the natural, even if some naturalists cannot comprehend it. It is based upon assured facts of human nature and action. Among these facts is the very noteworthy one that to-day among the most degraded tribes a frequent and rapid rise of individuals is witnessed from an hereditary barbarism to the true spiritual nobility of civilized and christianized man. This is no evolution by social forces of a new nature but merely an awakening of what has lain dormant. See for example the firmness of Christian converts in Central Africa in recent days. Now this persistent potency must have been a function at the first in active exercise.

Few will deny that man is a being capable of receiving a revelation from the Deity. And if capable now he always has been. Those who believe in God see alike in man and in God the strongest possible presumption that God would and did make an original revelation of Himself to his creature man.

In his wanderings over the earth, in his yieldings to the allurements of nature, he has often lost the traces of this revelation so as to make it perhaps unrecognizable, but never, we believe, has he lost it entirely through all his races and tribes, no matter through how many ages he has come down from a far off Paradise.

We believe in retrogression to a much greater extent than Mr. White seems to, and of a somewhat different kind. We think the "Puritan" would have been immensely amused at the idea of being cited as an instance of lapse from and recovery to civilization. The writer being a direct descendant of Elder Brewster of the Mayflower has never received any such tradition along his line. But being himself a Pilgrim

and not strictly a Puritan, he leaves the settlers around Massachusetts Bay to speak for themselves.

Nevertheless that "emigration tends to barbarism" under certain conditions is indisputable; and we all know of certain very curious facts in that direction, in connection with the early settlement of our country, of lapses from civilization without recovery. And if it had not been for the fence of Christianity around that vine, the stock would have sent out wild shoots on a much larger scale doubtless. And to-day there is a large population in what is called the region of mountain whites at the south, which has undeniably degenerated below the stock or stocks from which it is derived, and if Christian influences were to be entirely removed thence instead of being tenfolded, as they ought to be immediately, there is not iron enough among them, including their rifles, to save them from becoming in a few generations as wild men as Columbus ever discovered. Indeed we regard Christianity as the important differentiating factor in the result between the pre-historic and the historic settlement of this continent.

The examples Mr. White adduces of speedy recovery to civilization after being ejected from its pale all belong to the Christian age, and Christianity was always at least a powerful adjunct in their new advance. But the ages in question enjoyed no such help, and hence were left under the power of enticing or harsh nature without and a corrupted moral nature within. In connection with the first spread of man over the globe, where nature was profuse and labor not a necessity for physical comfort, if he lost a certain cohesion of population, and failed to build cities barbarism was a sure result. We put Mr. White's uniformitarianism of human progress along with the uniformitarianism of certain geologists. The witness of the ranges, the lavas and the peaks of to-day are too much for it. So the inequalities of human condition to-day are too great for Mr. White's theory. Paleolithic relics here and there though widely scattered cannot prove an equal contemporary development or want of development over the globe. As well might the stone age Columbus found here be cited to disprove the European civilization from which he came. As well might a burial place of Stanley's dwarfs, in a subsequent age,

be cited to prove that in this age mankind had only reached the development of a very small skull. It may hardly be necessary to add that a simple style of life which could leave no permanent architectural remains and savagery are very different things.

We are not conscious of any special prejudice against a long stone age. Indeed we confess that we rather enjoy contemplating the possibility that man had a long reprieve from some of the miseries of civilization, the wretched life of our mines, the wars of strikes and lockouts, of Pinkertons and brickbats, and the boycotts of bricks with which either to build or bat, yes, even before, as slaves, men were compelled to pile up the pyramids. Why, bless us! he is the happy man to-day who can get off for two months in the year into the deepest forest that can be found, and live as nearly according to the canons of the stone age as is still possible.

In his Part II., Mr. White seems to have forgotten that the poetry of Genesis is "impressive," and asks us to rejoice in the difference between "the God who walked in the garden in the cool of the day" and the God of the New Testament. For our part we should be very sorry to have the Bible all reduced to the prose of the New Testament. And as to the difference between the God of Samuel and the God of the Psalms, does Mr. White rejoice at the difference between the sun of a cloudy day and the sun of a clear day? Perhaps, from all this doubt and confusion about the prophets, we shall be the more glad that "in these last days God hath spoken unto us by his Son."

Notwithstanding our disclaimer at the first, we are moved to ask Mr. White one question regarding the times of Hesiod and the mythologists. Does he really think that men have been rescued from *belief* in Chaldean legends, Hesiod, etc., by the researches in natural science? Does he allow no power to reason unless illuminated by natural science?

The evolutionary poets of the past busied themselves chiefly with heaven instead of earth, with gods and giants instead of men and monkeys. But was their work ever thought to be anything other than poetry? Poetry, as we understand, owes its existence to a natural antithesis to prose thought. Prose

thought must exist before the birth of poetry. But mankind loves the imaginative. It idealizes life, and amuses them. It is first committed to letters. Men give themselves up to its fascination without much thought about reality. Nevertheless when recalled to a sober verdict they recognize it as imagination. Reason sits calmly as judge and says with Socrates: "Search among Greeks and Barbarians," from revelation or from science, "for the word" that shall give us the truth.

The contemporaries of Hesiod believed him just as the contemporaries of Dante believed him, just as the contemporaries of Milton believed him, and just as we believe our own poets to-day.

But Mr. Huxley! Unlike Mr. White, he thinks that science has let in light enough to sweep away the whole fabric of Christianity. And in Genesis, what with Mr. White is "impressive poetry," with Mr. Huxley is utter fable. Here is a lack of harmonious coöperation of attack in the "warfare of science." Union is strength. In true Homeric style, Mr. Huxley boasts himself to belong to the "*enfants perdus* of the forces of science."

He has much to say of historical and scientific criticism. But *his* criticism begins and ends with "is it true or is it false." His only standard of truth seems to be a certain historic realism. Conceive Mr. Huxley approaching the parable of the prodigal son. "Is it true or is it false?" But we forbear. Jesus Christ was the greatest story teller the world has ever seen. But it is generally admitted that no one has brought more truth into the world than he.

The leading question at present with regard to the Old Testament is, how much of the parable there is in it. The habit of constantly looking for material facts in natural science does not seem to fit a man in the best possible manner to treat such questions. Nature is a great and wonderful field, but the field of human thought is greater. The successful student of natural science is a great benefactor of his race; but he who can interpret aright the thought of far off ages is none the less a great benefactor. Ancient literature can best be interpreted by men who have made letters a life-long study, just as Mr. Huxley has made a life-long study of science. And if the

literary camp is not kept too busy in defending the right to exist of the memorials of ancient thought against the doughty warriors of science, they will probably be able in due time to give the world a satisfactory account of their contents. The time was, and not very far back, when the parts of the Old Testament which are undeniably in historic form were scouted in the name of historical criticism, but these are now well confirmed and understood. A correct understanding of the remaining portions, we doubt not, will ere long be reached.

But, under a flag of truce, we beg leave to say that this result will not be reached by such hands as Mr. Huxley's. He reminds one of a butcher setting himself to remove a cataract from the eye. He is going to let in light! If he has such a passion for clearness, as he says, he would better confine himself to things which can be made absolutely clear, as many things relating to very ancient letters cannot. In their time they were understood and did their work. It is not strange that coming down through ages of violence and ignorance their original character should have become more or less obscure, and be often mistaken. It is no easy matter to reproduce all the original conditions, and see things exactly in their first light. It requires a great deal more than the mere question: "Is it true or is it false?" If the "plagues of Egypt" were illustrative literature instead of narrative, the account none the less did its useful work. It may be that for oral transmission, in the main, an epic style was the best in which to convey the truth that God so disturbed the Egyptian State that the Hebrews were enabled to make their escape. It postulates an historic exodus none the less. The question does not become that of the truth or falsity of the Bible, nor that of the inspiration or non-inspiration of the Bible, but, as we have intimated, of the character of the literature employed for the instruction of those to whom it was first addressed.

As to Mr. Huxley's discussion of Noah's flood, until certain things are better determined concerning it, as e. g. the literary form designed by the original author or authors, its geologic date, its relation to the earliest monotheism, it does not help very much to say that water will run down hill very fast over the present topographical elevation around the present Ararat.

And is such a demonstration historical criticism? We may readily admit that it is scientific, for it is based on gravitation.

The "flood of Noah" was certainly better arranged to convey moral truth than that of Deucalion. Suppose that this is its only advantage in describing the facts of a cataclysmal age; this is not one to be lightly cast away; and whence did this difference come? We would trust Mr. White to answer this question much sooner than Mr. Huxley.

As examples of what can be done in the literary camp, when it enjoys peace, we mention President Warren's *Arctic Paradise*. We do not propose to say much about this, but the discoveries in paleontology made in the New Siberia islands and elsewhere somewhat prepare the mind for it.

But in 1880, Prof. McWhorter of New Haven admonished the men of science that they had not yet met the demands of Genesis in respect to the antiquity of man upon the earth. He places the advent of man *according to the Bible* in the pre-Tertiary, along with the "air-breathing mammals." His Article in the July *Princeton Review* for that year reads much more like historical or scientific criticism than Mr. Huxley's. But Prof. McWhorter was a clergyman and an erudite Orientalist.

Another clergyman* and a *missionary* who has had rare opportunities to study eastern literature makes the patriarchal genealogies to have covered a period of ten thousand five hundred years. We don't claim that this is made out with perfect "clearness," but we are struck by its coincidence with Prof. Wright's exploitation of the Tertiary age.

Apropos of light. "The light of the body is the eye, but if thine eye be poor how great is that darkness."

Finally, it is a pleasure to turn again from Mr. Huxley to Mr. White, and welcome his closing words as the meditation and instruction of real truth. One is almost tempted to say that "all is well that ends well."

THOS. STOUTON POTWIN.

* Crawford's Patriarchal Dynasties. Richmond, 1878.

ARTICLE IV. — WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY—ESPECIALLY ITS PRONUNCIATION.

IF Dr. Samuel Johnson may be regarded as a representative Englishman, Dr. Noah Webster was no less truly a representative American. Born in Connecticut in 1758; descended, on his father's side, from John Webster, who, about a century before (1656), was governor of the colony of Connecticut, and, on his mother's side, from William Bradford, who, between 1620 and his death in 1657, was thirty times chosen governor of Plymouth colony; graduated at Yale College during the Revolutionary war (1778), having been, for a part of his Junior year, in actual service under his father, Capt. Noah Webster, as a volunteer soldier on the "alarm list;" he breathed the air of freedom from his youth, and early became a political leader in the country. It was natural that he should be self-reliant and impatient of English dictation. He had no sympathy with the toryism of Johnson, no special veneration for institutions or modes because they were of ancient date or were favored by the king and the court. He looked into the reasonableness of things, and made much use of the common sense which formed a considerable part of his inheritance. He was therefore not restrained, by any deference to leaders in English society or in English universities, from rejecting many of the ideas of Walker as well as of Johnson; and he has secured for himself and still retains an influence second to that of no other lexicographer, English or American.

It is foreign from our purpose, in this notice of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, to discuss at length the history of English lexicography, or of Webster's Dictionary, or the claims of any, or of all, actual or possible rivals of an older or of the present edition. It is sufficient to say here, that there is room for several "standard" dictionaries of the English language in those great countries whose inhabitants do now, or will soon, use this one language, which has at the present time a fairer prospect than French, or German, or Volapük, or any

other of becoming the universal language of the civilized nations of the earth. And we fully believe also that the publishers have not unduly magnified their office in naming this weighty and comely, but not costly, volume "Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language." This present edition is the legitimate successor of that which was issued sixty-two years ago, in two volumes quarto, as Webster's Dictionary. For the gratification of our readers, we here give a copy—word for word—of the title page of the first edition: "AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: INTENDED TO EXHIBIT, I. The origin, affinities and primary significations of English words, as far as they have been ascertained. II. The genuine orthography and pronunciation of words, according to general usage, or to just principles of analogy. III. Accurate and discriminating definitions, with numerous authorities and illustrations. To which are prefixed, An Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and of Europe, and a Concise Grammar of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL.D. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II.] He that wishes to be counted among the benefactors of posterity, must add, by his own toil, to the acquisitions of his ancestors.—*Rambler*. New York: Published by S. Converse. Printed by Hezekiah Howe—New Haven. 1828."

As this new "International Dictionary" gives the prefaces of its three leading predecessors which have borne the name of Webster's "American Dictionary of the English Language," we shall not need to dwell on the older editions. Dr. Webster's second edition has the same title page and preface as his first with four noticeable differences. 1. After the title comes; First Edition in Octavo, containing the whole Vocabulary of the Quarto, with Corrections, Improvements and several Thousand additional words. 2. After the author's name, comes a list of Societies, American and Foreign of which he was a member. 3. The "General Subjects of this work" are now four, instead of the three, as before: I. Etymologies of English words, deduced from an examination and comparison of words of corresponding elements in twenty languages of Asia and Europe. II. The true orthography of words, as corrected by their

etymologies. III. Pronunciation exhibited and made obvious by the division of words into syllables, by accentuation, by marking the sounds of the accented vowels, when necessary, or by general rules. IV. Accurate and discriminating definitions, illustrated, when doubtful or obscure, by examples of their use, selected from respectable authors, or by familiar phrases of undisputed authority. 4. Instead of the quotation from the *Rambler*, etc., we now find the announcement: New Haven: Published by the Author. Sold by Crocker & Brewster, Boston; F. J. Huntington & Co., New York; Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia; Cushing & Brother, Baltimore; and E. Morgan & Co., Cincinnati. Printed by B. L. Hamlen. 1841.

After the death of Dr. Webster, his son-in-law, Prof. Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., became the editor-in-chief of Webster's Dictionaries. Under his editorship carefully revised editions, both of the larger or "Unabridged," and of the octavo Abridgment, were published in 1847—the former, by Messrs. George & Charles Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., the latter, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York. This octavo abridgment is here noticed, because, originally prepared under Prof. Goodrich's supervision in 1828–9 by his college cotemporary and friend, long widely known as Dr. Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1811 (the next after that of Prof. Goodrich and Gov. Ellsworth, both sons-in-law of Dr. Webster), it differed from the larger dictionary in several important particulars. Its words were originally divided into syllables as in the spelling book; those of the larger, not until the edition of 1841: its notation of vowel sounds was considerably unlike that of the larger at first, but the notation of sounds in the latter has been modified from time to time, and much improved since the edition of 1828: the abridgment had from the first a Synopsis of Words differently pronounced by different orthoëpists, which was not introduced into the other till 1864: it had originally as an appendage, Walker's "Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin and Scripture Proper Names," but the larger dictionary before 1847 had nothing answering to this or to the other lists long familiar in the supplements of the "Unabridged." The

revision of 1847 embraced, or ultimately affected, all the editions and sizes of Webster's Dictionary, and either had, or prepared the way for, the introductory and supplementary matter of the later revisions; but both this octavo Abridgment and the "Unabridged" edition of 1847 were, after 1864, almost entirely supplanted by the various editions of the "Unabridged," having the revision of 1864 for their common basis. In 1889, however, the final expiration of the copyright on the revision of 1847 tempted certain enterprising publishers in New York and Chicago to make use of the good name of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," which had been the trademark of the publishing house in Springfield for over forty years, to resuscitate the old edition of 1847, and republish it, with the date of 1890, for their own special benefit, without regard to the public welfare or the rights of the firm of G. & C. Merriam & Co. But recently (Sept. 26, 1890) Justice Miller in the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis, Mo., decided in favor of Messrs. G. & C. Merriam & Co., and ruled, in effect, that this obsolete book could not be honestly sold as the genuine "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" of the present time.

As the revision of 1864 is familiar to most of our readers, easily accessible to others, and succinctly described, for the benefit of all, in its preface reprinted in the new volume, we omit any formal description of it here, and would now say that for the mass of the reading people in this and other English-speaking nations, as well as for most of those who are in the schools and colleges of all names and grades and parts of the civilized world where a knowledge of the English language is needed, the new "Webster's International Dictionary" is, in our opinion, the best that is to be had. Its price, like that of its predecessors from the same house, does not put it out of the reach of individuals or of families of moderate means; and, while it is not distinctively either an encyclopedia or a lexicon for specialists, it is a library in itself, containing, in its one volume of 2118 large, closely and clearly printed pages, and its 4000 beautiful and instructive engravings (which alone, at a cent apiece, would cost nearly \$40), more useful and reliable information for every-day use than is to be found in some costly libraries, and in many volumes of en-

gravings. Is such language too laudatory? The brief preface, signed by "Noah Porter," the editor-in-chief of this edition, as well as of that of 1864, and sent out from "New Haven, Connecticut, September, 1890," gives a very modest summary of what has been done in the various departments, in the preparation of the great mass of materials which have been collected, examined, and used, directly or indirectly, for this completed volume, or perhaps thrown aside in the process of selection as inappropriate or of little value for its great purpose. Not everything is fit for a good dictionary; not everybody is competent to make one. A great amount of intelligent and skillful toil has been employed in planning and constructing the solid and well-compacted store-house of knowledge of which every copy of this Webster's Dictionary is an exact reproduction. The publishers tell us—and they certainly know—that the work for this Dictionary has been in progress for more than ten years, that not less than one hundred persons have been employed in editorial work upon it to the amount of over one hundred years of literary labor, and that more than \$300,000 had been expended for the Dictionary before the first copy was printed. Whatever may be true of some other books or of other dictionaries, the editors and publishers of this have been—not sinecurists or shirks—but faithful, experienced, competent workers. Dr. Porter's preface characteristically says little or nothing of his own services to this work; but it is well known, and it might be safely inferred or proved from internal evidence, that his name is no mere figure-head on the title-page and in the preface. Great responsibility has rested on him; and he has not been inactive under it, now, or at other times in his busy life.

At the head of the forty scholars, who are mentioned in the preface as members of the editorial corps or as specialists, has been Mr. Loomis J. Campbell, a graduate of Hamilton College in 1856, who served with the late Mr. William A. Wheeler—before the latter became, under Dr. Porter, the acting editor of Webster's "Unabridged" of 1864—as one of the assistants of Dr. Joseph E. Worcester in the preparation of his quarto Dictionary published in 1859, and afterwards prepared the Biographical Dictionary for the Supplement to

Webster's Dictionary of 1879. Subordinate to Mr. Campbell was Mr. Walter Allen (Yale, 1863), a veteran editor and writer. Fourteen others are named and grouped together in the preface as those upon whom rested more or less editorial responsibility; and more than fifty others, whose names are not published here, have been employed under pay in various departments to contribute, in one way or other, their shares of trained or skilled labor towards the perfection of this Dictionary.

The important department of Etymology has not been suffered to remain where Dr. Webster left it in 1841, or even where Dr. Mahn left it in the revision of 1864; but this has been again readjusted to the demands of modern philology, and recast, by Prof. Edward S. Sheldon of Harvard University. Prof. August Fick, of the University of Göttingen, has prepared a list of Indo-Germanic roots in English, which will be of interest to many scholars.

The definitions in most departments of science have been thoroughly revised, and many new words and definitions are now given. Thus the definitions in Anatomy have been revised by Prof. Sidney I. Smith, of Yale University; those in Architecture and the Fine Arts, by Prof. Russell Sturgis, of the College of the City of New York; in Biology and Physiology, by Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, of Yale University; in Botany, by Prof. Daniel C. Eaton, of Yale University; in Chaucer (*Canterbury Tales*), by Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale; in Chemistry, by Prof. Arthur W. Wright, of Yale, assisted by Prof. Charles S. Palmer, of the University of Colorado; in Law, by Francis Wharton, D.D., LL.D. (Yale, 1839, deceased), of the Department of State at Washington; in Mathematics and Astronomy, by Prof. Hubert A. Newton, of Yale University; in Mechanics and Engineering, by Prof. Charles B. Richards, of Yale, and Prof. William P. Trowbridge, of Columbia College; in Medicine, by Alexander Duane, M.D., of New York; in Mineralogy and Geology, by Prof. Edward S. Dana, of Yale University; in Music, by Mr. John S. Dwight, of Boston; in Nautical Terms, by Mr. Charles S. Norton, of New York; in Paleontology and Geology, by Prof. Oscar L. Harger (deceased), of Yale University; in Zoölogy, by Prof. Addison E. Verrill, of Yale.

The Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction, prepared by Mr. Wheeler for the Dictionary of 1864, has been enlarged, corrected, and made more valuable by the labor of Prof. Henry A. Beers, of Yale University.

Other parts of the Supplement have also been revised, to make them better and more useful. Prof. Hadley's Brief History of the English Language, prepared for the edition of 1864, has received a similar service from Mr. George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University. The new List of Authors quoted as Authority for the Forms and Uses of Words, contains in its ten pages (xix-xxviii) a great deal of useful and reliable information in a very condensed form, and will, of course, be often consulted and the more as it becomes better known. This covers a different field from Mr. Campbell's Biographical Dictionary (pp. 1817-1872), though, of course, a considerable number of names may be found in both.

Definitions, the strong point of Webster's Dictionary always, have now been greatly improved ; but we shall not dwell upon this part of our subject at present.

We now quote from the Preface a paragraph which will certainly rouse the interest of many, and be subjected to a searching investigation, but for the final result of which we have no fears of disappointment to the friends of Noah Webster and his Dictionary.

"The important department of Pronunciation has been committed to the special direction of the Rev. Samuel W. Barnum and Prof. Samuel Porter of the National Deaf Mute College, Washington, D. C. Mr. Barnum has made the study of English Pronunciation almost a life work, having been trained by Prof. Goodrich in the special and exact knowledge of the subject in its details, and made himself familiar with the teachings of the leading writers in English orthoëpy. Prof. Porter contributes, in the Guide to Pronunciation, the result of a careful and long-continued study of Phonology in the physiological method pursued by Mr. Alexander Melville Bell, whose system in its more prominent features is accepted as scientifically true and practically useful. The history of the various methods of pronunciation has been subject to a most careful revision and rendered, if possible, more trustworthy than ever before. The

Synopsis (§277) of Words differently pronounced by different Orthoëpists, and the marking of the pronunciation of the words in the vocabulary by respelling, are the work of Mr. Barnum."

This is confessedly a difficult department, where doctors as well as other people constantly disagree. No one, who has given thought enough to the subject to have any ideas of his own, will expect to agree perfectly with any one else, or to have any one else agree perfectly with him in all details, if indeed in all important principles, of pronunciation. He may find many positive teachers or lexicographers, but not one of them infallible. And dictatorialness as to pronunciation is not congenial to the American people, and should not, in our opinion, be a characteristic of Webster's Dictionary. There are more allowable and reputable differences of pronunciation now in America—and even in England—than there were in England 100 years ago. English conservatism in this department is not, and will not be, followed in America, except to a limited extent. There are those in America who admire and adopt a pronunciation because it is English, or they think that it is English, but they neither have so much influence, nor attract so much admiration, as they would be glad to have. We may here quote and indorse as sound New England doctrine what this new Dictionary itself says (p. lvi, §§2, 4, *Guide to Pronunciation*) of its own or any other dictionary's proper aim and authority in respect to pronunciation.

"The aim of a pronouncing dictionary should of course be to serve as an exponent of the usage which is the ultimate standard of pronunciation. In the case of diverse usages which have extensive prevalence, either within different local boundaries or side by side in the same community, a dictionary that is to serve for universal use should take note of each of them, without, however, being required to notice local peculiarities not approved by the best educated people. That is all that the dictionary has to do, except that it may and should present the reasons, when such exist, which render one mode of pronunciation preferable in itself to another. Its proper office is to indicate and record, not to dictate and prescribe. So far as the dictionary may be known and acknowledged as a

faithful interpreter of the actual usage, so far and no further, and in no other sense, can it be appealed to as an authority. It is only in its representative capacity that a dictionary may ever be taken as itself a standard of pronunciation. This would still be true of any work of the kind that might exercise such influence and gain such ascendancy as to become a universally accepted and virtually authoritative standard."

"§4. In preparing the revised editions of this Dictionary issued in 1847 and in 1864, thorough endeavor was made to ascertain the actual usage which might properly be taken as the standard of correct pronunciation, whether in America or England. The words in the vocabulary were marked in accordance with what was believed to be the pronunciation most generally approved by well-educated people in America; and, in cases of difference between American and English usage, or of divided usage in America or in England, and especially in cases of disagreement among authorities, there was added a reference to the statement of such difference or disagreement in the 'Principles of Pronunciation,' or else to the 'Synopsis of Words Differently Pronounced by Different Orthoëpists.' In the present revision the same course is followed in these particulars; and the pronunciation as given in 1864 is retained, except when decisive reasons for a change have become apparent. In some cases of divided and unsettled usage, the word in the vocabulary is supplied with alternative forms. The plan of respelling for pronunciation is adopted in this revision, as preferable on the whole to the former plan of diacritical marks without respelling; and the unaccented syllables are marked, as well as the accented, instead of being left to the guidance of general rules; something of this kind being demanded in order to supply a want that has been felt, and that has previously been left unsupplied, mainly because of the difficulty of accomplishing the end in a satisfactory manner."

The new "Guide to Pronunciation," from which the above paragraphs are taken, has been furnished for Webster's International Dictionary by Prof. Samuel Porter, elder brother of the editor-in-chief. It occupies in all—including the 15 pages of §277, which contains the Synopsis of Words Differently Pronounced by Different Orthoëpists—34 pages (lv.-lxxxviii.) out

of the 98 pages of introductory matter. It is the most elaborate and instructive treatise on this whole subject, which we have seen in any dictionary of our language; and it is illustrated with cuts showing the positions of the vocal organs in uttering the vowels. It must have cost much time and an immense amount of labor, to bring it into its present shape; and it needs to be studied thoroughly, in order to be properly appreciated; but we are sure that it will pay well for such study, and that those who master it will really know something about the vocal elements of the English language, and will give to this "Guide" the highest praise for its thoroughness and practical value.

The "Key to the Symbols," which occupies § 1 of this Guide, introduces a few new symbols, which, however, pertain almost entirely to unaccented vowels, are readily understood, and harmonize with what are familiar in the edition of 1864. These new ones are the shortened or modified sounds of the "long" vowels (*ā*, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ū*), as exemplified in *cha-ot'ic*, *sen'ate*; *e-vent'*, *so-ci'e-ty*; *i-de'a*, *tri-bu'nal*; *o-bey'*, *to-bac'co*; *u-nite'*, *ed'u-ca'tion*: to which are added, the obscure sounds of the italic vowels, *a*, as in *fi'nal*, *in'fant*, and *e*, as in *re'cent*, *nov'el*; with an apostrophe for what is called the "voice-glide" in *eat'en* (-'n), *e'vil* (-v'l), *par'don* (-d'n); and *ŋ* for the nasal tone (French, etc.), as in *bon*(bôn) *ensemble* (ân'sân'b'l), *intrigante* (ân'trë'gänt'). All these are fully explained, the last most fully on p. 1718, where the sounds of the letters in other principal modern European languages are given.

The introduction of these few changes marks another step in the onward progress of Webster's Dictionary. The pronunciation has been growing more and more discriminating and definite, as we have already stated, from the first edition in 1828 to the present time: and now the systematic pronunciation of every word and syllable, as clearly exhibited in Webster's International Dictionary, is, in our opinion, not inferior in its accuracy and general usefulness, to that of any other dictionary of the English language, and will, we think, commend itself to the attention and favor of the great mass of intelligent people on both sides of the Atlantic. It is well understood that the words have been newly collated with the same or analogous words in other dictionaries; the vari-

ations, which were numerous, have been both noted and considered; and the final decision arrived at after using whatever helps were available. It is no secret that the specialists in scientific and other departments, and others of known and unknown attainments, have been contributors in regard to the pronunciation of words as well as the definition of them; and that several paid assistants of no mean qualifications have rendered important and even indispensable aid in the various branches of this department. It could not be surprising, therefore, to find that, in connection with, if not in consequence of, this extended and thorough work in the department of pronunciation, the new International Dictionary should be more tolerant of diversities in pronunciation, and carry out more fully than heretofore the principle of giving two forms of approved or allowable pronunciation. The edition of 1864 says (*Principles of Pronunciation*, § 91, NOTE, p. xlvii.): "In regard to the pronunciation of gentile nouns and adjectives in *ese*, as *Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese*, etc., the orthoëpists are not agreed, and common usage is not settled." What more rational, then, than for a dictionary to give an alternative pronunciation in such cases?—Walker, indeed, as this dictionary says (under *Dis-*), insisted that *s* in the prefix *dis-* "ought always to be pronounced like *z*, when the next syllable is accented and begins with 'a flat mute [*b, d, v, g, z*], a liquid [*l, m, n, r*], or a vowel; as *disable, disease, disorder, disuse, disband, disdain, disgrace, disvalue, disjoin, dislike, dislodge, dismay, dismember, dismiss, dismount, disnatured, disrank, disrelish, disrobe*.' Dr. Webster's example in disapproving of Walker's rule, and pronouncing *dis-* as *diz* in only one (*disease*) of the above words, is followed by recent orthoëpists." Smart, indeed, who was employed by the English publishers of Walker's Dictionary to remodel this work, does not hesitate to say of Walker, in reference to some of his peculiar pronunciations: "Walker was a bigot." It is well known that Walker makes no distinction between the short *a* in *at, and, pack*, etc., and the *a* in *ass, ask, staff*, etc., or the obscure *a* in *amends, emphasis, anathema*, pronouncing the three *a*'s in the last word exactly alike. And he is followed by Stormonth's Dictionary and the Imperial. Webster's Dic-

tionary, as well as Worcester's, marks the second and third of these classes differently from the first; and we think the Americans are right in both cases. The subject is well presented by Prof. Porter in §§ 54-56, 61-67 of his Guide to Pronunciation, to which we refer our readers who wish to see a satisfactory account of the whole matter.—Walker and most other lexicographers pronounce *exhaust* (ĕgz-hast'). We like the pronunciation of Webster's International ĕgz-ast', and defy any lexicographer to pronounce the *h* after the *gz* sound without nearly exhausting himself with the effort. It is comparatively easy to pronounce the *h* after the *ks* sound in *exhalation*. We think our readers will understand this if they refer to Prof. Porter's Guide, §§ 169-179, and compare these with §§ 269-271.—Some of Walker's pronunciations would sound strange to us. Thus he limits the shorter sound of *oo* to the eight words *wool*, *wood*, *good*, *hood*, *foot*, *stood*, *understood*, *withstood*. How many of us follow him in pronouncing the *oo* in *book*, *cook*, *look*, etc., like the *oo* in *booby*? It is hardly necessary to speak of Walker's pronunciation of *Rome* with the same *oo* (*room*). It is certain that neither Walker nor any of his imitators present to us an infallible standard of pronunciation.

Some may be surprised to find that this new International Dictionary does not notice the somewhat fashionable pronunciation of *Il'lustrate* or *In'quiry* or *Fi'nance*, with the accent on the first syllable; but they might be surprised still more, if they should try to find these words so pronounced in other dictionaries or even by any reputable authority in printed form. We think these pronunciations may properly wait a little longer before they demand recognition in public; and if their opportunity should never come, the world will not suffer much from the loss.

Some, too, may be eager for the triumph of *De-côr'a-tive* art; but we think the International Dictionary is sufficiently liberal in pronouncing *dĕk'ô-râ-tiv* or *dĕk'ô-ră-tiv*. Walker pronounced *Accessory* (ăk'sĕs-sô-rĕ; compare *Nĕç'es-sary* and *or'a-to-ry*); but, as we learn that some—ignoring the tendency in the English language, which Walker and Webster both noticed and generally approved, to accent words on the antepenultimate syllable or even earlier, if possible—pronounce *ăk'sĕs-*

sō'ry, we take the liberty of referring to a paragraph in Webster's Dictionary of 1864 (p. xlix., *Principles of Pronunciation*, § 110, Note 3): "These observed and glaring errors are always extremely offensive to Englishmen. Dickens, in his 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' ridicules them repeatedly. 'Perhaps,'—he makes one of his characters say,—'perhaps there ain't no such lo'ca'tion in the ter'ri-to'ry [would not ter'ri-to'ry and ac'ces-sō'ry be worse yet?] of the great U'ni'ted States.'" But Webster's International Dictionary pronounces Ac-çes'sa-ry and Ac-çes'so-ry; and gives the student the information that other dictionaries follow Walker more or less. Is not this a free country? and may we not use our liberty in pronouncing as we think best, without calling Walker or Webster or any other fallible man or dictionary our master, and without presumptuously assuming, on the other hand, that we ourselves are the people, and that wisdom must die with us?

We think it might be very profitable to many intelligent people to make a study of Prof. Porter's sections on ô and ô and a and a (§§ 113–120, 70–74), and to pay special attention to the second paragraph in § 62. There are many, we think, who, in their anxiety to give the sound of ô (as in *not*, *odd*), instead of the broad a or ô (as in *fall*, *nôr*), really commit a worse error by pronouncing with a shortened Italian ä (or â, as in *ask*, *mâst*), so that they say gäd for the medial sound of o in göd, or prävidence for prövidence, or cäst for cöst (see this o, § 115). We notice frequent references to § 115; and we should be inclined to give one of them to *dog*. We certainly ought not to pronounce this däg (â as in *ask*; § 61).—Some may think it a heinous crime that Webster's Dictionaries in 1864 and 1890 have omitted "hæorrhage," "fœderalist," and other words which are derived from Greek or Latin diphthongal primitives. But we do not regard this omission as a fault; we are confident that "hemorrhage" and "federalist" are accredited English words, and that the other orthography is peculiar and rare, if not affected and pedantic.—Many persons, besides Dr. Webster, have tried to attract attention by their peculiar spelling. Dr. Franklin once favored a sort of phonography, and gave it up. It seems to us that Josh Billings and his imitators have done nearly enough of that work for the present

generation. The editors of the Oxford and Cambridge Bibles, and some of the English antiquarians who had a hand in the Revised version, seem to have regarded it as an important part of their mission to roll back the tide of time to the Elizabethan era and forget that there is a nineteenth century or an intelligent people accustomed to a different English orthography from their favorite forms; and so they have taken Judea, Alpheus, Thaddeus, Zaccheus, Cesar, Cesarea, and like familiar English names (which the conservative American Bible Society has retained) and have dressed them up in Roman clothes 1800 years old. There is little or no use in arguing with such people; they know too much—or too little—to be convinced of error; but the multitude, in their estimation, know nothing about language, and are not worthy of their notice.

Some have the idea that the Greek *kappa* and the Roman *c* ought both to be represented by the English *k*; and so they write *keramic*, *keramics*. Well: these forms are in the International Dictionary, with references to *ceramic*, *ceramics*. We think this, at present, is enough for them. We believe that *Κικέρων* or “Kikeron,” as these extra scholars would have it in English, which used to stare upon us from the medallion on the title page of Folsom's Cicero, has not yet supplanted “Cicero” in the orthodox English spelling of the great orator's name.

We confess that we are somewhat suspicious of the application of strictly universal rules to a living language. We certainly dissent from this declaration, which has stood for 26 years in the Note to § 82 in the “Principles of Pronunciation” (p. xlvi., 1864 edition of Webster's Dictionary), in respect to the sound of *n* or *ng*, as heard in *long*, *linger*, *link*, *uncle*, etc.: “It is to be observed that, if the *n* ends an *unaccented* syllable, and the *g* or *k* begins an *accented* one, the *n* invariably retains its regular sound; as in *con-cord'ant*, *con-gres'sional*, etc.” Instead of this bold and sweeping declaration, which is inconsistent with the pronunciation of *anglic'ify*, *elonga'tion*, *sanguif'erous*, and a considerable number of other words in this very edition of Webster's Dictionary, and—if we remember correctly—is not sanctioned by Walker's principles or practice, or by other careful lexicographers, we find, in Prof. Porter's

"Guide to Pronunciation" (§ 245, p. lxix. of Webster's International Dictionary), the following very different sentence: "In *e'lon-ga'tion*, *pro'lon-ga'tion*, *san-guif'er-ous*, etc., and often in *con-gres'sion-al*, *con-gru'i-ty*, and like words, the *n*, though unaccented, retains the sound of *ng*, which is given it by rule in the words from which these are derived, as *e-lon'gate*, etc."

We think our readers will not disagree with us when we say, that, sweeping declarations like the above, however common or fashionable they may be in certain quarters, require either a great deal of knowledge or a great deal of presumption for their basis; and may sometimes be upset by one who does not have, or need to have, for the achievement of this triumph, either much knowledge or much presumption. It certainly may be much easier, in cases of this sort, to bring forward one exception than to prove absolutely that there is no exception; and a very "glittering generality" may become but "the baseless fabric of a dream," unless it is reconstructed on a less pretentious, but safer, foundation. We think it to be a real and great merit of Prof. Porter's Guide, that this new part of the new Dictionary so often uses such words as "usually," "commonly," and the like, when these exactly represent a fact, rather than "always," "invariably," and the like, when the latter, although more showy, and perhaps more easily remembered, and possibly oftener used by some popular writers and speakers, are unfortunately not true in certain cases, and then not really safe when rashly uttered among an intelligent people. For, it must be remembered that the people of the United States as a whole are an intelligent and, comparatively at least, an educated people, accustomed—many of them—to read and think and speak for themselves, able to judge for themselves about what they see and hear, and to discriminate in regard to what is reasonable or unreasonable, true or false. There are many in this land, besides lexicographers, who may be leaders in respect to pronunciation, who can distinguish dictation from rightful authority, and shams from true learning. No one in this country can compel all to use language as he uses it, to define or pronounce or spell after his model. There is no Academy with well-nigh universal power in regard to language, such as is, or may have been, possible in Spain

or France or Italy. The people of the United States will decide for themselves, in the future as in the past, what or who shall be their standard now or hereafter, whether, like Webster's spelling book and Webster's Dictionary of the past, it shall continue to be Webster or some other that shall teach and guide the millions of American freemen, and through them and with them the hundreds of millions who use and are to use the common language of the English-speaking world.

The sections on Syllabication (§§ 275, 276) appear to be scientific and practical elaborations of the brief section on this subject (§ 129) in the edition of 1864, and are worthy of very careful attention. They meet the difficulties which are experienced by writers, printers, pupils, and teachers, and present, on the whole, what seems to us to be the best solutions of the many vexed questions under this head. The exceptions are clearly stated, and a sufficient number of examples is given to illustrate all the points of doubt. We approve of the syllabication of *An'i-mā'ted*, *Il-lus'tra-ted* and *Is'ra-el-ī'tish* as well as of *Com'bāt-ed* and *A-bāt'ed* (see Rule V. and Limitations); also of *En-ti'cing* and *Re-li'gion* and *Vi'sion* and *Fu'ture* and *Tu-mul'tu-ous* (Rule IV.), etc.

The "Synopsis of Words differently pronounced by different Orthoëpists," in § 277 of the "Guide" in this edition, is very different from that which is found in § 130 of the "Principles" in the 1864 edition, or in any earlier edition of Webster's Dictionary. Walker, Smart, and Worcester have been in this Synopsis since 1847; Walker, alone of these, was in the octavo abridgment of 1829; Stormonth's, the Imperial, and the Encyclopædic Dictionaries now appear in the Synopsis for the first time. The words, too, are, many of them, different—some entirely new both to the language and to the Synopsis—others familiar, but not in this place. On the first half page of the Synopsis of 1890, from ABDOMEN to AGARIC, inclusive, are 42 words (ABDOMEN, ABSOLVE, ABSTRACT, *a.*, ABSTRACTLY, ACADEMICIAN, ACAULOSE, ACCELERATIVE, ACCEPTABLE, ACCEPTOR, ACCESS, ACCESSARY, *a.* and *n.*, ACCESSORY, *a.* and *n.*, ACOPITRINE, ACCLIMATE, ACCLIVOUS, ACCOLADE, ACCOUCHEMENT, ACCURACY, ACCURSED, *a.*, ACEROSE, ACETIC, ACETOUS, ACOTYLEDON, ACOTYLEDONOUS, ACOUSTIC, ADENOSE,

ADIPOSE, ADJECTIVAL, ADMINISTRATION, ADMINISTRATOR, ADULTERINE, ADVERSELY, ADVERTISE, ADVERTISEMENT, ADVOWSON, AERIE, AËRIFORM, AËRONAUT, ÆSTHETICS, AGAIN, *adv.*, AGAINST, *prep.*, AGARIC). The corresponding part of the Synopsis of 1864 has 28 words (ABATIS, ABBREVIATOR, ABDOMEN, ABLAQUEATION, ABSTRACT, *a.*, ABSTRACTLY, ACCESS' or AC'CESS, ACOLIVOUS, ACCOUCHEUR, ACEROSE, AÇËT'IC or AÇË'TIC, ACHEOMATIC, ACOTYLEDONOUS, ADENOSE, ADIPOSE, ADULTERINE (*or in*), ADVERSELY, ADVERTISE, AD-VÉR'TISE-MENT or AD'VER-TISE'-MENT, ÆG'I-LOPS (ěj'-), ÆNEID, AERIE (ě'ry or á'ry), AERIFORM, AEROGRAPHY, ÆSTHETICS (ěs-), AFFABROUS, AGAIN (a-gě'n'), AGAINST (a-gěnst'). The two lists have 19 words in common; the first has 23 other words peculiar to itself; the second has 9 words peculiar to itself. The reader may, of course, take the same method which we have taken, and may then form a different opinion from ours as to the comparative merits of the two lists; but we have diligently compared the "Synopsis" in the two editions, and have looked up the words themselves in their alphabetical places, and we are willing to risk our reputation for good judgment when we say plainly that we decidedly prefer the new list to the old as to both quality and quantity.—We draw a similar conclusion, as to quality, from comparing the 58 words which the new Synopsis has in the letter E with the 60 words of the old in the same letter. The 22 words omitted in the new Synopsis, which are in the old, are: ECLAT (eklä'), EGLANTINE (*or tin*), ELAINE, ELENCH (e-lěnk'), EMOLLiate, EMOLLIENT (-möl'yent), ENFEOFF (en-fěf'), ERIOMETER, ERRAND, ESCH-A-LOT' (ěsh'-), ESCRITOIRE (-twôr'), EUROPEAN, EURYTHMY, EU'THANÁ'SY (*or ū-thăn'-*), EXCAVATE, EXCITANT, EXECRATORY, EXPIATORY, EXPOSTULATORY, EXPROBATE, EXTERMINATORY, EXTRAVENTATE. But the new inserts these 20 words, which are not in the previous one, but which seem to us to overbalance the omitted words, already sufficiently pronounced in their own places: E'ER, EITHER, ELEEMOSYNARY, ELEPHANTOID, ENSIGNCY, ENUNCIATION, EQUABLE, ERE, ETIQUETTE, EURIPUS, EXACERBATE, EXECUTIVE, EXHALATION, EXHALE, EXHAUST, EXHAUSTION, EXILE, *n.*, EXPLICATIVE, EXUDE, EXULTATION.—Take one more comparison from the last letter

of the alphabet. In Z, 5 words are in both editions of the Synopsis (ZEALOUS, ZECHIN, ZENITH, ZOOLE, ZOUTOH); one, (ZANY) is in the old Synopsis, but omitted in the new, because all reputable dictionaries now pronounce it ză'nĭ; ZUFOLO and ZYGODACTYLOUS of the new replace ZUFFOLO and ZYGODACTYLIC of the old, the difference of pronunciation being principally in the first syllable of each; and the 5 words, ZAIM, ZAYAT, ZOÖPHYTOLOGY, ZOUAVE, ZYGOMATIC, found only in the last edition of the Synopsis, are positive and valuable additions.

"The Rules for Spelling Certain Classes of Words, founded on the Orthography of Dr. Webster, as exhibited in this Volume," have received additions of more or less importance in almost every paragraph, and some of these contain valuable information pertaining to new dictionaries and to changes of the last 25 years. One who does not agree with some of Dr. Webster's peculiarities of orthography will find the International Dictionary more tolerant, than he perhaps supposed it to be, in respect to different modes of spelling. The adherents of the Websterian orthography will not be pained by unreasonable abandonment of strongly supported positions under the specious pretence of a larger liberality. Both forms are given, for example, in the derivatives of *travel* (*traveled* or *travelled*, etc.), *worship* (*worshiper* or *worshipper*, etc.), *kid'nap* (*kid'nap'er* or *kid'nap'per*, etc.), *car'buret* (*car'buret'ed* or *car'buret'ted*, etc.), and the like (Rule 8).—It will be noticed by keen-eyed critics, that the note under Rule 8 is much longer in the new edition than in that of 1864, because now the practice in recent dictionaries in regard to the doubling of final *l* and *p* in the derivatives of such words as have just been mentioned (*travel*, *worship*, etc.) is fully given, in addition to what was said of Walker, Worcester, etc., in the earlier edition. Doubtless many, who have been accustomed to write *fulfil*, *wilful*, *distil*, *fulness*, etc., have been inclined to join in an outcry against Dr. Webster as a disturber of the peace, because he persisted in spelling *fulfill*, *willful*, *distill*, *fullness*, etc., contrary to the tradition from their fathers. But Dr. Webster sometimes had as good reasons for opposing conservatives in England or America, in regard to the spelling of English words, as he had in his early days for opposing and resisting the English Tories

in their persistent taxation of English colonists in America who had no voice either in raising or expending these taxes. Thus, according to Rules 16 and 17, the words in the preceding sentence retain the double *l* of their primitive words when these primitive words retain their own accent and force in the derivatives, and they drop one of the double letters when this part is unaccented and of secondary importance.—In *willful*, *skillful*, *fulfill*, the important part or root is that which is accented (*will*, *skill*, *fill*), while the *full* in each of these words, being only subsidiary and unaccented, loses one *l*, as in *hundredful*, *graceful*, *dreadful*, etc. These matters may be studied satisfactorily under Rules 16 and 17.—The vexed question about the plurals of nouns ending in *y* (compare *ladies* and *monkeys*) is decided in Rule 19; but, for greater convenience, the plural of any word of this sort is also given where it occurs in its regular place in the Dictionary itself. Great attention has been given, not only to plurals, where there may be difficulty or doubt, but also to the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives, the oblique cases of pronouns, the principal parts of verbs, etc.

But we cannot enumerate all the additions or improvements, in one way and another, which this noble volume contains. One important fact we have not yet mentioned.

It can hardly be called an open secret, for it has been evident to many outsiders, that almost unprecedented care has been taken in regard to the proof-reading of Webster's International Dictionary. Not only have there been galley proofs and page proofs and plate proofs, but two or three or more of each of these have been read and perhaps re-read by several different and experienced proof-readers, especially in regard to the difficult department of pronunciation, so that it is fair to presume that this volume as accurately represents what it was meant to be, as any volume which has ever been issued from the famous Riverside Press. There may be, and probably are, some mistakes, for no infallible lexicographer or proof-reader has yet proved his existence and mission; but Webster's International Dictionary has cost much, and it will be worth much, to those who search diligently for treasure in this ample store house.

When, 20 years ago, the late S. Austin Allibone, in his Dictionary of Authors, had occasion to speak of Noah Webster and his works, he quotes as a general criticism the language, in 1866, of that distinguished scholar, Hon. George P. Marsh, LL.D., in respect to the edition of 1864 :

"I think it superior, in most respects, to any other English Dictionary known to me. Undoubtedly the best etymologicon we yet possess of the language ; its vocabulary is as ample as could well be given in the compass of a single volume ; its definitions are in general exact and discriminating, and its pronunciation is apparently conformable to the best usage."

Mr. Allibone also quotes from the *London Reader* in 1864 the sentence : "As Webster may be very fairly called the Johnson, so Dr. Worcester is the Walker, of America."

Mr. Allibone thus expressed his own deliberate judgment : "As regards the *practice* of authors and publishers, we estimate from data before us that in about 10,000,000 of volumes of school-books—a very large majority of the whole number—published annually in the United States, Webster is recognized as the general standard of orthography. Charles James Fox remarked of Gibbon's great work, 'If any man were to say, "I don't like his history : I will acquire the information another way," he would find it a very hard task' We—not an orthographical Websterian—apply this observation to the contemner of *The American Dictionary*."

Our conclusion is briefly stated and plain. If Webster's American Dictionary has commanded the respect of both friends and foes for more than sixty years, Webster's International Dictionary, fully refitted and prepared for its place and use, and strongly intrenched in the public favor of all English-speaking countries, as a dictionary of the people and for the people, will not surrender its vantage ground. It will continue to maintain its noble position as the best dictionary, not for its native land alone, but for all the civilized lands that use and welcome the common language, the common liberty, and the common Christianity of England and America.

ARTICLE V.—TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF POPULAR COMEDY : HARLEQUIN AND HIS ANCESTORS.

"Go good folks, God be with you, and give the people your play ; from my childhood I have been always in love with the Masks, and in my youth my eyes have turned to the players of farces with delight."
—Don Quixote.

WHEN Andronicus, the Greek slave taken at the Capture of Tarentum, introduced at Rome comedies as they were known in Greece, he found a form of drama there which, if it was rude, contained a principle quite new to him.

This was improvisation, which the Roman youth had probably brought from Fescennia, a city of Etruria. The Fescennines were not so much dramatic pieces as burlesque dialogues in verse, relating to well known persons or to affairs of the day, composed on the spot. In order not to be recognized, the actors muffled themselves in all kinds of clothing, and colored their faces with various pigments, or put on masks. These Fescennines had been engrafted by the Romans on the *Ludi Etrusci* which consisted of dances to the sound of the tibia (a rude sort of clarinet) introduced from Etruria on the occasion of the plague which carried off Camillus, the Second Founder of Rome.

Some of our readers may possibly have seen last year in London a collection of Egyptian articles of the XIIth Dynasty, brought by Mr. Petrie from the Fayum, after lying hidden some five thousand years. Among other things was the little wooden figure of a female dancer in a comic mask, fashioned in the likeness of the jovial god *Bes*. It was found with a large pair of ivory castanets in one of the houses, and in an adjoining room, the identical mask which was used was discovered, being exactly similar to that represented on the head of the statuette. It was well modelled, made of canvas, and painted black holes were left for the eyes, and the nostrils were pierced for breathing.

The *ludi* of Fescennia, the work of a race which we can hardly be wrong in describing as intimately connected with

that of the lady of the castanets and mask—standing in point of time half-way between her and ourselves—found in the rudely comic dramas formidable rivals. Soon however the Roman youth discovering that these were of too serious a nature for them, and disliking to be shackled by rules, relinquished them to actors by profession, and returned to the practice of improvising. From this period dates the separation of the Improvised Drama—which became the Italian *Commedia dell' Arte*—from the Literary Comedy which Livius Andronicus had introduced, and which the rude but witty Plautus, with the courtly Terence, afterwards developed.

While engaged in making the Fescennines more attractive, the Romans came upon the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*, farces which were acted by the people of Atella, an Oscan city in the Campagna, and which presented certain peculiarities unknown elsewhere. In them certain local fixed types were always represented under the same names, with the same garb and retaining the same disposition. Hence the necessity of the same mask remaining the special property of the character represented, so that the actors were called *personati*.

The ordinary masks, or characters, were four in number—Maccus, Buccus, Pappus, and Dossennus.

Maccus was a rough countryman, showing a low forehead with an enormous aquiline nose. He was represented with a hump behind and his stomach sticking out in front. He has been identified by many writers, but hardly on sufficient grounds with the *Mimus Albus*, so called from that character always being dressed in white, and credited with the paternity of Pulcinello. He was a sensual, credulous fellow, insolent and aggressive, but on account of his ready wit he was ever a great favorite.

Buccus had more pretension than Maccus, a flatterer, laying himself out to please his patron in any way, he was a boaster and a coward. He is said to have gained his name from the puffing out of the cheeks, in the sense of making them appear bigger than natural.

Pappus was an old fellow with two absorbing passions, one for amassing wealth and the other for playing the rake. He was constantly being robbed and outwitted.

Dossennus was a gruff old man, prone to say stupid things with much pretension to wisdom.

Around these four personages in the Attellanes the action centered, the dialogues being from the earliest times improvised as in the case of the Fescennines. The general plan of the piece being first arranged, the rest was left to the skill of the actors to carry out.

Although recited in Oscan, the rude farces were delighted in by the Romans whose origin was not too far removed to prevent their understanding this dialect. They were especially popular from being continually interlarded with the favorite songs of the day in which the spectators often joined lustily. At Rome the Attellan actors were ever held in high esteem, unlike the ordinary comedians who were deprived of their civil rights, or of the privilege of entry into the military service. Not the least of their prerogatives was the fact that while the "*histriones*," who through ignorance or stupidity had the misfortune of spoiling a piece, were obliged to take off the mask and endure the taunts and insults of the populace, the players of the Atellanes were permitted to keep their faces covered and remain unknown. Livy remarks on the acting of the time that "the Roman youth never allowed the Atellanes to be polluted by *histriones*."

Every kind of incident, every occupation and class was illustrated on the stage, women even being represented by men. From out of a long list of comedies which has come down to us, we see that *Maccus* came forward as the (parliamentary) candidate, as the soothsayer, or the soldier, the peasant, and the exile. Not only we have *Maccus Miles* but we have *Maccus Virgo*. We have also *Pappus Agricola*, *Sponsa Pappi*, *Pappus Dotata*, etc. Festive occasions, politics, amorous intrigues, all are here.

There was an attempt of some author-actors to give a literary turn to these dramas and to systematize them, but the attempt was not successful. What had been the chief merit of the pieces was thereby sacrificed, and they returned to their former rudeness, improvisation being restored to them. A change however was made by the fusion of the Atellanes with the *Mimes*. This kind of amusement, elaborated from the

Satura—farces which the village youth of Latium at a very early date acted in the fields and at the cross-roads—had for its aim the reproduction, under as real a guise as possible, of these farces on the stage. To this end, the masks previously worn, were either abolished so as to allow the expression of the features to be seen, or only small ones were used just to cover the upper part of the face, and thus to interfere with recognition.

The feminine parts were now taken by women, a peculiarity with the Mimes from the beginning, thus differing from the literary dramas of Greece and Rome in which men, putting on masks made more or less attractive, played the women's parts.

The chief characters now added to the Atellanes were the *Mimus Albus* and the *Mimus Centunculus*, both of which may be seen in the frescoes of Pompeii. From the former, always wearing a loose shirt and tunic all in white, the Pulcinella of the Comedia dell' Arte, who is also first seen clothed in white, is doubtless descended; while from the latter, acquiring his name from the tight-fitting dress made of patches of cloth of many colors, we have the Harlequin.

The *Mimus Stupidus*, who cultivated an idiotic rôle so as to be a foil to the other characters, is another of the types which has come down to us.

Gradually the decay which had overtaken the literary comedies invaded these popular representations, and their dramatic form degenerated in most cases to exhibitions of vulgar jesting and banter, whence they acquired the name of *Sanniones*, derived from *Sanna*, a contraction of the forehead as an expression of derision. The buffoon of the fair and the clown of the ring of our own day are still called zanies.

The diversion most suited to the jealous government of the Emperors, on the coming of Roman rule, when any allusion to those in authority was severely punished, was that of the *pantomimes*. It was the business of the actors here to represent every kind of subject by motions and gesticulations, instead of by speech so that nothing was spoken. A poet in the time of Theodosius says: "their gesticulations have a language, their hands have a mouth, and their fingers have a voice." "If the masks were of pure Italic origin," says Mommsen in his History

of Rome—"and we cannot imagine possible the production and execution of improvised dramas without the mask, so as to assign to each actor his proper position in the piece—it is permissible to throw the typical masks back to the first days of the Roman theatre or rather to consider them the first elements of it."

The Roman Empire came to an end, and representations of the literary comedies were no more seen. The fathers and doctors of the Church strove in every way to put down scenic displays, regarding them as pestilential, but Maccus, Buccus, Pappus, and Dossennus still remained favorites with the lower classes. They might be banished from public places but they lived on as types too closely identified with the Italian race to be abandoned, so that when order is somewhat restored in the Peninsula, we see reappearing the mirth-evoking personages we have known in the Latin popular comedy, changed, it may be, in garb and in name, but the same in principle and in action.

We have now before us the *Commedia dell'Arte*—taking the older meaning of trade (for as Vernon Lee reminds us, it was literally a man's trade all his life to play the characters which he had chosen for representation)—thus so called to distinguish it from the erudite or written compositions recited in the accademies and homes of the nobles by the learned and the rich.

The *Commedia a soggetto*, so called because the plan of the story with the distribution of the parts and the nature of the action were only given—the dialogues being left to the choice of the actors.

The *Commedia all'improvviso*, on account of the dialogues being improvised. These three appellations recall the Atellan origin.

The *Commedia a braccio* (the term most used in Naples), the comedy of gesticulation and action, showing its similarity with the *Mimes*.

One catches but fitful glimpses of the Italian popular comedy before the Renaissance. "The agreement, however, of their peculiar costumes and their habits with the Latin histrions," says Du Meril in his *Origines Latines du Theatre*

Moderne, "shows that the dramatic traditions have never died out." Their identity must have been recognized in very early times, and there are numerous edicts which forbid the acting in character, "cum vestibus histriones." These prohibitions probably arose from the occasional employment, as we see from various chronicles, of buffoons and others in *intermezzi* which were acted in the Church between the acts of some sacred drama, so as to give a little breathing time, not only to the clerical actors, but also to the audience, and relieve the tension caused by the following of some pitiful story lasting in some instances not only a long day, but many a long day.

The Church had been from the first the uncompromising enemy of all Roman theatrical exhibitions, those in authority being unsparing of their censures, forbidding their converts to enter the pagan theatres, lest by frequenting these, they might be led to return to the pagan worship. Seeing how necessary it was however to interest and amuse her worshipers when she had established herself in the stronghold of paganism, the Church strove to clothe her hitherto simple and severe doctrines with forms borrowed from the ornate and imposing ceremonials of the Temple. Music and display were the means by which the religious services became essentially dramatic, both dialogue and action being there. And soon, in order to make the people acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, the Church began by putting into a dramatic form the chief incidents in the Life of our Lord, and the chief lessons which he taught. Following these, illustrations from the Old Testament, chiefly typical, and from the lives of the Saints, were given.

These representations, first given in the cloister and in the Church, passed as they became more secular—the acting and the composition of them ceasing to be under the direct control of ecclesiastics—into the market square and into the hands of laymen, the language of the country coming to be adopted.

The religious dramas constituting at the time about the only recreation the people had, and from which they chiefly gained their religious education—for both the services of the Church and the Holy Scriptures were rendered in what had become a dead language—lived on till the middle of the 16th century. They then gradually disappeared before the growing spirit of

enquiry and distrust connected with Church matters which had received a great impulse from the invention of printing.

It was at this time when Italy was a prey to war, famine, and disease, that the *Commedia dell'Arte*—a very different kind of spectacle—spread all over the country and found a welcome everywhere. Not only did it provide amusement for the people—but it brought them some consolation also. Through it their sorrows found a voice and became disseminated far and wide. In the *Misteries*, which from their connection with the Church had enjoyed a certain amount of freedom from secular interference, the groans of the people were often heard; but with the masked comedy there was no prestige. Only the impersonal nature of the acting, and the absence of any compromising documents, formed the safeguard of those who dared to point the finger at the oppressor.

It has been attempted to assign not only the invention of certain characters but the masked comedy itself to certain people. Angelo Beolco of Padua, who always acted under the name of Ruzzante, who published some farces in the Paduan dialect in 1530, and who by means of the drama strove to rouse the people out of the apathy resulting from their misfortunes, was considered by many the Father of Italian Comedy. But this can hardly be the case, for Beolco died in 1542, having only lived fifty years. In the dialogues of Massimo Trojano, published at Venice in 1569, there is a description of the festivities at the Court of Bavaria on the marriage of Duke William VI. with Irene of Lorraine the previous year, and among these figured an improvised comedy such as was known in Italy, acted before the Court, in which Pantalone, a Zanni and a Capitano Spavento take part.

Brantome tells us that Catherine de Medici, the queen of Henri II., married 1533, delighted in comedies from her childhood, "even those with the Zanni and Pantalone," which Flaminio Scala, who acted as Flavis in the company of the "Gelosi," published at Venice in 1611 fifty *scenarii* or skeletons of comedies which he had collected as being in use at that day. Thus we may fairly conclude that the improvised comedy was known before Ruzzante's time.

Another reason for disbelieving that the sturdy Paduan had any great influence on the popular drama is that his comedies, which there are many reasons for assuming were produced *all'improvviso* originally—are all “*alla villanesca*,” his scenery, his dialogues and his language all being rustic. His characters are different from any of those in the received comedy. Not one of them ever became identified with the locality in which Ruzzante acted ; or even, where the same names are employed in different dramas, are they constant to themselves in their rôles.

The introduction of various dialects is also ascribed to Ruzzante, chiefly, it would appear, from the fact of the *Rhodiana* in which a number of dialects is introduced having been wrongly ascribed to him. This comedy however was claimed and printed by Andrea Calmo who often recited with Ruzzante and who wrote a number of pieces in all of which a profusion of tongues is introduced, including Spanish and Greek.

Like the personages in the Atellanes, the chief characters in the Italian popular comedy always wore black masks, either with a large nose like an eagle's beak, or a flattened one as worn by the ancients. Both of these may be seen in the frescoes at Pompeii or on the cameos which have been dug up at Rome.

The leading masks of the Atellanes became the chief masks of the Commedia dell' Arte, Dossenus being *Il Dottore*, and Pappus *Pantalone* ; these are the *Vecchi* or Fathers of the Comedy. Dossenus, the old man prone to say stupid things with much pretension to wisdom, found his place very naturally. On the revival of learning, the universities, and especially that of Bologna, were said to swarm with pedants who could not allude to the most trivial subjects without bringing in scraps of a dead language ; and taking advantage of the ignorance and deference of the common people, they assumed pompous airs.

Here was an opportunity for satire, and the *Dottore*, the indoctrinated and pedantic lawyer stepped forth, interlarding his Bolognese dialect with Latin sentences, and offering elaborate explanations when quite unnecessary, to the delight of the populace. He remained a favorite character until the Italian language had settled into its proper place, and pedantic models had become more rare.

Pappus was transformed into an old Venetian. *Pantalone*, who from small beginnings has become a successful merchant and is looked up to on the Piazza of St. Mark, can now enjoy the good things of this life which were formerly denied to him. Fancying that he is irresistible with the fair sex, he even puts himself forward as the rival of his own son. He is the laughing-stock of the maidens and widows whom he pesters with his attentions. He is ever lavish of advice in his Venetian idiom, at home he is perpetually interfering in the household, believing that he knows everything better than anyone else, but wife and children and servants all manage to outwit him, and as his bark is worse than his bite, though wrathful at first he generally pardons the offenders.

To *Andrea Calmo* may reasonably be assigned the creation of this mask or rather the revival of it. In his works there is ever "*il Vecchio*." Age and neglect had dimmed the outlines of the *Pappus* of antiquity, but they were revived through the *Senex* of *Plautus* and *Terence* (taken originally probably from the *Fabulæ*) and the character of the old Venetian merchant lending itself to it, "*Pantalone dei Bisognosi*" (of the needy ones) may have ascended the medieval stage through *Calmo*. Perhaps the fact of that worthy appearing in *Calmo's* pieces, with a double appellation, such as "*Zurloto di Nguoli*," "*Cocolin de Zucoli*" and "*Alegreto di Liquidì*," (for the name "*Pantalone*" does not seem to be in use till 1568) is an indication of the poet's hand. Probably *Calmo* reserved the acting of this character for himself, giving it the greatest scope to show off his dramatic powers, says *Vittoria Rossi* in his "*Lettere di Calmo*." From the other heroes of the *Fabulæ*, *Maccus* and *Buccus*, together with the characters drawn from the *Mimes* (with the exception of the *Mimus Albus*) who may be identified with the Neapolitan *Pulcinello*, are descended the numerous race of *Zanni*—the *Sanniones* of the Romans. From these come the *Servi* and the buffoons of the Masked Comedy, who may be divided into two groups—very different from, but dependent on, each other—the first and the second *Zanni*. The former class were to be ready with their tongues in an argument, agreeable or sarcastic according to circumstances. Above all, the first *Zanni*, as *Perrucci* in his *Arte*

Rappresentativa tells us, was to make game of and to deceive the world. He was never to say stupid things, but to leave such for the second Zanni, using the latter as a foil, drawing him out so as to make the audience laugh. The business of the second Zanni was to supply ridiculous situations and to make a good butt of himself for his partner. The home of both kinds of Zanni was Bergamo, which has the reputation of producing two varieties of inhabitants—those living on the hill-sides around being more quick-witted than their neighbors of the plain. Of the latter was Harlequin (*L'Arlecchino*) the *Mimus Centunculus*—the chief among the second Zanni, ever outwitted and befooled by Pedrolino, his fellow-servant, who came from the high lands and spoke the same dialect. Always the hero of shreds and patches, wearing a black mask with small eyes and flattened nose and shaved head, *Arlecchino* followed the rôle of the *Stupidus* till late in the Comedy's career, when he received the impress of the famous impersonator, Domenico Biancolelli, and became crafty and quick.

There is a story related which shows that Domenico himself was by no means a fool. Being one evening with Louis XIV. while that monarch was at supper, he was observed to be gazing intently on a dish of partridges. "Give that dish to Dominique," said the king to a servant. "And the partridges too?" asked the buffoon. The question was understood. "And the partridges too," was the reply. The dish was of gold.

We have found the north of Italy producing four types of masks:—the *Dottore*, *Pantalone*, *Pedrolino*, and *Arlecchino*. Let us now see what the south can furnish toward Italian popular comedy. Two of the most taking characters step forward in answer.

Pulcinella appears, after having long laid dormant, in 1530—hailing from Acerra, a city close to the ruins of Atella the land of the *Fabulæ*. He comes as a *Contadino* famous for his wit and comical appearance, joining as an actor a strolling company, after having in a wordy contest convinced them that they had nothing so good in their own troupe. It is said that his name was Puccio d'Aniello, and that the part he created became such a favorite with the Neapolitans—who saw in this quick, witty, and insolent character a reflex of themselves—

that when the buffoon died, the comedians replaced him by a man from the same parts, wearing the same mask and the same costume, a white shirt tucked into his trousers, also white. The same name was retained but slightly altered into Polecchinella. Be this as it may, we find in the Archives of Saponara in the Basilicata in 1572 mention of a priest named Lucio Pulcinella imprisoned for insulting his Archbishop. It is possible that this priest's family may have furnished the first comico of the name.

Pulcinella appears as a servant in the comedy, which is first known to include him. He is obliged to leave Acerra, and he explains why he did so. He was living with an old apothecary who was very rich. One day his master lay dozing in his chair and a wretched fly fluttered backwards and forwards over his face, to the disturbance of the sleeper and of Pulcinella who tried to drive it away in vain. "In order to give him repose," he adds, "I took up a six pound weight and threw it at the fly now settled on the master's forehead. I killed that fly."

"And the apothecary?" asked a bystander with some concern. "He did not wake again. Seeing that he reposed very peacefully, I took three hundred ducats which he kept in a drawer, and made off."

"And you have left your country?"

"Yes, all for a fly, is it not a hard case?"

Pulcinella has remained a favorite up to the present day in Naples, where he is still to be seen at the San Carlino. Very shortly after his arrival in France, he underwent a great change. He had left his country, holding himself erect and wearing a suit of white, but now (about 1645) he is transformed, and you see him parti-colored in red and yellow trimmed with green. A hump behind is given to him, for it was said to have belonged to the French jesters of old, caustic wit and deformity seeming to go together, and a protruding stomach is added to him.

Pulcinello of the *Commedia dell'Arte* was dead, and *Polecchinello*, no longer strutting about on the stage in flesh and blood, had established himself in the booth of the old Paris fairs as King of the Marionettes, still the insolent wine-loving

libertine. He may yet be seen in the Champs Elysées, the darling of children and nursemaids; and as *Punch* the roysterer, who is ever handy with his staff and sets not only the police but the devil at defiance, he appears in our streets; but his visits are becoming rare, and our children will ere long be strangers to him. Having arrived in England during the reaction from Puritanical way, he now retires; meeting with less sympathy and confronted with endless rivals for popular favor.

We now come to the youngest and most attractive personage of the Commedia dell' Arte—the *Capitano*. Although he does not come into prominence until the arrival of Charles V, into Italy, and although he figures neither in the Atellanes nor in the Mimes, his lineage is ancient, for he has a place in the dramas of Menander in the fourth century, B. C. He is identical with the Miles Gloriosus of Plautus, and the Thraso of Terence.

During the time of the Spanish occupation in Italy, a crowd of needy adventurers appeared, who if they were not genuine hidalgos, assumed high sounding titles. They swaggered up and down the peninsula, posing as lady-killers and ever pretending to deeds of daring. But they imposed, as Andrea Perrucci (a Capo-Comico of the day) tells us, only on the timid and the unsuspecting. They were derided by women and even servants, being found to be cowards and abominably stingy.

The masked comedy delighted in this character, by turns the soldier, the lover, and the craven, discovering an unlimited variety of situations for him, the only possible revenge, as d'Ancona observes for the presumption, rapacity, and avarice of these violent champions being the ridiculing of them on the stage. "Pleasing and most delightful," says Cecchini *detto Il Frittolino* in 1628, "is this most noble part when lightly treated by a man of talent, graceful manners, and tuneful voice. Dressed fancifully and altogether wearing an extravagant air, he should assert things which although from their nature are impossible, those of the audience who will give the reins to their imagination will take in for the moment." For instance here is a speech of his:

"When the Turk knew of my arrival before Buda, he did not dare to leave the shelter of his tent. little knowing that I

had left my sword in Vienna in order that I might have a sheath made of the skin of the Sultan Suliman. The slaughter which I made of the enemy served to raise a heap of bones quite dwarfing Mount Olympus. The stream of blood which I caused to flow into the Danube still tinges that river."

"No quarrels between princes and between gentlemen are considered as properly arranged unless I am consulted," says the Capitano Malagigi. His servant says that he hears that if they want his Master, they must search all the taverns and infamous places around."

The Capitano flourishes his two-handed sword and declares that his weapon is suffering from thirst.

"What, do swords drink?"

"Ah, thou knowest nothing of the art of war! It is the blood of those one kills or wounds!"

"And do swords eat?"

"Mine only feeds on the hearts of Captains!"

Two doughty warriors who have threatened never to rest till they have killed each other, meet. They cross swords:

"Signore what day is this?"

"Sunday."

"My brother, I have made a vow to have no quarrel on a Sunday."

"And I have just remembered that I have an affair of importance on hand."

"Then turn back—don't stop!"

"And when wilt thou be ready?"

"When it rains dried figs!"

To the last Strappa-Ferro, another Capitano, preserves his bravado: for when he is mortally wounded, having had to fight with a rival, he desires in a grand way that various potentates shall be acquainted with his death and receive mementos of him. The grand Turk must have "the helmet with the plumes," to the grand Prior of Malta he bequeaths his sword. Costly cases, some to be gilt and others to be of velvet, are to be made for these things. Lastly, the only articles worth having, his shoes, are left to the Zanni, his servant.

Francesco Andreini who had made this character his own as the Capitano Spavento da Valle Inferno, acted in the

middle of the XVIth Century and wrote a book in which the Capitano is treated as a real personage. Trappola having asked him how he wishes to be announced, his master winds up a long tirade of what he is to say with declaring himself to be "the Son of the Earthquake and the Thunder, the Cousin of Death, and the bosom friend of the Devil in Hell."

The following is an instance of the rough humor with which the improvised Comedy abounded. Guiseppe Bianchi was famous for his impersonation of the Capitano Spazzaferro. It was also notorious that the woman he had married by no means led a blameless life. In the comedy of "Harlequin, a King by Chance," the custody of a certain fortress has to be settled, and Spezzoferro comes forward asking that this may be bestowed on him. "As you have not, these twenty years, been able to look after your wife, how can we give you this important charge?" asks Harlequin. Very amusing no doubt for the audience, hardly as much so for Guiseppe Bianchi!

Whilst in Italy and France the Capitano is always a Spaniard, we find that Parolles a Capitano, in "All's well that ends well," is represented by Shakespeare, to gratify the national tastes of the day, as being born in France, and he is sent to follow his profession in Italy.

One need say but little about the women and the lovers of the comedy, they are not subject to any particular rules, and while the other characters are drawn from various provinces using the appropriate dialect, these wear no mask and always speak Italian—they are to "toscaniggiate."

Sometimes certain characters were modified to suit certain circumstances, and local types with new names were added; certain actors were associated with particular masks, their manner of representing these being invariably followed later on.

The *Commedia dell' Arte* found a champion in Salvator Rosa the last of the Italian Masters; who not only delighted in writing satire, but also in painting it. Like Ruzzante, feeling keenly the troubles under which his country groaned, he made use of the stage to express his bitterness, acting in the character of the Calabrian buffoon Coviello, or as the Trastevere bravo, Pattaca. He is known to have composed some

"scenarii" but these probably did not survive the occasion which called them forth.

The subject to be acted being chosen by the *Capo Scenico* (head actor) he assembles his troupe, reads the sketch of the piece to them, apportions to each one his part, mentions the place where the scene is to be laid, and assigns the houses to the actors. The place of acting is supposed to be in the open air, in the market place of the town, and to include the angle between two sides of it; with the adjoining houses their doors and windows; so that the actors may appear and disappear through the doors or show themselves and hold conversations at the windows. A sketch of the story, not the dialogue, must be hung up where the actors can see it, and these, arranging to appear in their appropriate costumes, can develop their parts by employing such speeches and gesticulations as they have already known should suit them.

"Above all," says Andrea Perrucci in his *Dell' Arte Rappresentativa*, "let not the actors forget the country in which the recital takes place, from whence they came, and where they are going. It is too great an impropriety for pardon that one shall say he is in Rome, and another that he is in Naples, that this one coming from Spain declares he is from Germany, for the father to forget the name of his son and the lover that of his mistress. And in the distribution of houses, let each remember his own; it is ridiculous that one should knock at the wrong door, or enter another person's house. The actors must take care not to run against each other on entering. The woman going out into the square is not to go farther from her house than a step while talking to others, to observe decorum. In acting, the serious person must be deliberate in his actions, and the impetuous man be moving with haste. In short all should remember that they are to act to the life."

"The actor who plays impromptu does so with more spirit and more naturally than he who plays a rôle which he has to learn. He makes the part his own, and in consequence acts better that which he invents rather than that which is borrowed from others by the aid of memory. The appearance, the voice, even delicate sensibility, are not enough for the man who wishes to play impromptu if he does not possess a lively imagination,

with great fertility of expression, and if he is not master of all the varieties of the language, and conversant with the different situations in which he may be placed."

To remedy a barren scene or to help others when a hitch occurs, the player must be ready with his tongue, following the thread of what has gone before, and speak, until the actor whose real turn it is comes on the stage. Carlo Gozzi gives an instance of how arduous this necessary duty may be in certain cases. At the time when he was young, beardless and good-looking (and although it was the rule as in the case of the Mimes at Rome to have women acting on the stage) he took a female part in a farce acted at Zara :

"It was night," he says, "as Lucia, I acted the woe-begone and poverty-stricken wife of old Pantalone, the broken-down and disreputable merchant. A little daughter, the fruit of our ill-starred union, was at my bosom during the scene. I tried to lull my infant to sleep by singing, occasionally breaking off for the recital of my misfortunes. I told how I had been forced to marry an old wretch. I related simply my sufferings and vexations, and how I had once been a good-looking girl before tears had left their traces on my cheeks. I bewailed that constant cold and hunger had cut off the natural food for my infant. The night was well advanced, I was waiting for my ne'er-do-well of a husband who never came. I suspected that he had wandered into the Valley del Pozzetto—the haunt of the worst characters in the neighborhood. I feared some fresh disaster, I moralized, I dissolved in floods of tears and made the audience laugh. The fact was that a certain Signor Antonio Zeus, who played the character of Pantalone, had not for some reason arrived at the theatre, and as it was his duty to come on the stage and be the one to leave it after me, I could not break off my soliloquy, which has lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour. A good comedian of improvised drama should never lose his presence of mind, or be wanting in something to say. In order, therefore, to lengthen the scene and give it a little relief, I feigned that my babe was crying and would not be hushed asleep by suckling or singing. My attempts to quiet the child and my non-success kept the people in good humor. I turned my gaze towards the flies, and

became inwardly uneasy at not seeing Pantalone appear, for I did not know how to keep up the ball. Involuntarily I raised my eyes toward the boxes and in one of them saw a certain Tonina, known for her shameless conduct, resplendent in her ill-gotten wealth, and who mockingly laughed at my motherly troubles. I realized at once the danger there was of others joining in her ridicule. I must certainly turn the tables upon her. But I had indeed come upon a treasure, and a flood of new argument awakened a daring eloquence which was allowed and enjoyed in a theatre that was not venal and was in truth a little too free. I now found myself able to expand my expiring soliloquy.

Giving the name of Tonina to my infant, I addressed all my discourse to her. I caressed her, gazed on her features, and looked forward to the time when my little daughter Tonina would be a beautiful girl. I promised, on my part, that I would by example, by advice, and by whipping ensure her a good education. Then addressing the little Tonina on my knee, I added that if in spite of all my maternal care she should fall into such and such errors, such and such excesses causing such and such troubles, she would be the worst Tonina in the world, and in such a case, I prayed Heaven to cut her off in these her early days.

The errors, excesses, and troubles mentioned were well known incidents connected with the life of the Tonina lounging in her box. Never in my life have I seen a comic soliloquy received with such acclamations. All the spectators with one accord turned their eyes towards the box of the "Bella Tonina" in her finery, and the greatest shouting of laughter and clapping of hands were heard. My husband now appeared on the scene and the comedy was soon brought to a close."

In the early days of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, the poor and despised being its only patrons, the acting, scenery, and costumes were very miserable. These were so more especially in the South, where foreign rule prevailed. The later and more successful *Comici* (as the actors of the improvised drama were called rather than *comedianti*) write scornfully of the efforts of some of their humble brethren. They tell us how in some cases kitchen-clothes, drawn on roughly with charcoal, did duty

for scenery; and how women might be seen dressing for their parts in the market place. That they were rude in their acting, that their language was broad—nay, often downright obscene—need excite no wonder, for prelates, knights, and ladies, little scrupled to listen to the indecencies abounding in the literary comedies.

Garzone writes in 1615: "On entering a town, a drum will be sent round to let people know that the Signori Comici have arrived, the chief lady of the troupe dressed like a man, sword in hand, making the announcement, and inviting the people to the play at the Inn—let us say—of the Pilgrim. These come with alacrity, and having paid their soldi, fill the room prepared for the entertainment. They have to listen to a *Magnifico* (as Pantaloon is often called) not worth a farthing, a Zanni no better than an idiot, a Graziano who splutters forth his words, a courtesan without grace or wit, an Innamorato who gives you the cholic to listen to him, a Spaniard who is always telling you of his lordly appearance and his armour, a Pedant who gives you Tuscan instead of Latin, a Burattino who is no more able to gesticulate than the cap which he wears on his head, a Signora who opens her mouth as if to engulf you, can't put two words together, who has neither grace nor action but is made of wood and is a stranger to good looks."

Appearing in Paris in 1571, the Comici continue to visit that city every year, generally returning to Italy for the winter, until they are turned out of France by Louis XIV. for satirizing Madame de Maintenon in one of their Comedies.

Perhaps the most splendid performance of the *Commedia dell' Arte* which the world has ever seen was in 1572, the year of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when according to Porbus the court itself acted a drama. The Duc de Guise was Scaramouche, the Duc d'Anjou (afterwards Henri III.) was Harlequin, the Cardinal de Lorraine represented Pantalone, Catharine de Medicis figured as Columbine, and Charles IX. himself was Brighella.

In 1577, the Comici arranged with the *Confrerie de la Passion*, who held an exclusive patent from Charles VI. for acting in Paris, to share with them the *Salle de Bourbon*. They were to act every alternate day, and paid one *ecoutournai* on each

representation. The people came in such crowds to see the Italians, that, as L'Etoile tells us, "the four best preachers in Paris together could not count as many when they preached."

In 1645, a young upholsterer, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, is observed to be paying more attention to the Italian Comedians (they being in Paris under the celebrated Scaramuccia) than to his proper trade. A few years pass by, and we find him at the head of a French troupe, and as Molière, acting pieces of his own composition, giving the world old friends with new faces, brilliant comedies with characters borrowed from the *Commedia dell' Arte*. Pantalone, Pedrolino, the Dottore, the Capitano, and Arlechino live again under different names. They no longer wear masks or improvise, for Molière has written their dialogues for them. In time Molière breaks out a line for himself, and his connection with the Italian Comedy, as it is known in contemporary French literature, is less evident.

In 1574 the Spaniards made the acquaintance of our friends through Alberto Ganassa who traveled about Spain with a company. The improvised comedy with its lively and natural acting took the grave Dons by storm. Then Lope da Vega gave himself up to composing an infinity of *scenarii*, skeletons of plays to be filled in by the inventive abilities of the actors, in which Philip IV., the protector of the versatile dramatist, took great delight in acting some of the characters himself.

Shakespeare, too, must not only have heard a great deal of the "lean and slippered Pantaloon" and other characters to be seen in Paris, but he might have witnessed their performances himself, for it appears that Drusiano Martinelli visited England with his company in 1597.

In Italy the *Commedia dell' Arte* lived on till the end of the XVIIIth century, when the coup de grace was given to it by Carlo Goldoni at Venice. Like Molière, Goldoni went about with the Comici, fascinated by their style of acting; and then like the Frenchman, he set to work to compose a number of brilliant comedies, using the old characters but furnishing their dialogues, often retaining the same names, but depriving them of their masks.

In truth the improvised comedy with its fixed characters had been steadily going down more than a hundred years before Goldoni's advent.

During the time of Shakespeare, and till Molière was in his prime, the drama *all' improvviso* had been rising to its highest point.

The actors were clever, and they did their utmost to make their parts natural consistently with securing the applause of their audiences. They were fortunate in having no very formidable rivals; and neither in the characters nor the situations was touch with the spectators lost.

But the times were rapidly changing. The majority of the people for whose benefit the principal personages had been invented could not readily recognize them—their types were dying out. The Dottore, so welcome when the revival of learning had brought the pedant to the front, had retired to the background. The Capitano, the most sympathetic of all the masks, was a great favorite with his Spanish phrases and lively airs, during the whole of the 17th century; but he had entered on the domain of tradition, and his place was being taken by provincial blusterers, mouthing their own dialects. The Comici at last, finding their theatres deserted for the new drama, gave up improvising, and took to playing Goldoni's pieces.

In the gloom which was settling down over the *Commedia dell' Arte*, there shot a gleam of sunshine for a while, through the poet Carlo Gozzi. He vigorously espoused its cause, and giving the despairing actors some dramas chiefly taken from fairy tales, adapted the ordinary rôles of the Comici, the subordinate parts being left to their direction. Gradually Gozzi left less and less for the actors themselves to invent; so that at last they got through him, as much out of practice with their art, as through Goldoni, losing the distinctive talent of improvising which had flourished more than two thousand years before.

To go more into detail about the curious incidents connected with the last days of the *Commedia dell' Arte* is impossible, consistent with our present space. We would refer our readers

to the amusing and interesting memoirs of Carlo Gozzi lately introduced to the English speaking public by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

The Pantalone, Columbina, and Arlecchino, who may still be seen at Christmas on the boards for the amusement of children, are the shadows of our old friends. Little consideration is shown for Pantaloon now; he is ridiculed and outwitted at every turn, whilst his daughter Columbine, is made love to by Harlequin—the *Minus Centunculus*—the hero of the many patches, who flourishes his staff as of old.

These personages—who act and do not speak, come to us from the Paris fair, the Foire de St. Germain where the booths used to exhibit their farces, until the Confrérie de la Passion invoked the law and reduced them to silence for infringing their patent for reciting.

Our friends had then to eke out their meaning with dumb show and thus they passed on to the English stage.

But the days even of the Pantomime are numbered. It may be said indeed to be dead, spectacular pieces and allusions to passing events chiefly political have taken its place. Who now cares for Harlequin?

I. S. A. HERFORD.

ARTICLE VI.—SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL

SUPPOSE that at the other end of this room there is a billiard table, the cushions of which are perfectly elastic, the surface perfectly level, and that there is a perfectly elastic ball upon this table which can roll to and fro and rebound from the cushions, absolutely without friction.

Now if this ball is supposed to be originally at rest, we say, that by reason of the "property" of inertia—a property which we conceive of as essential to matter—it will remain always at rest, unless acted upon by some other body not at rest. The action of this other body we call "force," and a body thus capable of influencing the state of rest or motion of another body, we say possesses "energy." If then we see our ball, originally at rest, suddenly put in motion, we say that the motion is due to some "*force*" which has acted or is acting upon the ball. We mean thus by "*force*" that which "*causes*" change of state of a body, and of course we can only mean by "*cause*," in this connection, the invariable and immediate antecedent of such change of state, viz., another moving body which possesses "energy."

Here we have introduced several ideas, which we claim and believe, correspond to physical facts and objective reality. Our idea of "*cause*" involves thus far no idea of *constraint*, but is simply the recognition of an invariable sequence, which we believe expresses a fact of nature. So our assumption of the property of "*inertia*," simply asserts that the ball cannot move or stop itself, and the corresponding idea of "*force*," asserts that the previously existing state of rest or motion can only be changed by the action of some exterior body, as for instance in our case, the cue.

These ideas, modern science claims to be *general* truths, which correspond to facts in external nature, apart from our consciousness—if you choose to separate consciousness from external nature, which modern science, as we shall see, does not and indeed cannot, choose to do—and science holds that

these truths apply to *all* the matter in the Universe. No particle or atom "*in the Universe*," such is the general statement, can move itself, or change its state of motion or rest. When such change is observed, it is the "result," that is, the invariable sequence, of the action of other particles or atoms, whose state of motion is different from the first.

The *proof* of the truth of such general assertions, science refuses to seek in necessary or so-called "intuitive" ideas, because it boldly claims man himself, with his powers and mental and moral as well as physical nature, to be but a part of the more comprehensive nature he explores, and such intuitive ideas it claims as the lawful sequence of past experience. The proof of the truth of such assertions science therefore claims to find in the facts, *1st*, that they are in accord with *all* past and present experience, *2d*, that deductions from them have *always* led to conclusions verified by experience.

But our experience all will admit, must in the nature of things, be limited. We are limited in our bodies, in our faculties of observation, in our reasoning powers and reasoning appliances, in our instruments of research and precision, and by our very position in the Universe, of which, as we know, this earth we inhabit is but a very minute fragment. We are cut off by impassable barriers of space and time from by far the greater portion of the vast Cosmos of which we thus boldly affirm the *general* facts,—and what justifies us in such daring affirmations?

Admitting, as we do and must, such limitations, what right, I ask, have we to assert, as we do assert, and to believe, as we do believe, such and such things to be true and *general*, and to apply, not only to such small portions of the Universe as are subject to our limited faculties of scrutiny, but to the whole unexplored and unexplorable region beyond? and what right have we to be convinced as we indisputably are convinced, that we are correct in such assertions?

The answer is, that we *assume* the "methods" or sequences of Nature, to be uniform and continuous, so that from a part we can infer the whole. And when, proceeding upon such an assumption, we find the results always to coincide with experience, as that limited experience enlarges, our initial assump-

tion gains in probability, until the conviction of its truth becomes irresistible, and we accept it as "*proved*." This then is the fundamental basis of all science—an assumption of uniformity and continuity, the cumulative proof of which has become so strong that it has produced conviction.

From this standpoint science must proceed, or fall to pieces. Upon this assumption depends the cohesive power of the entire fabric. To this fundamental assumption it must firmly hold or cease to be. This it is, which enables us to infer general laws from special phenomena; to group together seemingly diverse facts into harmonious sequence of "cause and effect;" to tell the past and predict the future from the present—and to such an extent has this already been done, and so marvelous have been the results, that the conviction has become irresistible, and the man of science to-day, can no more give up his belief in this primary assumption, than the Christian can deny his God. Attack the foundations of this belief as you may, the common sense of mankind now accepts it as the surest knowledge to which we can attain.

Science then is not at war with assumption but with assumptions. Its tendency is to reduce all to one. All must be consistent with this one, and none must contradict it. Upon this rests the so-called "method" of science; by this method it tests all hypotheses and demands, and through this method it claims boldly "all knowledge as its province." I say advisedly, *all* knowledge.

In the language of Frederick Harrison, one of the foremost "positivists" of the day, "This method turns aside from hypotheses not to be tested by any known logical canon familiar to science, whether the hypothesis claims support from intuition, aspiration or general plausibility. And, again, this method turns aside from ideal standards which avow themselves to be lawless, which profess to transcend the field of law. We say, life and conduct shall stand for us wholly on a basis of law, and must rest entirely in that region of science, (not physical, but moral and social science,) where we are free to use our intelligence in the methods known to us as intelligible logic, methods which the intellect can analyze. When you confront us with hypotheses, however sublime and however affecting, if

they cannot be stated in terms of the rest of our knowledge, if they are disparate to that world of sequence and sensation which to us is the ultimate base of all our real knowledge, then we shake our heads and turn aside."

There is no uncertain sound about such words. Such a position is not opposed to assumption or to hypothesis, for it is based admittedly upon the assumption of uniformity of law. But it demands that all assumption and hypothesis shall be consistent with this fundamental one. It is not hypothesis but conflicting hypotheses to which objection is made; not with the natural but the *super-natural* that issue is taken.

If then any phenomena are observed which are opposed to this belief in nature's uniformity the man of science properly and promptly rejects such observations. If any explanations are put forth not in harmony with it, he pronounces such explanations *super-natural*, and those who believe them he calls *superstitious*. Observe, he does not claim to be able to explain all such phenomena himself; he is very ready to admit that there is much, very much, which is dark, must perhaps always remain dark to him—but he holds that the true interpretation, if ever found, must accord with his fundamental assumption of uniformity, and he rejects at once all interpretations which do not. He believes that all "*super-natural*" theories—theories, that is, which contradict this principle—must be replaced by natural theories, that is, theories which are in accord with this principle. He hopes that in time they may be. But until they are, he refuses to have anything to do with them and is content to wait. There is no room in his creed for the *super-natural*.

But while in this respect he is unbending and even intolerant, he is very liberal indeed to any endeavor to explain natural phenomena "in terms of the rest of our knowledge," in accord, that is, with the "uniformity of Nature." Any hypothesis tending in this direction he will patiently listen to, receive, discuss, and judge solely upon its merits in this respect, in the most candid and fair-minded manner. It is no objection to him that the hypothesis leaves much to be explained which must still remain dark, for all hypotheses do this; nor that analogy is made use of and the imagination severely taxed, for

several received hypotheses do this also ; nor that faith is called in to accept much that cannot be accounted for otherwise, for faith of this sort lies at the bottom of the entire scientific structure—but just so far as the new hypothesis goes to extend his knowledge of nature upon the assumption of the uniformity of nature's laws just so far he will consider it. He will believe in "ethers" and "atoms" and "molecules," and mysterious "properties" and "affinities," wondrous "fluids" and "vital forces," "correlations" and "conservations" without end—all and any of which are quite as hard to conceive of and make quite as severe a tax upon his faith and intellect as any supernatural hypothesis ; and he believes cheerfully and readily, just so soon and just so far as the facts warrant, simply because such things are in harmony with uniformity of natural law ; that is, simply because such things are "*natural*" and not "*supernatural*."

This position is undoubtedly a strong one and, to the scientific man, it is a necessary one. To admit at this day any breach in the continuity of nature or any break in the uniformity of natural law, is to give up more than can be gained ; to renounce all our most certain knowledge in favor of an hypothesis which can only introduce disorder and bring chaos back again.

And yet there are not wanting those at the present day, and there have never been wanting such at all times, who assert and believe that there is more in nature than the uniform action of her laws. That back of the material lies the spiritual, behind the law stands the law-giver, and that *this* hypothesis is as true, as certain and as worthy of belief as that upon which science rests. This may even be said to be a universal belief of mankind and to have been held and accepted at all times and long before Science itself began to be. I think I may even venture to assert that this belief is held by those present here to-night, and that scientific men hold it also, not as a scientific doctrine, however, but rather as a thing apart—as pertaining to that realm of the *super*-natural into which Science cannot enter and with which Science, therefore, cannot conflict.

But it is becoming more and more apparent that this position is untenable, and that such an armed neutrality cannot long

continue. Science, as we have seen, claims the realm of *all* knowledge. Material there is, spiritual there may be, but *super-natural* there is not. Such an hypothesis can only be held as an expression of the natural, or not at all. The contrary may be good theology, it certainly is not sound science.

Now what has prevented the acceptance of this belief by scientific men, not as a doctrine of the supernatural, but as a fact of the natural?

Why is it not boldly and fairly discussed as a purely scientific hypothesis upon purely scientific grounds? It is certainly suggested by analogy; it satisfies imperative intellectual demands; it coincides with universal belief and commands to-day, as it has commanded always, universal assent. That it certainly explains much in this Universe otherwise inexplicable, no one who has thoughtfully considered it can deny; and as we shall soon see, it is in harmony with that conviction of continuity which guides to-day all scientific investigation, and gives answer to the perpetual inquiry of science as formulated by Mill:

“What are the fewest and simplest assumptions, which, being granted, the existing order of Nature would follow?”

Why then should it not long since have been propounded by scientific men, upon purely scientific grounds, as a scientific hypothesis?

The reason as we see, can only be the *supernatural basis* upon which the hypothesis is supposed to rest. A will outside of nature acting in nature—a spiritual cause manifesting itself in material effects—seems a breach of continuity and an assumption of supernatural agency. *As such*, in this shape, every scientific man must repudiate it as untenable or else forfeit the intellectual heritage of his age, and agree to live in a world where uniform action of natural law is a delusion, where reason is useless and feeling unchecked, may end in any extremity of license and extravagance.

That such is the tendency of thus cutting loose from the fundamental basis of all science, is shown clearly in the pseudo-science of the day, with its delusions and extravagance, its table turnings and inconsequential miracles, its inconsistent superstition and still more inconsistent skepticism. To all such, Science applies its crucial test and the result is a swift dismissal.

But with our religious belief the case is more serious. Why must the scientific man keep his science in one pocket and his theology in the other, and let not his left hand know what his right hand doeth? Here seems a real issue and a real conflict. That the conflict is terribly real, there can, I think, be no doubt. But that the issue is a real one, may be open to question. I do not think the issue is real, and I propose to try to show to-night that it is not. Science has much to learn and much to do ere her last stone is laid and her grand edifice complete, and when it is, theology should be the head of the corner—the cap-stone which the builders rejected. But until this can happen, theology must sooner or later bring science to its aid, before its demands can have the stamp of truth and command unbiassed and willing assent.

Here then is, I think, the real issue of the great “conflict” of the age, of which we have all read and thought and heard and talked so much. Is the spiritual necessarily the *supernatural*? I propose to try to show that it is not. That the belief in an intelligent creative will is not a statement of a supernatural belief, but a statement “in terms of the rest of our knowledge;” not “disparate to that world of sequence and sensation which to us is the ultimate base of all our real knowledge,” but a genuine scientific hypothesis, suggested by analogy and confirmed by experience; not contradicting the fundamental law of uniformity, but accounting for it—and, judged upon its merits, as a scientific hypothesis, commends itself as the best one which harmonizes all the facts, and rewards the search of science for the “fewest and simplest assumptions, which, being granted, the existing order of Nature would follow,” by tracing back all such assumptions to one necessary and sufficient hypothesis, the proof of which becomes cumulative and ends in conviction.

I wish to treat this hypothesis as a purely scientific one. Let us now return to our billiard table.

Suppose the ball upon that table to be set in motion by a stroke of the cue. It would, as we assume, move on forever in a straight line, unless acted upon by some other body. It will roll on then, until it strikes the cushion. From the cushion it will rebound at an angle equal to the angle of inci-

dence, and, both ball and cushion being perfectly elastic, it will roll on its new direction with unchanged velocity until it strikes another cushion, and there being no friction, it will thus dart from side to side forever.

Now, given the mass of the ball, its velocity and direction of motion at any instant, the mathematician might predict unerringly just where it would be and how moving at the end say of a thousand years. He might also work backwards and tell just where it was and how moving a thousand years previously, *provided it had been in motion as long as that*.

But this is a very important proviso. He can tell the future to a certainty, but he can only tell the past down to any given instant before the cue came into play. In the system as he finds it, no mathematics can possibly reveal the action of the cue, or tell just when the original impulse was given.

If then, we were to venture the hypothesis that at some time in the past, motion had been imparted to the ball, our mathematician would tell us that he had no means of testing such an hypothesis. His equations do not contain it. They can reveal nothing which has not been put into them. It might be true or it might not be true. He found the ball rolling, it will roll forever, he can trace its motions forward in time to any extent, *provided no exterior force act upon it*, and he can trace its motion backward in time to any extent, *provided no exterior force has acted upon it*,—and that is all. Of these two provisos he knows nothing. It may have been rolling forever for aught he can say to the contrary. The probability of any hypothesis to the contrary, must be established, if at all, by considerations very different from any his mathematics can furnish. The hypothesis that the ball has been rolling and will roll forever as he finds it, is just as reasonable to him as any other.

It is the dream of the mathematician that were *all* the laws and conditions to which matter is subject known, he might predict with the same unerring certainty the position and motion of every particle of matter in the universe. The problem, though infinitely more complex, is the same in kind, and were it possible to solve it, the solution would bear the same relation to any supposed origin of motion. It would neither make for nor against such an hypothesis.

Now let the physicist take his turn at our table. Suppose then, that our mathematician's eyesight were greatly increased in power so as to surpass the most powerful microscope. He would now be astonished to find that the rolling billiard ball when it struck the cushion *never really touched it at all!*

It is to-day an accepted fact in physics that *absolute contact* between bodies or atoms never takes place. When atoms are brought near together they begin to resist being brought nearer, and the smaller the distance the greater the resistance. Actual contact, the physicist says, never takes place.

But if action at a distance be a fact, it is one wholly incomprehensible to us. It cannot be "stated in terms of the rest of our knowledge." From a mechanical standpoint it is inconceivable. The man of science promptly rejects it as "logically and physically absurd." The greatest philosopher the world has ever seen, when brought face to face with this strange fact, pronounced it an "absurdity so great that no man who has, in philosophical matters, a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it." But it is this same *Newton* who, a quarter of a century later, with riper experience and wisdom, and a broader vision, asked, "Have not the small particles of bodies certain powers, virtues, or forces by which they act at a distance?"

The physicist says, "No!" He believes it not to be a fact, but only an apparent difficulty. In the light of fuller knowledge he hopes it will disappear. And so he builds up his "atom"; and in the attempt to get rid of one incomprehensible mystery, introduces several others, all equally incomprehensible, and endows his atom with "attraction" and "repulsion" and "affinities,"—all of them forces *acting at a distance*; and having thus erected a coherent system of *little* mysteries instead of one big mystery, would fain rest content. But intellectual contentment is not attained, and nothing has really been explained. "Explained"! What is the scientific meaning of "explanation"? Prof. Clifford tells us that we have "explained" something when we have been able to "break it up into simpler constituents which are already familiar." But suppose the thing won't break up; then it cannot be "explained." Suppose the elements into which it breaks up are

themselves just as unfamiliar as the original? Then it cannot be "explained"; for one incomprehensible, we have several. Suppose the elements into which it breaks up *are* familiar—what then? Is the mystery any the less for being familiar? What has been "explained"? Nothing! We have simply formed a coherent system, based upon the incomprehensible—that is all!

Such is the difficulty in the present case. Nature is not explained by being pulverized. Atoms, we say, cannot be in contact, for then there would be no longer atoms, but a solid mass. Very well! Now fill up the void spaces between the atoms with an "ether," if you will; but if your ether is composed of atoms separated by voids, by what have you profited, and what have you "explained"? Pour ether into ether; and still the mystery remains! Your atom itself now becomes the center of a whole complex system of astronomy as incomprehensible as that which the telescope reveals. Atomic forces are no less incomprehensible than the "perpetual miracle" of gravitation which rules the planets, and by no means as "familiar." The infinitesimal is as hard to comprehend as the infinite. The difficulty is absolutely unchanged in kind, and even greater in degree. We push the incomprehensible farther and farther back, but still remains the ultimate and inexplicable.

But why not face the difficulty and accept action at a distance as an ultimate fact? Because it is contrary to experience? But experience would seem to confirm it. All forces, in the last analysis, appear to act at a distance. Because it is incomprehensible? So must any *ultimate* fact of nature be; for any fact which can be "explained in terms of the rest of our knowledge" must be *not* ultimate. The meaning of "*ultimate*" is "*inexplicable*"; and this, therefore, is no valid objection. If we can ever trace sequence to its ultimate origin, we must expect to find that origin not capable of being "explained" or broken up into familiar elements. What then is the only valid objection? It is this: *not* that it cannot be explained, but whether it is capable of explaining. This is our only test—the scientific test—its capability of explaining, and of explaining *all* "in terms of the rest of our knowledge." We cannot have

two ultimate facts. Continuity forbids it. But one, it would seem, we must have; experience, reason, "intellectual necessity," all demand it. We cannot have "occult forces;" but we must, apparently, have one "occult cause,"—not outside of nature, but in nature; or else the circle of our knowledge, starting at any point, should always bring us without solution of continuity back to the point of beginning. But this is not the case. Every direction in which science moves, sooner or later ends with this *apparent* break—*action at a distance*. The circle of the sciences, we find, is not a circle at all, but a *loop*; and with what shall we close it? To meet the difficulty, we need, not hypotheses, but one sufficient hypothesis; and if this hypothesis is the only one which can bridge over the break, which brings all into uniformity and into agreement with experience and known analogies of nature—such an hypothesis, *comprehensible or not*, ought to be eagerly seized by the scientific man, as the expression of that ultimate, and therefore inexplicable, fact which is the key to this mysterious riddle of the universe.

But the mathematician finds that our table with its rolling ball is an ideal conception only. No bodies are frictionless or perfectly elastic. He finds that our ball, after each impact, rebounds with diminished velocity, and must finally come to rest. To the mathematician the problem is now more complex, but unchanged in kind.

Nor is the state of things essentially changed when the physicist takes up the investigation, and shows us the vibrating atoms in the ball and in the cushion—reveals to our mental vision the omnipresent ether of space with its inexplicable properties—properties admitted although inexplicable, because they are in terms of other inexplicables, that is, in "terms of the rest of our knowledge"—when he explains to us the relation of heat and work and the persistence of energy. Nay, more, we can follow him far beyond the boundaries of our table in his marvellous tour of the Universe, as he traces the different forms of energy through all their correlations back to his vibrating ether and atoms, and interprets them all in terms of motion and matter. We may go out with him into the planetary spaces and trace all energy to the sun. We may

trace back the sun to a fiery nebula and find in it the "promise and potency of all." At every step the harmony becomes more impressive, science after science falls into line, as the whole marvellous mechanism is gradually unfolded and resolves itself into beautiful simplicity and unity, and wondrous variety in unity—but still the problem is essentially unchanged! Given, uniformity of natural law; certain unvarying relations of cause and effect; certain assumed and incomprehensible qualities and properties; a certain assumed mechanism in agreement therewith;—and a grand mathematics might compass it all. Still we are as far as ever from understanding action at a distance. Still unaccountable "properties," "occult forces," which we cannot explain, mysterious laws, whose inter-relations we can trace, whose uniform action predict,—whose origin lies hid.

And now, with all these wonders known, and still more wondrous things unknown; the region of mystery increasing directly with the advance of knowledge; with dim recognitions of "order," "purpose" and "design," of "power," "beneficence" and "intelligence," starting everywhere out of the blackness like spectral lights, dancing to and fro to our confusion; what can we do, but hold fast with resolute grip to the one principle of uniformity which has taken us so far and yet ever leaves us farther to go, and still seeking, as we must seek, "the fewest and simplest assumptions which, being granted, the existing order of nature would follow," cry out in utter bewilderment, "what does it all mean?"

The answer must reduce the number of hypotheses, not add one more to the list; and it must be in terms of our experience and make still more assured our belief in that principle of uniform action of natural law which we will not, nay, *cannot* relinquish. This answer, if answer there be, we must find in *Nature*, suggested by sound natural analogy, for supernatural there is not. To commence by violating continuity is to leave science behind.

Thus far we have considered only the forces and laws of inorganic nature. But science claims and must consistently claim, the whole of Nature as her domain. And here confronts us at once another break in continuity—the origin of life. The scientific investigator traces life from its highest

manifestations, through all its gradations, down it may be, to a speck of "granulated vivified protoplasm;" and what then? What can he consistently say, except what Tyndall has said, "By an intellectual necessity, I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium—the promise and potency of all terrestrial life."

This utterance which has made so much stir in theological circles, what is it but the expression of the scientific belief in continuity? This is the "intellectual necessity" which we cannot ignore. And yet after honestly examining the evidence with all the wonderful skill of which he is the acknowledged master, and while frankly confessing that he wishes the evidence were the other way, this outspoken, clear-thinking man of science does not hesitate to say, "I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." Says a recent writer,* "so far as science can settle anything, this question is settled. The attempt to get the living out of the dead has failed. Spontaneous generation has had to be given up, and it is now recognized on every hand that life can only come from the touch of life." Huxley categorically announces that the doctrine of Biogenesis, or life only from life, is "victorious along the whole line at the present day."

Here then we have actually erected by science itself into a "law"—the law of biogenesis—an apparent contradiction to that scientific belief in continuity which is an "intellectual necessity" to the scientific man. But does he admit such discontinuity? Not at all! He views the difficulty—like the other difficulty of action at a distance—as apparent only. The issue to his mind, is not whether the organic is contained and potential in the inorganic—he still believes that it is—but simply whether the transition can be artificially effected now, "in our day." Undiscouraged and undismayed, he works on, hopes ever, seeks always—"the fewest and simplest assumptions which, being granted, the existing order of Nature would follow,"—

* Henry Drummond.

and has always in mind, as a dream of the future, that final hypothesis which shall at last bring all into conformity, before which all discrepancies shall vanish.

But this is not the last break in our law of continuity. If the origin of life is mysterious, much more is that of sensation. The physicist can trace the rays of light as they thrill through the ether; the physiologist may explain to us the mechanism of the eye and of the nervous system and brain. But the link between the objective phenomena and the subjective sensation is beyond the power of science to trace. How is matter related to consciousness? In the presence of such mysteries "experimental evidence" fails. Such problems do indeed lie outside the domain of experimental physics—we frankly admit it. But do they lie outside the domain of law? We cannot admit that! The principle of continuity which has led us so far, we will not reject. Those methods of research which have proved so fruitful we cannot renounce. The repugnance to invoke the supernatural to account for the phenomena of human life is just and consistent. "Other world?" says Emerson; "There is no other world. God is one and omnipresent; here or nowhere is the whole fact." And so, somehow, somewhere, sometime, we ardently believe, these mysterious voids are to be filled up with knowledge, and Nature is to stand forth, one grand, harmonious system, without solution of continuity, from beginning to end. This is the dream of the man of science—a dream of which he thinks he can dimly perceive, even now, the coming realization.

It is easy to relegate such difficulties to the "spiritual world," and to say that of them we can know nothing. But this is evading the difficulty. There is no "good man's croft," as Prof. Clifford well reminds us, in science, secure from the plough where the "Brownie" may live. Let us no longer dodge, but meet the issue fairly. "There is a spiritual world,"—we grant it! But that world, we say, must be a world of law,—a *natural*, not a *supernatural* world. "The spirit is distinct from matter,"—we grant it! But it must be subject to law none the less. Let us seek the laws, not shirk the issues. If the law of continuity is true, it is true throughout its whole extent,—the law of laws,—and the spiritual itself is natural, not

supernatural; and of the natural it is given us, even in this world, to know. When we speak of "intellectual necessity" in science we assume this fact. When we rest scientific hypothesis upon natural analogy we admit it. "This seeing of spiritual truths mirrored in the face of Nature," this assumption of a "real analogy between the natural and the spiritual worlds,"—what is it at bottom but the confession that "parallel phenomena depend upon identical laws?" "Phenomena are parallel; laws which make them so are themselves one."

But if we thus accept the spiritual as the natural, the assumption of the spiritual becomes a scientific hypothesis subject to scientific scrutiny. How shall we test it? It is not a subject for the crucible and retort, the scalpel or the microscope. The hypothesis, to be accepted as scientific, must be suggested by sound analogy and confirmed by its logical results. It must be in accord with the law of continuity; must account for the uniformity of action of natural law; must satisfy "intellectual necessity"; explain consciousness, origin of life and action at a distance, without solution of continuity; and harmonize all the branches of science by substituting for secondary causes and "occult" properties and forces, one sufficient and final cause. As final, such cause need not be expected to be "intelligible," or explicable in terms of the known, or even "thinkable" at all. Its proof is in what it explains, not in its capacity of being explained. A science which has to work with inexplicable "properties" and unthinkable "ethers," with mysterious "affinities" and "vital forces" and miraculous "uniformities," can well put up with *one* inexplicable assumption, if it thereby harmonize and make intelligible all the others. Such an hypothesis, if it do this, is a "scientific hypothesis," if I understand the meaning of the term.

Let us now return once more to our billiard table; and while the ball is rolling to and fro, suppose I were to suggest to the scientific observer that the cause of the motion was *my will*,—that the ball moved as I wished, *because I so willed!*

He would, I think, reply in effect, "Nonsense! It is preposterous and impossible in the nature of things. Suppose I should cut off my own head, throw it out of the window, and then stand up and make faces at you! That would be about an equivalent supposition."

Well, now, if my supposition *is* manifestly impossible in the "nature of things," that settles it! But it might be worth while to pause and ask, what do we know anyhow about the "nature of things?" because if we happen to know nothing, we can scarcely decide the point at issue upon the assumption of knowledge we do not possess.

Now what do we know of matter in itself, and how do I know that anything outside of myself has any real objective existence? All that I know of the outside world, says Prof. Olifford, "comes to me through the medium of my senses." How do I know that these sensations *exactly* correspond to external reality. How do I know that they even correspond *at all*? If a dream were only coherent, no physical test I could apply could possibly establish it as a dream. What right have I, then, to think that this world of sensations is not all a dream, or partly a dream? What right have I to assume that the so-called material universe has any existence at all outside of me? Bishop Berkeley held, "No right at all." But we do not believe him. Why not?

Most of us who have read that little book entitled "Through the Looking-glass," by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," will remember how "Alice" went to see the "Red King" escorted by "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee." They found him fast asleep, and Tweedledee asks her, "What do you think he is dreaming about?" "Nobody can guess that," replied Alice. "Why, about *you*!" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly; "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?" "Where I am now, of course," said Alice. "Not you!" Tweedledee retorted, contemptuously; "you'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of a thing in his dream!"

"If that there king was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out,—bang!—just like a candle!"

"I shouldn't!" Alice exclaimed, indignantly. "Besides, if *I'm* only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?"

There little Alice hit the nail right on the head. Alice didn't believe Tweedledee's story, and neither do we. Why not? Because we are obliged to assume, and do assume, the

consciousness of others like ourselves. When Tweedledee or even Bishop Berkeley, tells us that everything *he sees is his* dream, we appeal to Bishop Berkeley to account for *our* dream. That everything I see may be *my* dream, I might admit; but that I myself am only somebody else's dream I cannot admit. Let us continue our little parable, for surely it runs deeper than most children's stories.

"Hush!" cried Alice, "you'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise." "Well, it's no use *your* talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real."

"*I am* real," Alice said, and began to cry. "If I wasn't real," half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous,—"*I shouldn't be able to cry!*"

Bravo, little Alice! Descartes himself could do no better than that, and older persons may have felt the tears start in presence of little Alice's bewilderment. Truly, this little story is deep enough for children of a larger growth, and some of us may not be so wise as Alice, to brush away tears, and resolutely set about "getting out of the wood."

We all hold, then, not only with Descartes, *Cogito, ergo sum*, but also with little Alice, *Cogito, ergo omnia sunt*. We do believe, then, in external realities; but none the less is it true that our knowledge of such realities is subjective, and when we begin to talk about the "nature of things," we only mean our knowledge of those things.

To which our man of science might reply, "Of course; that's taken for granted. No need to labor away at such length to convince me of that which I don't deny. It is of our knowledge I speak when I refer to the 'nature of things;' and your supposition of will governing the motion of the billiard ball contradicts that knowledge."

Here, then, is the first objection: my supposition must have *analogy with the known* to recommend it. This I frankly admit, and enquire, "Suppose I succeed in showing such analogy, then what?" "Why, then it's unthinkable anyhow," replies our man of science. "But suppose I put it forward as a *final* cause?" "Why, then I should expect it to explain every-

thing. The law of continuity will not admit of more than *one* such cause," replies our man of science. "One such cause I may accept, if it stands the test. On this ground I can allow you to discuss your hypothesis. Do you stand on this ground?"

To which I reply, "I do. Upon this scientific basis I rest my hypothesis; by this scientific test I abide."

Now, this hypothesis of Nature as the expression of will is by no means a new one. It is at least as old as theology, and it is good theology too, I believe, and I venture to think that most of my hearers accept it now, and if all I am going to do is to try to prove it, I may spare my breath. But I want to show you that it is *good science too*, and as science isn't so very old, and as this doctrine has not been very prominently put forward as "scientific," this view of it may not be without interest.

I expect to show that it is suggested by analogy, and is not only in accord with uniformity of action of natural law, but accounts for such uniformity and makes law intelligible. That it fills up satisfactorily the breaks in continuity still outstanding, such as action at a distance, origin of life and consciousness, and while thus rounding out scientific knowledge, brings it in harmony with our intellectual necessities, and brings the whole scope of man's intellectual activities, whether in the realm of the physical, social, moral, or spiritual, into accord with one hypothesis, which accounts for, because it embraces all. In other words, the one fact in this world is the "spiritual," and all that we see and know is but the "spiritual made manifest."

First, then, as to analogy. Modern science claims to have established the fact that every motion of an animal like man can be traced back eventually to some change in the substance of the brain.

Precisely what this change is we need not now enquire. Let us admit it as a fact,—if it be a fact,—and instead of denouncing it as "subversive of free will," making man an automation," "atheistic in tendency," and what not, let us accept it to its fullest material realization. No harm can come to truth by increase of knowledge. Old arguments may fail, and old grounds prove untenable; but surely it is rather early yet for us to claim an infallible *basis* even for our strongest convictions. If the new knowledge furnish a new basis, we need feel no alarm.

Suppose then, for example, that to such precision have we attained, that when I raise my arm the act can be certainly traced back in my organism to the displacement of certain specific portions of my brain. Say, for instance, that three particles of matter in my brain which before occupied positions in a straight line with respect to each other, have now been made to change their position and arrange themselves in the shape, say, of a triangle. The work done might be estimated, the equivalent heat computed, and we might speak of the "mechanical equivalent of thought," and even give it in foot-pounds. When the physiologist has got as far as *that*,—and he looks forward even now to such a result,—I think it will be admitted on all hands that his science is pretty complete.

Now it is admitted that these three particles are under the control of my will. At any rate, I can lift my arm as often as I wish, and whatever may be the origin of the "wish," these three particles obey my will and move in subjection to it. *Is there anything less wonderful in this than in the supposition that the motion of three billiard balls upon a table is governed by will also?* and is not the analogy a sound one? Here observe, as in every science, when we go back to its beginnings, mechanism falls away, and this apparent mystery of *action at a distance* stares us full in the face. It is thus in astronomy, chemistry, physics, mechanics,—in fact, through the whole range of the inorganic sciences. In the last analysis, we find all forces appearing to act at a distance. And now, here it confronts us again in organic science also, and we find it at the foundation of biology too. But mark the *significance* with which it now appears! Whereas before it seemed itself an ultimate inscrutable fact, now it appears *in connection with will*. Within my organism *will* is recognized as a *force* causing motion of matter; acts upon it at a distance, too! Explain it as you can or may, or refuse to explain it at all, if you will. Put between the will and its manifestation as much of material mechanism as you choose, the difficulty is but pressed further back, not removed. To this conclusion we must come at last, as an ultimate, and, therefore, inexplicable fact,—that within the limitations of my organism *matter obeys will*. There is thus an advancing scale in our knowledge. To the mathematician, only inexplicable

law is visible. Past and future lie hid in his equations only up to certain limits. Of that which may lie back of law, of beginning or end, there is no hint. The physicist recognizes, back of law, everywhere the inexplicable fact of action at a distance, and here *he* stops short. There seems no hope of passing beyond. The very method of science, and the whole past progress of scientific knowledge, give no encouragement to such hope. Finally, the biologist also has to face this inexplicable fact; but to him it is not ultimate, for to him it exhibits itself in a new phase, and back of it he discerns the action of *will*. Here, it seems to me, is the first ray of light. Within the sphere of my conscious activity, science recognizes this inexplicable fact of action at a distance as *dependent upon will*. Within the limits of my organism, *will* appears as a "force,"—as that which "produces motion or change of motion of matter." This is the last word of science, and it appears very significant. Here is our analogy.

We have met, then, the first demand upon us, and presented our analogy. Within the limits of my organism matter obeys will. Now, by virtue of my belief in continuity, the very principle which has thus far guided all scientific hypothesis; in conformity with analogy; and in the very spirit and even the very phrase of Tyndall—"by an intellectual necessity I *cross the boundary* of the experimental evidence," and refer the mystery of action at a distance, and of motion of matter *outside of my organism*, likewise to the operation of will.

This is surely scientific. It is Tyndall's position with another issue. The hypothesis is suggested by analogy and confirmed by experience; and as such the scientific man must consider it. While it sets no bounds to scientific investigation, so far as such investigation goes to reveal mechanism and to explain the unknown in terms of the known, it must, if true, ever lie outside and beyond the limits of such investigation, as the expression of an ultimate and, therefore, inexplicable fact. As ultimate, it must be found all-sufficient.

Shall we say that the motion of these three brain particles could have been infallibly predicted ages beforehand, provided all the conditions had been known,—that our three particles are like three billiard balls which have forever been dashing about

on the table of the universe, and that any future state of these particles is capable of prediction in accordance with uniform laws? What, then, becomes of my will—of my volition? At what point shall we introduce the action of the cue? Shall we say that these three particles are obedient to will, which is therefore a force of nature, but a force of which nothing can be predicated beforehand? What, then, becomes of the uniformity of law?

Here seems the scientific difficulty. We certainly have will as a power in nature suggested to us by sound analogy from known facts, but we cannot accept the hypothesis apparently without contradicting the uniform action of law, and we cannot accept the uniform action of law without removing belief in the freedom of our will. Between the horns of this dilemma we apparently stand.

“We now stand,” in the words of Tyndall, “face to face with the final problem. It is this: are the brain and the moral and intellectual processes known to be associated with the brain,—and, as far as our experience goes, indissolubly associated,—subject to the laws which we find paramount in physical Nature? Is the will of man, in other words, free, or are Nature and it equally ‘bound fast in fate’? What is meant by free will? Does it imply the power of producing events without antecedents?—of starting, as it were, upon a creative tour of occurrences without any impulse from within or without? Let us consider the point. If there be absolutely or relatively no reason why a tree should fall, it will not fall; and if there be absolutely or relatively no reason why a man should act, he will not act. It is true that the united voice of this assembly could not persuade me that I have not, at this moment, the power to lift my arm if I wished to do so. Within this range the conscious freedom of my will cannot be questioned. But what about the origin of the wish? Are we, or are we not, complete masters of the circumstances which create our wishes, motives and tendencies to action?”

Prof. Tyndall is always frankness itself, and never shirks an issue. He accepts, as you see, our hypothesis as suggested by analogy and seriously discusses it. His objection and difficulty are put on the basis of uniformity of law. If man’s will be

free, it must be a creative cause. But if it be itself dependent upon anterior circumstances, how can it be free?

"If there be absolutely or relatively no reason why a man should act, he will not act."

This we can safely accept, I think. That is, man's will is to some extent at least, dependent upon man's knowledge. Indeed, the expression "intelligent will" is tautological. Knowledge can only come to us through our sensations—so our will must not only be intelligent—acting upon knowledge—but must also be conscious. Consciousness and intelligence are presupposed and understood when we speak of "will." But admitting man's will to be such, is it not conditioned by exterior circumstances, and if so, how can it then be free?

Now, here is, I think, a false issue, or at any rate, a side issue. The freedom of man's will may be and is a subject of the highest importance in mental and moral science. But in the present discussion, at this stage of the argument, it has, it seems to me, no bearing. The state of the question is this: We recognize by experience that man's will—conscious and intelligent will—acts under certain restrictions upon matter, and under certain restrictions, matter is obedient to it. Recognizing this as a fact, and it is, I think, admitted as a fact on all hands, we pass, with the sanction of the highest scientific authority, by an "intellectual necessity," across the "boundary of the experimental evidence," and sanctioned by our belief in continuity, we ask, *not* if *man's* will be free, but is there a free will, *not man's*, to which all nature without restriction is obedient, and is it possible to reconcile the existence of *this* will with uniformity of action of natural law, without conditioning its freedom? This is the real issue, and I hold that in discussing *man's* freedom of will Prof. Tyndall has suffered himself to be led aside from the direct line of argument into a side issue not of vital importance to it.

We may admit, if you wish, that man's will is not free: that we are not complete masters of circumstances; that circumstances have been partly made for us; that the will may be partly if not wholly the product of environment. We may admit all this, and yet the real issue remains open, and the real question untouched. The question of automatonism may still

remain open ; we may concede man to be a machine, but one very essential part of our conception of a machine, viz: its relation to a contriver and constructor, still remains to be disposed of, and I think I may at this point consistently refuse to be led astray into debatable land, which lies outside the domain of the argument. It is a free will exterior to man's that is in question. And the real difficulty—accepting this will as necessarily conscious and intelligent—is to reconcile *this* with uniformity of natural law.

This is not so difficult as the discussion about man's free will would seem to make it. If we wish to affect the will of another there is only one practical way by which we can do it—by affecting him or his knowledge, which is a part of him. This is our practical recognition of the fact that will must be intelligent and hence conscious. But to change his knowledge is to change a part of *him*.

“Uniformity” means that the same causes must always produce the same effects: Now, however, indefinite the meaning of that little word “cause” may be in general, there need, I think, be little confusion about its meaning in the present connection. It may be true, as Prof. Clifford tells us, that the word “cause” has “sixty-four meanings in Plato and forty-eight in Aristotle. These were men who liked to know as near as might be what they meant ; but how many meanings it has had in the writings of the myriads of people who have not tried to know what they meant by it will, I hope never be counted.” Without presuming to fix the meaning of a word whose use seems to have been so abused, it seems that for our present purpose Mill's definition will answer, and when we speak of the same causes always producing the same effects, we can define “cause” as the “sum of *all* the antecedents.” Now, of these antecedents, knowledge is at least *one*. To change this is, therefore, to change the “cause” and hence the sequence or “effect.” But to thus change knowledge implies that such knowledge was incomplete, and did not before include all the antecedents. Such is man's knowledge—limited, and such is man's will—changeable, varying as his knowledge varies. But were such knowledge complete, it would not admit of additions to it, hence it could not be changed, and as

thus the only disturbing element is excluded, a will based upon such knowledge would be unchangeable, and hence uniformity of action would be a necessary result. Even man's will would thus be consistent with uniformity were man's knowledge complete. How about the freedom of such will? By freedom we do not mean absence from constraint, but simply and absolutely *self-controlled*,—not affected by exterior circumstances. Now to such a will as we speak of there could be no exterior circumstances, because all circumstances are due to it. If such a will is free, its invariable action would imply not only complete knowledge but unchanging purpose. Our intelligent conscious will then must be *complete in knowledge and single in purpose*.

Are we "padding our premises"? I think not. Such a will is in kind like our own. In degree it is the limit to which by "intellectual necessity" we must pass. Knowledge made perfect and purpose unchanging—and there, based upon analogy, confirmed by experience, in accord with continuity and *accounting* for uniformity, it seems to me, we may discern with the eye of science, even more satisfactorily than in matter, the "promise and the potency of all."

And now, how can we test our hypothesis? We put it forth as a scientific induction and as ultimate. As ultimate, we cannot explain it in terms of the rest of our knowledge. As ultimate, its proof must be sought in its power of explaining, not in its capacity of being explained. Suggested by what we know of nature, our conviction of its truth must rest upon its power of harmonizing all that we know, in accordance with natural laws and intellectual and moral requirements, without any other hypothesis being necessary or possible.

Does it do this? I must leave the answer largely to each student of science, and I think I can safely so leave it.

Such an hypothesis or induction, of will based upon complete knowledge of the past, to which past in its entirety it is exterior, and self-controlled by unchanging purpose—to which matter is obedient—accounts for the continuity of causation and of sequence, as well as for the "intellectual necessity" which demands such continuity. Incomprehensible discontinuity disappears in the light of this induction, and the circle

of the sciences is complete. The loop is filled up by its connecting link. While in no degree limiting the field of scientific research, it must ever lie back of and embrace the whole field. In the light of this induction, action at a distance—"the great stumbling-block of science to-day"—stands out as the visible expression in terms of matter of underlying will. Not a will apart from nature—not the supernatural contradicting the unfailing regularity of nature, "interfering" with nature's laws—but a will *in nature*, of which these laws are the unchanging visible expression.

Haeckel in his *Schöpfungsgeschichte*, divides the views of Nature into the *monistic* or "single principle" theory and the *dualistic* or "twofold principle." The first he claims as scientific, the second as unscientific, miraculous, superstitious, the outcome of a "poetic faith" "such as can have no value in the domain of scientific knowledge." The great service of Darwin from this point of view, was the final establishment of the "unity of *all* natural phenomena." As Haeckel puts it, "all natural bodies which are known to us are *equally animated*. The distinction which has been made between animate and inanimate bodies does *not* exist. When a stone is thrown into the air and falls to the earth according to definite laws, or when in a solution of salt a crystal is formed, the phenomenon is neither more nor less a mechanical manifestation of life than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation of animals or the activity of their senses, than the perception or the formation of thought in man."

Now in the light of our induction we also may heartily subscribe to this utterance of Haeckel, but from a very opposite view-point. For us also all natural bodies are equally animated—one neither more nor less than the other—all conforming to the mandate of will. The distinction between animate and inanimate bodies does *not* exist for us also. When a "stone is thrown into the air and falls to earth according to definite laws," the phenomenon is neither more nor less a *spiritual manifestation of underlying will*, than the "growth and flowering of plants." Such a view is "*monistic*" and "scientific" as the other. It does not deny mechanical unity, it simply goes back of and accounts for it in strict analogy with

known facts of nature. It is, therefore, no superstition, no "*dualism*," no mere "poetic faith," but simply the legitimate result of scientific monism itself which discerns the great WILL POWER

"In all things, in all nature, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unending clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters and the invisible air."

The uniformity of natural law is thus a necessary consequence of such an induction. Such law comes out as a relation in visible terms, intelligible to us, between "spirit at one end and matter at the other," and such uniformity as but the inevitable result of complete knowledge conjoined with unchanging purpose—the physical expression of the "divine veracity." It is just what we should expect to find in such a universe as ours. Before this one incomprehensible all others vanish—and no other hypothesis thus far suggested by natural investigation can accomplish a similar result. The correlation and conservation of natural forces, are in this view, the necessary result of a single, constant source of energy.

The unity and continuity of law, under this view remain unbroken. The law of biogenesis—of no life without preceding life—receives now its solution in antecedent life, and merges itself into the more general expression—no consciousness without antecedent consciousness, no will without antecedent will, no spirit without antecedent spirit. Thus is continuity unbroken, and thus is it more than poetic feeling or belief in the supernatural alone, which asserts that

"The earth is cram'ed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

Whatever the ultimate decision of science as to the evolution of life, this view remains unchanged. It "allows of development to the fullest and most material extent, but prohibits material interpretation." The material universe reveals itself only to the spiritual eye. The law of biogenesis, which appears as a break in material law, is but the physical expression of a more general spiritual fact.

Such a view satisfies our intellectual demands by positing a sufficient cause in strict analogy with experience, which while spiritual is not supernatural—which acts not because of law, but because of which law is.

Such a view, is the only one which satisfactorily accounts for the evidences of “design” in Nature, while permitting such design to be accomplished through material laws by traceable methods. It hampers science in no respect, but gives free scope to investigation and “accepts the mechanical interpretation of nature’s laws to the uttermost.” It does not limit the field of investigation and say “thus far and no further,” but allows to science in the freest spirit the boundless field of all that is.

In the light of this view, the standing quarrel between religion and evolution disappears from sight. It is no longer a question between divine foresight and divine interposition. There is seen to be no “interposition” possible. It is a question simply of divine method.

Let us frankly admit such a view—no harm but much good can come of it. To science belongs the whole field. Physical, social, mental, moral—it is one “reign of law,” one “unity of nature,” the visible expression of one will—natural, not supernatural. Let us expunge this word “*supernatural*” from our vocabulary—it has always made harm—and let science and faith strike hands not merely in amity, but in full accord. If there is a God, all roads must lead to Him, and there is no *terra-incognita*, observable by us, which needs to be jealously fenced off from the field of natural law.

From this standpoint the “*a priori* proofs” appeal with new and added force. This wondrous system—its amazing vastness, which knows no distance, includes all motions and covers all time—the wondrous variety and still more wondrous unity in variety—the absolute perfection of detail—the unlimited power—the mysteriousness—in a word, the absolute crushing *wisdom*, of the whole awful mechanism find in this conception alone, the only intellectually satisfying *scientific* cause and reason, and far back of the infinite complexity we recognize the final unity of

“one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

The idea of the supernatural, of a region on this earth closed to science, where continuity ceases and uniformity cannot be assumed, has been and is productive of harm. In the interests of truth and peace let us give it up. It is time! When one speaking in the interests of faith, and speaking with authority, proclaims this or that subversive of his faith, who is to blame, if finding this or that to be true, we *take him at his word* and deny his faith? "Trust your reason," cries Leslie Stephens, in this very spirit—"trust your reason, we have been told till we are tired of the phrase, and you will become Atheists or Agnostics. *We take you at your word*; we become Agnostics." *This is the real conflict!* It fills the religious press. I take up a paper at random and its editorial is to this effect: I read of the "pronounced theories" of Darwin and the "brilliant affirmation" of Tyndall. Further on these expressions naturally change to such as "domineering" and "charlatanry," and "one-sided" "superficial thinking." We learn that no "technical knowledge" is necessary to know that Tyndall can't get ethical truth "out of his retorts and crucibles." That "experimenting with blowpipes and gases" can give no knowledge of God and the soul. That no spiritual realities can be reached by "grubbing among earthworms" like Darwin.

I have spoken to little purpose, if such remarks do not now carry their own refutation. If our writer finds that it is something to rejoice at that our "younger men" no longer "flout religion nor scoff at religious men," the gratifying result cannot be laid at his door nor ascribed to the tendency of such views as these. God's truths not to be found in retorts and crucibles!—where should they be found, if not wherever His laws are found in operation? Here, or nowhere, now or never, is God's government, and in the grand unity of that government, which it is given to man to discern, one may well rise, even from an earth-worm to a star.

" Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

This is more than good poetry, it is sound science. Wherever God's government is found on earth, science, or the study of God's laws, claims the right to go—and wherever science goes there can be no *super-natural*.

We sometimes hear deplored now-a-days, the "scientific tendency" to "push God out of His Universe," or at least to push Him further and further back, until He becomes a mere abstraction at best. Now, if all roads in science lead to God, if all laws converge in the law-giver, how shall we ever reach the center if we go not back upon the roads? Why, to thus search back is "one of the profoundest necessities of our intellectual nature!" Has not the result thus far justified the necessity?

There is, I venture to think, a tendency more harmful than this—a tendency which has always made harm and which is hurtful to-day as ever—a tendency which not only closes the road to progress, but obscures the eye of faith—the tendency to shut up certain avenues of thought, and ticket them with the sign, "No thoroughfare! This way lies the swamp of the supernatural!"

I like to think that there is a more liberal faith than this, which holds that knowledge of the mind of God does not essentially depend upon exclusive study of the written and printed records vouchsafed to one "peculiar nation." That to all men has been made a revelation, not written or printed in perishable characters, but spread out before every man in characters which endure forever and which all may read. The lesson of this revelation has not waited for science to interpret it. The deepest rendering which science can give but confirms the reading which faith receives without question. This reading has been and is the common property of all, and the superficial glance gathers from it the deepest truths. So it has been through long ages before the birth of science, and thus only can it happen that the deepest truths of science to-day, but serve to confirm the most ancient faith of all mankind.

It is by no means an impossible or even an improbable hypothesis that this little world of ours is not alone among the myriads of those whose central suns shine in our heavens, the abode of intelligent and reasoning beings. If this be so—and

who can say that it is not?—those unknown beings, separated from us though they are by such an awful chasm of space and time—are our brothers, co-heirs with us of one great Revelation. They look out upon the same great book of Nature which lies open to our gaze; read from it the same lessons; learn from it the same laws; recognize everywhere the workings of the same MIND, the same great INTELLIGENCE, the same unchanging WILL, the same uniformity, the same unity, the same continuity—acknowledge the same Revelation—worship the same God! Who shall say then, that to those of our own race, here on earth, separated by lesser, but to them equally insurmountable barriers of space and time—this great and universal revelation has been denied?

“ Who shall say that to no mortal
Heaven e’er oped its mystic portal,
Gave no dream or revelation
Save to one peculiar nation?
Souls sincere, now voiceless, nameless,
Knelt at altars fired and flameless,
Asked of Nature, asked of Reason,
Sought through ev’ry sign and season,
Seeking God; through darkness groping,
Waiting, striving, longing, hoping,
Weeping, praying, panting, pining,
For the light on Israel shining!
Oh, it must be! God’s sweet kindness
Pities erring human blindness;
And the soul whose pure endeavor
Strives toward God, shall live forever;
Live by the Great Father’s favor,
Saved by an unheard-of Saviour.”

In this great and universal revelation, old faiths must find their continual justification. If this light is to continue to shine and to become clearer it must not be obscured. In this spirit the old faiths may yet glow in new lustre, and the spiritual in nature, not the supernatural apart from Nature; God everywhere seen in His works and studied in His laws—be the starting point of a new Science and the most efficient bulwark of an old Faith.

A. J. DuBois.

ARTICLE VII.—A CRITIC CRITICIZED.

PERHAPS no further notice of, or reply to the "Open Letter" to the editor published in the September number of the *NEW ENGLANDER* and *YALE REVIEW*, commenting upon and criticizing an Article published in the previous August number, is needed than that contained in the editorial note appended to the critique. Certainly the subject is one that neither calls for nor admits of much controversy since it is mainly a matter of individual taste and judgment, and it would undoubtedly be "trespassing upon ground sacred to the individual" to enter upon any argument pro or con upon the several points raised or controverted in the "Open Letter" referred to. The writer of the Article criticized will, therefore, limit himself to noticing one or two vulnerable points in the rather over-serious arraignment of his essay which seem fairly to challenge a little counter-criticism. In the first place it may reasonably be objected both on behalf of the distinguished poet and for himself that the critic misquotes (or is made to misquote by the type), one of the controverted citations from the *In Memoriam*. Tennyson does not commit the solecism of saying, as the critic quotes him :

Looks thy fair form —

Nor would he, probably, have employed the expression he does use :

Looks thy fair face —

if the prevailing image in his mind had been masculine. At all events, the line should be read as the poet wrote it.

Again, the critic does not seem to be aware that he is admitting all and considerably more than the Article criticized ventures to suggest when he says so emphatically that the *In Memoriam* is "the sincerest and most *profoundly personal* and *self-disclosing* monody ever written in any tongue." Thus substituting positive assertion in place of the milder inference of the writer of "A Poetical Heartbreak." If his statement is accept-

ed as true, it clearly follows that the poem lies open to the world to be read and interpreted according to the obvious import of the language. For if "sincere" and "profoundly *personal* and *self-disclosing*" in its prevailing theme of grief, why not equally so in respect to any other emotion that finds expression in it? Or why should it be regarded as "transcending the limits of literary courtesy and infringing the canons of interpretation which the laureate himself has so unmistakably insisted on" to recognize a blending of early reminiscences and the awakening of their corresponding emotions in passages which seem not only to admit of but to require such interpretation? The fact referred to by the critic that Lord Tennyson has already taken the trouble "to repudiate through his son certain identifications of persons and localities by the author of 'In Tennyson Land' and others, and to insist that the lyrics are entirely dramatic," would seem to imply that they are at least subject to such interpretation, or misinterpretation. Of course, the denials by the author are conclusive on the points denied, and in view of them it certainly would be an impertinence to attempt to locate any portion of "Tennyson Land" upon any visible *terra firma*, or to identify any of his characters with living people past or present. The writer of "A Poetical Heartbreak," however, does not come within the category of these literary quidnuncs. The central idea and significance of his essay are implied in the qualifying adjective of the title. It is a *poetical* heart-break that he treats of, in which *idealism* is the dominant quality; finding expression in various *poetic* creations; evolved, perhaps, from an inner consciousness in which, at most, there was but a shadowy basis of reality, shifting and changing with every poetic fancy, but still a potent factor in the inspirations. The distinction is too subtle for discussion, besides being, as before intimated, the really privileged ground "sacred to the individual" upon which the writer has no desire to trespass. It is sufficient to say that the main thought and argument (so far as there is any of the latter) of his essay are equally well supported by the citations whether they be regarded as personal or impersonal, i. e. as applicable to the individual poet who utters them, or to the poetic element in human nature in general.

In brief then, if there is any revelation at all of the poet's personality in the poems noticed it is, as the critic alleges, "self-disclosed," and the critic is apparently a more jealous keeper of the poet's conscience than the poet himself in attempting to restrict the disclosing to a single emotion. Besides, it is not quite evident that there is any sacrilege committed by the enlarged significance suggested. Certainly the other emotions as portrayed in their exaltation are not less worthy in themselves, nor less universal in their interest and sympathy than morbid grief. On the contrary, it may safely be said that they enhance rather than detract from the central idea, and enlarge rather than diminish the nobler attributes both of the poet and the man, as one who brings himself within touch of all humanity by the frank confession :

Homo sum ; et nihil humani alienum a me puto.

Nevertheless, if any offence has been committed against the venerable Poet-Laureate, for whom no one has a more sincere and reverent regard than the writer, perhaps it may lessen the offence and appease the injured sensibilities of the critic to quote and adopt the poet's own lines of apology, which disarm all criticism :

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

University Club, N. Y.

ARTICLE VIII.—WHY WE HAVE NO BROWNING OR TENNYSONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Hermitage, and later Poems. By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston, 1889. 16mo., pp. 110.

THE story is told of a judge of one of the higher courts in the State of Connecticut, that once while holding court in New Haven, he had gone, during a recess, for a few moments' distraction from business, into a hall where it had been advertised that a collection of valuable paintings was on exhibition, previous to being sold at auction. As he began to make the tour of the room, his intelligent air attracted the attention of the dealer, who immediately went to him, and entertained him with a running comment on the different pictures. The judge made no reply, but, gold eye-glass in hand, went on examining them slowly. At last, when he had made the circuit of the room, and was about to leave, he turned to the man at his side, and inquired, with that peculiarly bland manner which characterized every thing he did: "Can you inform me, Sir, if these pictures have been made by machinery?" We hope we shall be pardoned for repeating this story of a gentleman who is still living in the enjoyment of a green old age. But his words have been recalled so vividly to our minds, as we begin to write, that we cannot refrain from using them as a preface to what we wish to say. We are sure that there is not one of our readers who will not agree with us, that probably more "poetry" is published in the United States which suggests the thought that it has been turned out "by machinery" than in all other countries combined. There are very few small towns in the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where there is not at least one newspaper. In the whole country, there must be many thousands, and in every one of them there is a column as regularly devoted to "poetry" as there are columns devoted to advertisements.

We do not mention this with any disposition to criticize. In a young country like this, it may be considered as a really hopeful sign. We are most of us disposed to think that our countrymen are too much given to the worship of the dollar, and that there is danger that as a people we shall become wholly devoid of all sentiment, and shall value only what is practical. Now perhaps even the painting and the buying of poor pictures, and the writing and the publishing of poor poetry, may have their redeeming aspects. There was a time—and that, not long ago—when there were comparatively few houses where there were pictures of any description on the walls. It is to be expected that in the development of artistic taste, people will be at first satisfied with chromos, and doggerel, and the songs of “colored minstrels.” What kind of pictures, what kind of literature, what kind of music, what kind of conversation, satisfies, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, the large majority of the young boys and the young girls who grow up even in our most cultured homes? We are, therefore, inclined to think that the writing of even poor poetry is a healthful sign. It is a proof that the writers have at least some aspirations for what is higher and more beautiful.

It will be seen that our object is not at all to ridicule the machine-made pictures of those artists who are forced to paint what are called “pot-boilers,” or the effusions of village poets. It is, rather, to call attention to the reason that with so much that is called “poetry” written and published by our countrymen, we do not have more poets who can rank with Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, or who can rise to heights which even they have not reached. What we wish to say is that the explanation of all this is to be found in the simple fact that those who display poetic talent of a kind which promises the richest fruitage, almost invariably become absorbed in the business of life, and have no time which they can devote to the long and arduous work of preparation which is necessary before poetry of the highest order can be written.

We have in mind an illustration of what we have said. Thirty years ago, a young man left the elms of New Haven, who seemed to not a few to give promise of becoming a poet

of the highest rank. But, as is the case so often, he was tempted to turn aside to other pursuits, and when his career had ended,—as it did a few short months ago—his friends had to confess that their anticipations had not been realized. True, a little volume of the fugitive pieces which he had thrown off in the intervals of other occupations were after his death published in Boston, and were greeted with more than usual praise. The volume was noticed at the time with high commendation in this Review. In fact, it was everywhere so well received, and so much interest was expressed in the author, that the publishers were induced to reprint a collection of odes and sonnets which the young poet had given to the press, just after leaving college. On the appearance of this volume, we found in it so much that is fresh and beautiful that we have kept it, ever since, on our table within easy reach, that we might be able at any time to refresh our recollections of the passages which had given us pleasure.

The most important poem in this collection is called "The Hermitage," and we propose to make from it some brief extracts which we think will repay a careful reading. They show that the author had not only rare power of observation and description, but that, not satisfied with the study of the outward shell of things, he was intent on using his observations of things outward for the solution of the great questions that concern human life, character, and destiny.

Before proceeding further, it should be said that the unity of the poem is secured by interweaving with it a story of common life. This story is, however, only dimly shadowed in the background, and serves simply as a frame for the beautiful pictures which the author sketches, and the reflections which he presents. It is so little prominent that it will be enough for our present purpose to say that we gather from it that, "tired" of life in the overcrowded East, which seems only a "shallow cheat," the poet leaves New England for the far distant shores of the Pacific, that had just then attracted attention, that there, alone by himself, in a "hermitage" which he will build in the untrodden forests, he may ponder the questions which have so deeply interested him.

"I will go seek in far-off lands
 Some quiet corner, where my years shall be
 Still as the shadow of a brooding bird
 That stirs but with her heart-beats. Far, unheard
 May wrangle on the noisy human host,
 While I will face my Life, that silent ghost,
 And force it speak what it would have with me."

* * * * *

"Let me arise, and away
 To the land that guards the dying day,
 Whose burning tear, the evening star,
 Drops silently to the wave afar ;
 The land where summers never cease
 Their sunny psalm of light and peace.
 Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
 Has drifted down in dust of gold ;
 Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
 Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.
 There I will choose some eyrie in the hills,
 Where I may build, like a lonely bird,
 And catch the whispered music heard
 Out of the noise of human ills."

On reaching the new and "purer world" on the Pacific coast, which even surpasses his expectations, he describes his ocean voyage and his day on the Isthmus.

"Three dreamy weeks we lay on Ocean's breast,
 Rocked asleep, by gentle winds caressed,
 Or crooned with wild wave-lullabies to rest.
 A memory of foam and glassy spray ;
 Wave chasing wave, like young sea-beasts at play ;
 Stretches of misty silver 'neath the moon,
 And night-airs murmuring many a quiet tune.
 Three long, delicious weeks' monotony
 Of sky, and stars, and sea,
 Broken midway by one day's tropic scene
 Of giant plants, tangles of luminous green,
 With fiery flowers and purple fruits between."

He experiences that same intoxication of delight, of which so many have since spoken, who have gone in winter from the bleak hills of New England to the sunny shores of California,

"When earth has Eden spots like this for man,
 Why will he drag his life where lashing storms
 Whip him indoors, the petulant weather's slave?
 There he is but a helpless, naked snail,

Except he wear his house close at his back.
 Here the wide air builds him his palace walls,—
 * * * * *
 Here is no niggard gap of sky above,
 With murk and mist below, but all sides clear,—
 Not an inch bated from the full-swung dome ;
 Each constellation to the horizon's rim
 Keen-glittering, as if one only need
 Walk to the edge there, spread his wings, and float,
 The dark earth spurned behind, into the blue."

He finds a spot for his dwelling place,

" 'Tis a grassy mountain-nook,
 In a gorge, whose foaming brook
 Tumbles through from the heights above,
 Merrily leaping to the light
 From the pine-wood's haunted gloom,—
 As a romping child,
 Affrighted, from a sombre room
 Leaps to the sunshine, laughing with delight :
 Be this my home, by man's tread undefiled.
 Here sounds no voice but of the mourning dove,
 Nor harsher footsteps on the sands appear
 Than the sharp, slender hoof-marks of the deer,
 Or where the quail has left a zigzag row
 Of lightly printed stars her track to show.

Above me frowns a front of rocky wall,
 Deep cloven into ruined pillars tall
 And sculptures strange ; bald to its dizzy edge,
 Save where, in some deep crevice of a ledge
 Buttressed by its black shadow hung below,
 A solitary pine has cleft the rock,—
 Straight as an arrow, feathered to the tip,
 As if a shaft from the moon-huntress' bow
 Had struck and grazed the cliff's defiant lip,
 And stood, still stiffly quivering with the shock."

He builds his " Hermitage,"

" Against the huge trunk of a storm-snapped tree,
 I've built of saplings and long limbs a hut.
 The roof with lacing boughs is tightly shut,
 Thatched with thick-spreading palms of pine,
 And tangled over by a wandering vine,
 Uprooted from the woods close by,
 Whose clasping tendrils climb and twine,
 Waving their little hands on high,
 As if they loved to deck this nest of mine.

Within, by smooth white stones from the brook's beach
 My rooms are separated, each from each.
 On yonder island-rock my table's spread,
 Brook-ringed, that no stray, fasting ant may come
 To make himself with my wild fare at home.
 Here will I live, and here my life shall be
 Serene, still, rooted steadfastly,
 Yet pointing skyward, and its motions keep
 A rhythmic balance, as that cedar tall,
 Whose straight shaft rises from the chasm there,
 Through the blue, hollow air,
 And, measuring the dizzy deep,
 Leans its long shadow on the rock's gray wall."

Thus far, our quotations have been made for the purpose of showing what was the poet's environment in his new home.

As an illustration, now, of the beauty of his descriptions of natural scenery, we will quote what he says of the "wild brook" that runs near.

"The voice of my wild brook is marvellous ;
 Leaning above it from a jutting rock
 To watch the image of my face, that forms
 And breaks, and forms again (as the image of God
 Is broken and re-gathered in a soul),
 I listen to the chords that sink and swell
 From many a little fall and babbling run.
 That hollow gurgle is the deepest bass ;
 Over the pebbles gush contralto tones,
 While shriller trebles tinkle merrily,
 Running, like some enchanted-fingered flute,
 Endless chromatics.

Now it is the hum
 And roar of distant streets ; the rush of winds
 Through far-off forest ; now the noise of rain
 Drumming the roof ; the hiss of ocean-foam :
 Now the swift ripple of piano-keys
 In mad mazurkas, danced by laughing girls.

So, night and day, the hurrying brook goes on ;
 Sometimes in noisy glee, sometimes far down,
 Silent along the bottom of the gorge,
 Like a deep passion hidden in the soul,
 That chafes in secret hunger for its sea :
 Yet not so still but that heaven finds its course ;
 And not so hid but that the yearning night
 Broods over it, and feeds it with her stars."

On the other side of the "hermitage" is the ocean ; and, as we read, we can almost hear with him the "oratorio of the Sea."

" Beckoned at sunrise by the surf's white hand,
I have strayed down to sit upon the beach,
And hear the oratorio of the Sea.

On the brown, shining beach, all ripple-carved,
Gleams now and then a pool ; so smooth and clear,
That, though I cannot see the plover there
Pacing its farther edge (so much he looks
The color of the sand), yet I can trace
His image hanging in the glassy brine—
Slim legs and rapier-beak—like silver-plate
With such a pictured bird clean-etched upon it.

Beyond, long curves of little shallow waves
Creep, tremulous with ripples, to the shore,
Till the whole bay seems slowly sliding in,
With edge of snow that melts against the sand.

Above its twinkling blue, where ceaselessly
The white curve of a slender arm of foam
Is reached along the water, and withdrawn,
A flock of sea-birds darken into specks ;
Then whiten, as they wheel with sunlit wings,
Winking and wavering against the sky.

The earth for form, the sea for coloring,
And overhead, fair daughters of the two,
The clouds, whose curves were moulded on the hills,
Whose tints of pearl and foam the ocean gave,

O Sea, thou art all-beautiful, but dumb !
Thou hast no utterance articulate
For human ears ; only a restless moan
Of barren tides, that loathe the living earth
As alien, striving towards the barren moon.
Thou art no longer infinite to man :
Has he not touched thy boundary-shores, and now
Laid his electric fetters round thy feet ?
Thy dumb moan saddens me ; let me go back
And listen to the silence of the hills.

One more illustration of his descriptive power, we give.

"T is night : I sit alone among the hills.
There is no sound, except the sleepless brook,
Whose voice comes faintly from the depths below
Through the thick darkness, or the sombre pines
That slumber, murmuring sometimes in their dreams.

Hark ! on a fitful gust there came the sound
 Of the tide rising yonder on the bay.
 It dies again : 't was like the rustling noise
 Of a great army mustering secretly.
 There rose an owl's cry, from the woods below,
 Like a lost spirit's.—Now all 's still again.—
 'T is almost fearful to sit here alone
 And feel the deathly silence and the dark.
 I will arise and shout, and hear at least
 My own voice answer.—Not an echo even !
 I wish I had not uttered that wild cry ;
 It broke with such a shock upon the air,
 Whose leaden silence closed up after it,
 And seemed to clap together at my ears.
 The black depths of these muffled woods are thronged
 With shapes that wait some signal to swoop out,
 And swirl around and madden me with fear,
 I will go climb that bare and rocky height
 Into the clearer air."

On page 41, we have an opportunity to judge of his appreciation of color, in his description of an April in California.

"An April, fairer than the Atlantic June,
 Whose calendar of perfect days was kept
 By daily blossoming of some new flower.
 The fields, whose carpets now were silken white,
 Next week were orange-velvet, next, sea-blue.
 It was as if some central fire of bloom,
 From which in other climes a random root
 Is now and then shot up, here had burst forth
 And overflowed the fields, and set the land
 Aflame with flowers. I watched them day by day,
 How at the dawn they wake, and open wide
 Their little petal-windows, how they turn
 Their slender necks to follow round the sun,
 And how the passion they express all day
 In burning color, steals forth with the dew
 All night in odor."

Our space will not allow us to explain how it is that the poet is led to realize at last that he has been mistaken in his philosophy. He learns that Life is given him for some higher end than his own selfish enjoyment.

He exclaims at last,

"Have I the right,
 As wholly independent, to scorn men?"

It must suffice to say that his conclusion is—

“ God asks no penance but a better life.

We will quote a few pages without attempting to show their connection with the thread of his argument.

“ A child had blown a bubble fair
That floated in the sunny air ;
A hundred rainbows danced and swung
Upon its surface, as it hung
In films of changing color rolled,
Crimson, and amethyst, and gold,
With faintest streaks of azure sheen,
And curdling rivulets of green.
' If so the surface shines,' cried he,
' What marvel must the centre be !'
He caught it—on his empty hands
A drop of turbid water stands !

With men, to help the moments fly,
I tossed the ball of talk on high,
With glancing jest, and random stings,
Grazing the crests of thoughts and things,
In many a shifting ray of speech
That shot swift sparkles, each to each.
I thought, ' Ah, could we pierce below
To inner soul, what depths would show !'
In friendships many, loves a few,
I pierced the inner depths, and knew
' T was but the shell that splendor caught :
Within, one sour and selfish thought.

* * * * *

Unmarried to the steel, the flint is cold :
Strike one to the other, and they wake in fire.

A solitary fagot will not burn :
Bring two, and cheerily the flame ascends.
Alone, man is a lifeless stone ; or lies
A charring ember, smouldering into ash.

* * * * *

If the man riding yonder looks a speck,
The town an ant-hill, that is but the trick
Of our perspective : wisdom merely means
Correction of the angles at the eye.
I hold my hand up, so, before my face,—
It blots ten miles of country, and a town.
This little lying lens, that twists the rays,
So cheats the brain that My house, My affairs,
My hunger, or My happiness, My ache,

And My religion, fill immensity !
 Yours merely dot the landscape casually.
 'T is well God does not measure a man's worth
 By the image on his neighbor's retina.

We have far overstepped the bounds that we had set for ourselves; but no one who has read thus far will question that here was a poet of rare promise. But even poetic genius is not enough. The highest attainments in song can only be reached after the long and laborious training of every faculty. The great poets of our age have had life-long leisure for study. They have sought their inspiration from all that is most beautiful in form and color, and most noble in thought. The poet must feed on royal food; and wherever that royal food is to be found, in art, or nature, or literature, those who will rival Browning, or Tennyson, or Longfellow must seek it where they sought it, and feed upon it as they fed upon it.

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

CLASSICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF YALE
 COLLEGE.—OCT. 14TH, 1890.

Mr. Abbott read a Biographical Sketch of Cicero's Son. The principal sources of information for such a biography were shown to be Cicero's letters *ad Atticum* and *ad Familiares*, the two works *De Officiis* and *De Legibus*, Plutarch's *Cicero*, Seneca *De Beneficiis*, Pliny's *Natural History*, Dio Cassius, and an inscription contained in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*. The writer sketched the career of the orator's son as a school boy at Rome and in the provinces, as a soldier in the army of Pompeius, as an undergraduate in the University at Athens, as a military tribune under Marcus Brutus, and finally as consul at Rome and proconsul in Syria.

As a supplement to the paper, it was held by the writer that the manuscript reading *pater nobis decessit a. d. IV. Kal. Decembres (ad Att. I. 6. 2)* should be retained; secondly that the ancients possessed at least two books of letters which passed between Cicero and his son, all of which have been lost; thirdly that the length of time required for the journey from Rome to Athens cannot be determined from the first sentence in *Ad Familiares*, XVI. 21.1 as is done by Stupfle-Boeckel in their edition of Cicero's letters.

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ARTICLE I.—LEGISLATION CONCERNING CORRUPT AND ILLEGAL ELECTION PRACTICES.

MR. JOHN FISKE, the accomplished historian, in his recent work upon Civil Government in the United States, which was published last September, devotes a few paragraphs to the Secret Ballot Law of Massachusetts, and states that "It is unfavorable to bribery, because unless the briber can follow his man to the polls and see how he votes, he cannot be sure that his bribe is effective." Mr. Fiske then adds: "To make the precautions against bribery complete, it will doubtless be necessary to add to the secret ballot, the English system of accounting for election expenses. All the funds used in an election must pass through the hands of a small local committee, vouchers must be received for every penny that is expended, and after the election, an itemized account must be made out, and its accuracy attested under oath before a Notary Public. This system of accounting has put an end to bribery in England."

The writer, in an Article published in the May number, 1890, of this magazine, said: "English authorities state that the corruption of voters in parliamentary elections in England is not

prevented by the Australian ballot system, so much as by the stringent provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act. It will be found in this country that neither the Australian system, nor the Connecticut system alone, will prevent corruption unless these acts are supplemented by statutes based upon the principles of the English Corrupt Practices Act."

Since the publication of that Article, the writer has had an opportunity of conversing with several English and Scotch gentlemen concerning the election laws of the United Kingdom, and he has been strengthened in the opinion that bribery has been cut off in Great Britain by the Corrupt Practices Acts, rather than by the secret ballot system.

Last August, a gentleman who has lived for thirty years in Melbourne, Australia, stated that the "Australian ballot act," so-called, was passed to prevent intimidation rather than bribery, and that in his judgment, "corrupt practices acts" of the most stringent nature are necessary to prevent bribery.

Hon. Robert T. Lincoln informed the writer in July that his observation and information in England led him to the same conclusion. Statements published in some of the newspapers, since the election of November 4th, indicate that in New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, the secret ballot laws of those States have not prevented bribery in some places where there were voters who were ready to sell their votes, and men who were able and willing to purchase them. It will be found impracticable to prevent such a collusion, which was doubtless practiced in Montgomery county, in New York, where the bribed voter gave notice to the person who had purchased his vote that he had voted as agreed, by voting also on the same ticket for some individual for a minor office, the name having been agreed upon between the briber and the bribed. The "Corrupt Practices Act," so-called, passed by the last Assembly at Albany, is not thorough, or effective. It should specify and limit the legal expenses of an election. In the light of the foregoing facts and opinions, an Article upon English legislation on this subject may be timely.

The first serious attempt to prevent corrupt election practices in England was in 1854. The Act was entitled "The Corrupt Practices Prevention Act." Under its provisions, bribery was

defined, certain petty expenditures were forbidden, and election expenses of a certain character were made public by proper returns. This Act was supplemented by a few of the provisions of the Parliamentary Elections Act of 1868, by the Secret Ballot Act of 1872, and by the Corrupt Practices Act of 1879.

The English Ballot Act of 1872 contains substantially all the provisions of the Massachusetts Act of 1889. All of this legislation, however, had not effectually stopped the corrupt use of money in English elections, and in August, 1883, Parliament adopted the present efficient bill to prevent corrupt and illegal practices. It is known as Chapter 51, of the 46th and 47th Vict. Under its provisions, each candidate must, within a certain time before the election, name his election agent, and with the exception of a limited allowance for the personal expenses of the candidate, all expenditures in connection with the election must be made through the election agent of the candidate. The names of the agents must be declared in writing to the returning election officer, and that officer must give public notice of their names and addresses. Only one election agent can be appointed for each candidate, but sub-agents may be appointed for election precincts where there are more than one.

All clerks and messengers employed on behalf of the candidate at any election, must be appointed by the election agent, and he must hire every committee-room used on behalf of the candidate. All contracts in relation to expenses must be made by him. No advances or deposits of money can be made by any candidate, nor by any person in his behalf, or in behalf of his party, at any time before, during or after an election, except through the duly appointed election agent. All claims and bills connected with an election must be presented and paid within twenty-eight days after the election; and within thirty-five days after the election, the agent must make a true return according to a schedule provided in the law, giving a statement of all payments made by him, together with all bills and receipts; a statement of the amount of the personal expenses, if any, paid by the candidate; of the sums paid to the election officers for their charges; of all disputed and unpaid claims, if any; of all money, securities, or the equivalent of money, received by

the election agent from the candidate, or any other person, for expenses incurred, or to be incurred, on account of or in respect of the conduct or management of the election, together with a list of the names of each and every person from whom such contributions have been received. No payments can be made for transporting voters to the polls, except in a few cases where they must be transported by sea, from their places of residence to the polling place.

Treating of all kinds is prohibited, and the presentation of cockades, ribbons, or other election devices, is forbidden. The only legal expenses authorized by the law are the sums paid to the election officers for their charges, not exceeding an amount authorized by law; the personal expenses of the candidate, which can in no event exceed one hundred pounds; the expense of printing, advertising, publishing, issuing and distributing addresses and notices; of stationery, postage, telegrams, and holding public meetings; and the expenses of not exceeding one committee-room for every election precinct, and of an extra committee-room for every complete five hundred electors, over and above the first five hundred. In a county there may be allowed in addition the expenses of central committee quarters. No payments can be made for the conveyance of electors to or from the polls, whether by hiring horses, or carriages, or for railway fares, or otherwise; nor to any electors on account of the use of any house, land, building, or premises for the exhibition of any address, bill, or notice; nor for any committee-rooms in excess of the number allowed by law. No person may let, lend, or employ, any public carriage, horse, or animal, kept or used for drawing public carriages for the purpose of conveying electors to or from the polls. No person may hire, borrow, or use any carriage, horse, or animal, which it is prohibited to obtain under the law.

Electors themselves may hire carriages to convey themselves to the polls, but neither directly or indirectly can they be reimbursed. Every bill, placard, or poster having reference to the election must bear upon the face thereof, the name and address of the printer and publisher thereof.

No premises can be used for a committee-room upon any part of which intoxicating liquors are sold, whether by a licensed seller, or by members of any club, society, or association; nor where refreshments of any kind, whether food or drink, are ordinarily sold for consumption on the premises. Candidates are obliged to furnish a written and detailed statement of the amount of personal expenses incurred by them, and in practice, in England, those expenses include only car fares, hotel expenses, postage, stationery, and telegrams.

Any candidate, election agent, or other person, who violates any of the provisions of the Act, or fails to perform any duties imposed under the Act, is guilty of a corrupt or illegal practice, within the meaning of the Act, and may be punished by fine or imprisonment, and disfranchised for a term of years. Any person who is elected to office, and at whose election there have been corrupt or illegal practices, in violation of the provisions of the Act, may be unseated upon proper petition.

Mr. Lincoln informed the writer that the provisions of this Act are so stringent, and it has been so thoroughly enforced, that the public men of Great Britain all agree that bribery in connection with elections has become practically unknown.

Upon this whole subject there are two questions for the American people to consider. Are they ready for such radical changes in their election laws? Will they demand a thorough enforcement of the provisions of such an Act? The latter is by far the more important question.

LYNDE HARRISON.

ARTICLE II.—"COUNTING A QUORUM:" OR SPEAKER
REED'S "CHANGE OF RULES."

"ON all great subjects," says John Stuart Mill, "much remains to be said." The recent great change in parliamentary practice, which has been enforced in our national House of Representatives—which is variously called "counting a quorum" or Speaker Reed's "change of rules"—is a subject which seems to us not yet to have been duly appreciated as to its gravity and effects. This may be believed to be due quite largely to the fact that the matter has been entangled with current party politics and the immediate partisan interests of our two great political parties. Possibly in the calm which at present is succeeding our recent political "storm and stress," an additional word on this theme may be offered, as well as received, in a more judicial spirit than has marked the discussion hitherto. It cannot be doubted that an important change in the methods of legislation, of arriving at conclusions in one of our highest legislative bodies, is a very grave subject—one which ought to be considered in an unpartisan spirit and with sole reference to its bearings on the general public welfare. This subject is also one which no "prentice hand," no impetuous or *doctrinaire* mind, is fitted to handle. Parliamentary law and practice, as much as any feature or form of our civil methods, is the slow growth of many generations and centuries. It has not been made to order; it cannot be safely unmade or essentially changed, to order. Like the common law, or like any slowly developed age-compacted system, or method of public procedure and administration, it must be studied and grasped, it must be developed and carried forward, in the historical spirit, and, above all, with a patriotic and not a partisan purpose. Whoever well considers it, will find change and reform here are not synonyms; that the old ways are presumptively the best ways; and that any violent or sudden change is likely to bring in worse evils than those sought to be removed. Burke may easily be thought to have been at times

too much influenced by antiquity and custom, but in our day and in dealing with these subjects we cannot too often be taught by his spirit and philosophy.

Another preliminary general consideration should be kept in mind here,—that our national government is not carried on by parties in the same sense or to the same extent as the government of England or of France. Our majority party—the party which at a given time may have elected our President and a majority of both Houses of Congress—has no such powers or responsibilities as the majority party in England. Our president, senators, and representatives in Congress, have a fixed tenure of office. A political revolution may sweep over our country, like the late election, but the days of the present president and Congress are not shortened, nor their powers diminished. It cannot be said, in any strict sense, that ours is a government by parties. Parties here elect our public officers and the members of our legislative bodies, but when the party which has thus triumphed in an election is repudiated by the next popular vote, as is the case at this moment, the defeated party continues in the same relations to the government as before, till the end of the terms of those elected. This is our chosen American system, and in this it differs radically from the systems of England and France. The result is that parties not being responsible here for the conduct of the government, as in England and France, for example, there is not the same reason here for clothing our parties with plenary or greatly extended powers, as exists in those countries and under those systems where the defeat of one party places the opposing party in immediate control of the government.

This is particularly true in matters of parliamentary practice. It might be wise and needful to give the majority of the English House of Commons, or of the French Chamber of Deputies, powers over the course of parliamentary procedure and legislation, which would not be wise or needful here, for the reason that parties there are more immediately responsible for the conduct of the government and more immediately answerable to the country. In other words, our system of government would naturally and reasonably suggest that less rather than more power should be at the command of our

Speaker and the party majority of our house of representatives than at the command of the Speaker and party majority of the English House of Commons, or the President and party majority of the French Chamber of Deputies; and English and French parliamentary precedents and practice should be viewed and valued here accordingly. We think it will appear hereafter in the discussion of our topic, that English precedent and example is against the rules which have been put in force by Speaker Reed.

The question immediately before the country now is the constitutionality, wisdom, and justice of what is rightly called Speaker Reed's "change of rules," or more narrowly, his method and practice of "counting a quorum." The question and practice arose thus: the Constitution, in Section five of Article one, provides that "a majority of each (house) shall constitute a quorum to do business, but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties, as each house may provide." This language—the only provision of the Constitution on the subject of a quorum—has been, and is, universally understood to require a majority of a full house—of all the members elected or possible to be elected—to make a quorum for business. Thus, in the present house, consisting of 330 possible members, a constitutional quorum is 166.

The constitutional provision above quoted also provides means for getting a quorum, viz: by compelling the attendance of absent members. There the Constitution stops; and there the dilemma which Speaker Reed's rules are intended to meet, begins. If a majority of a full house is present but a part of the members do not respond to the roll-call, so that the number who do respond is not a majority of a full house, what shall be done? The invariable rule for 101 years, or since the American Congress has existed, until the present Congress, has been that, if those members answering to a call of the house did not make a numerical majority of a full house, no quorum to do business was present. In other words, *the result of a call of the house determined the question of a quorum.* The change

which has occurred in the present Congress is the adoption and enforcement of the following rule :

Rule XV, Clause 8: "On the demand of any member, or at the suggestion of the Speaker, the names of members sufficient to make a quorum in the hall of the House who do not vote, shall be noted by the Clerk and recorded in the Journal, and reported to the Speaker with the names of the members voting, and be counted and announced in determining the presence of a quorum to do business."

By the terms of this rule, the ascertainment of the fact of the presence or not of a quorum is no longer by a roll-call, but is placed in the hands of the Speaker, to the extent that he may direct members present but not voting to be counted and may announce their presence when so counted, to make a quorum. In other words, the Speaker "counts a quorum;" that is, he *may, if he sees fit, or he may not, if he does not see fit, count members present but not voting, as part of a quorum.*

This is the change which is to be considered.

Not only is this change an overthrow of the parliamentary practice of our House of Representatives from its original organization, but its effect is to defeat essential provisions of the Constitution, and it is, therefore, an unconstitutional change. This result has been most clearly and accurately stated in a widely-noted Article signed "X. M. C." in the *North American Review* for July of the present year. The argument is briefly this: The Constitution requires a majority of each house to constitute "a quorum to do business;" the practice has been to regard "a quorum to do business" as meaning a quorum *taking part in the business of the House*; Speaker Reed's rule requires only the physical presence of a quorum or of a majority of the house. The result is that—a quorum or majority being now 166—if, for example, nine members vote for a measure and one against it, the measure is passed, provided the Speaker can find 156 members present in addition to those voting; or the measure will not be passed, if the Speaker does not "see" or "find" the necessary additional members.

But the Constitution further provides that the "*y*ea*s* and *n*ay*s*" of the members of either House, on any question, shall, at the desire of one-fifth of the members present, be entered

in the Journal." This plainly means that whenever a measure is passed—which can only occur when a quorum is present—the *yeas* and *nays* of this quorum, that is, *the votes in the affirmative and negative*, shall be recorded. If, therefore, 166 members—a quorum—be present, but only ten vote, the record will, of necessity, be only the *yeas* and *nays* of the ten members voting, and the Clerk, according to Speaker Reed's Rule XV., "on the demand of any single member or at the suggestion of the Speaker" will proceed to record the rest of the members who are counted to make a quorum, not by *yeas* and *nays*, as the Constitution requires, but by naming 156 members, in the case above supposed, as present but *not voting*! Does any man of sense seriously believe this is a compliance with the constitutional provision intended to secure a record of the *yeas* and *nays* on any question?

But the veritable *reductio ad absurdum* is reached when Speaker Reed's method of getting a quorum is compared with the constitutional provisions respecting the passage or non-passage of a bill over the President's veto. These provisions, shortly, provide that the President's veto can only be overridden by a *two-thirds vote of each House*, the vote of each House, "*to be determined by yeas and nays*," and the vote recorded on the Journal of each House. If, now, we suppose a vetoed bill to be laid before the House of Representatives for its action, and that the vote stands, as in the case supposed by "X. M. C.,"* 90 in favor of passing the bill over the veto, and 40 in the negative, the number of members voting, and *the total number of yeas and nays*, is only 130; but the Speaker "sees" 36 additional members present and not voting, and he proceeds to "count" them to make up a quorum. This would plainly be a valid method of passing an ordinary bill under Speaker Reed's rule:—would it, or not, be a valid method of passing a bill over a veto? The constitution expressly declares that the vote upon a vetoed bill "*shall be determined by yeas and nays*," and if the vote in the case supposed is determined by yeas and nays, as the Constitution requires, the bill is not passed; but if it is determined, as in the case of an ordinary bill by Speaker Reed's rule, it *is* passed!

* *North American Review*, March, 1890, p. 95.

The plain result of this is seen to be, that a quorum under the Constitution means precisely what it has hitherto been universally held and understood to mean—a *majority of the House participating in the business of the House*. This was perfectly well expressed by Speaker Reed himself in the debate in the house, January 28, 1880, in opposing the precise change he has now effected. "The constitutional idea of a quorum," he then gravely asserted, "is not the presence of a majority of the members of the House, but a *majority of the members present and participating in the business of the House*."

The Constitution also provides that "each House, with the concurrence of two-thirds, can expel a member." If Speaker Reed's rule is constitutional, a vote of two members of either house may expel a member, provided only three members vote and 163 other members not voting are present to be counted!

The truth is that Speaker Reed's doctrine of the power of an actually-voting minority to assume the powers of the whole house is as absurd and preposterous as it is strange and dangerous. It cannot be applied in any case falling within Speaker Reed's rule, where the Constitution requires the vote of a fixed fraction of either House, or a vote by yeas and nays, and it is seen on examination to be foreign and abhorrent to the idea of a quorum throughout the Constitution.

Having now seen that the procedure adopted by Speaker Reed cannot be defended on constitutional grounds, let us look at the dilemma itself which his new rules were devised to meet. It is this: A party majority may be small, as it was at the beginning of the present Congress; it may be difficult or impossible for that majority to maintain a quorum when it is seeking to adopt measures which are extremely obnoxious to the minority, as in the case of the McKinley Tariff Bill, and the Lodge Elections Bill, in the last session of Congress; in such an event, the majority party may be hindered and defeated by the absence of its own members, in its efforts to pass measures of legislation.

Such is believed to be a perfectly fair statement of the whole case, the whole evil alleged to exist and to call for a remedy. Observe, first, that it is only when the party majority is narrow, that is, when the sentiment of the country is but slightly

inclined to one side in preference to the other; and, secondly, that it is only when the measures proposed by the majority party are extremely obnoxious to the minority party, that the alleged evil and inconvenience arise. If the majority is large, and if the proposed measures are not extreme or partisan or otherwise highly offensive to the minority, the evil called "filibustering" here, and "obstruction" elsewhere, has not arisen hitherto and is not likely to arise hereafter. Does the concurrence of these conditions tend to lead any fair, patriotic, non-partisan mind, considering well the dangerous use so easily possible to be made of extraordinary powers by a party majority, to readily accept any special, summary, additional remedy for the evil in question? We think not. The evil complained of is in ordinary times a comparatively slight one, calling for no new drastic remedies or extraordinary appliances or procedure. Public opinion is a sufficient remedy in most cases where any remedy is needed. There have been instances within our easy memory when "filibustering" has resulted in defeating evil measures, to the great advantage of the country—advantage conceded generally even by the party pressing such measures, when the partisan excitement of the occasion had passed away.

But if "filibustering" has become a danger to the country, or if it shall become a danger hereafter, the remedy can never be the summary, high-handed, inherently dangerous, method contrived by Speaker Reed. The remedy lies in a simple application of constitutional powers and methods. The Constitution gives to each House of the Congress power to "determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, to expel a member." It also gives to a number less than a quorum—and much more to a quorum or full house—the power to "compel the attendance of absent members." The powers thus given are unquestioned. The power to "compel attendance" in conjunction with the power to "punish disorderly behavior" undoubtedly carries with it the power to *compel members to vote*. This power has always been recognized as belonging to our House of Representatives. A rule has been in force in our House of Representatives since its

first organization, having been adopted April 7, 1789, more than three weeks before Washington's first inauguration,—which now stands as Rule VIII. of the code of the present Congress. This rule is as follows :

Rule VIII., Clause 1. “Every member shall be present within the hall of the house during its sittings, unless excused or necessarily prevented ; *and shall vote on each question put*, unless he has a direct personal or pecuniary interest in the event of such question.”

Our highest constitutional authorities, as well as the highest authorities on parliamentary law and practice, agree in the conclusion that the power to compel a member to vote not only exists under the constitution in our House of Representatives but is inherent in all ordinary parliamentary bodies. This power is constantly exercised at present and has been exercised in the past, in the English House of Commons.

If, therefore, members either absent themselves, or being present refuse to vote, the remedy is at hand—the use of the power of the House, first, to compel attendance ; and, secondly, to compel silent members to vote.

The only answer or objection we have seen to this position and this remedy is that the remedy might be very slow, and might in extreme cases be inadequate to meet an immediate emergency. The answer is that it is the plain constitutional remedy, and that it has not yet been applied to the suppression of unwarrantable “*filibustering*.” It certainly will be soon enough to consider another remedy when the evil becomes intolerable, and this remedy, after full trial, proves ineffectual.

We have already hinted our opinion that “*filibustering*,” or obstruction, is not such an evil as threatens the public welfare to any alarming degree. We certainly regard Speaker Reed's position, the outcry about “*filibustering*” which he has led, as the mere pretense by which he and his followers have sought to veil or dignify their unscrupulous party aims. Look at the situation when Speaker Reed assumed the Chair. What great measure of legislation did the country demand ? What single measure has Mr. Reed brought to the front in favor of which there was anything like a consensus of judgment in the country ? Or, what measure have he and his followers put forward which addressed itself generally to the welfare of the whole

people irrespective of party? To what such measure—intended and believed to be simply a patriotic measure not touching mere party interests but only the general welfare—has the minority, under Speaker Reed, opposed, or shown a wish to oppose, the tactics of "filibustering?" We know of no such measure, and we have examined the record to verify our opinion. There was certainly no need of the Speaker's whip and spur to force through the bill "for the relief of the Supreme Court." No obstruction was offered to its passage. The same is true of all the few remaining bills which were in any sense non-partisan.

The simple truth is that, on only three topics brought before the House at its last session, was there the slightest occasion for apprehending "filibustering," or the smallest need for "counting a quorum," or "changing the rules," or resorting to any unusual methods to overcome the opposition of the minority. These three topics were the McKinley Tariff Bill, the Lodge Elections Bill, and the unseating of democratic members. We make these statements with deliberation and invite contradiction or disproof.

And what were each and all of these measures? Purely partisan, extreme partisan, measures, concerning no great public interest but only the interests of Speaker Reed's party—the Tariff bill being an attempt, at the public expense, to pay the pecuniary debt incurred by Quay and Wanamaker for the cash necessary to carry the election of 1888—the Elections bill being a scheme to revive the republican party at the South by putting the election machinery in the hands of partisan officers, or to quote Mr. Reed's words, "to do *our own counting and returning*"—the unseating of Democratic members being the shabbiest possible application of methods which Mr. Reed himself has recently declared to be "unsatisfactory in results, unjust to members and contestants, and failing to secure the representation which the people have chosen."*

Such are the measures which this "change of rules" was designed to force on the Congress and the country. Mr. Reed has written elaborately and spoken profusely in defence of his rules, and he has really given us one or two aphorisms

* *North American Review*, July, 1890, p. 117.

which are worth recalling here. "The trying time," he says in his *North American Review* article of March last, "for all ill-doing is the summit of prosperity;" and again, in the same Article, he says, "Men never remain reasonably bad; they almost always carry badness to excess, and therefore to correction." We leave Mr. Reed's followers, in the light of the late election, to apply these excellent and sententious utterances of their apostle of parliamentary reform!

But it is the rule of the majority, the right of the majority to rule, that is oftenest put forward to cover these recent changes in parliamentary rules. And what are the rights of the majority party in legislative bodies! Thomas Jefferson wrote, in 1801: "The first duty of the majority in a legislative body is to protect the minority." The majority has no right to disregard or crush the minority. It has no right to frame and enforce rules which deprive the minority of the power to oppose, to the uttermost, measures which in their judgment are partisan, of doubtful constitutionality, or of widely-questioned expediency. Let proposed measures of legislation command the fair support of the public without regard to party, and it remains yet to be seen whether any minority will place itself in the attitude of persistently opposing them by schemes and methods of mere obstruction. No party can ever hope to profit by such an attitude. Its prompt defeat by the people, at the first opportunity, will prove, as it has hitherto proved, the ample protection and remedy for willful opposition to the popular will.

But if a majority seeks partisan ends in legislation it is certainly not too much to require of it that it should *furnish its own quorum*. It cannot too often be pointed out that if a majority is present and in the discharge of its duties, no Speaker will have occasion to "count a quorum" from members of the minority. If Speaker Reed's party majority, in the last session, had been present, he would not have needed to "count" a quorum. His effort, first and last, was to "piece out" his own majority by counting members of the minority—a process which needs only to be stated to be condemned. It was so strict a Republican as Gen. Hawley of Connecticut who said, upon this precise issue, in the House in 1880:

"I think it very decidedly wrong, in the first place, that a Speaker should be at liberty to recognize or declare a quorum without a formal count, and in the next place, that by any sort of combination of rules, there should be a law put on the statute book and declared in force which can show perhaps only a quarter or 10 per cent. of the members in favor of it."

And upon the right of "filibustering," he said on the same occasion :

"We of the minority claim a right, *by sitting silent*, to prevent less than a majority of the members elected from passing a bill. The worst that can be done by a factious minority, if that be the term applied to it, is to fight until the actual majority of the members elected shall pass the bill. *When they are present, that friendly majority constitute a quorum of themselves* ; they do not require the assistance of the minority ; they run the house themselves and pass their bills."

This is the so-called evil which Speaker Reed's rules are aimed at,—the evil and wrong of simply compelling the majority, when it embarks in partisan work in the house, when it perverts the function of legislation to attempts to gain party advantage, to make up a quorum of its own members! "The very head and front" of the minority's offending in the present House "hath this extent, no more." Rightly viewed, dispassionately considered, such "filibustering"—and no other was attempted—is a right of every minority, and in the case of the McKinley Tariff Bill, the Lodge Elections Bill, and the unseating of Democratic members, in the present house, would have been a patriotic duty of the minority.

Speaker Reed himself, before his present partisan exigency had converted him from a genial and cultivated gentleman into a parliamentary despot and bully and the patron of baser bullies on the floor of the House, in the debate of January 28, 1880, said :—

"This privilege, which the (Republican) minority of the House at the last session availed itself of, is a privilege which every minority has availed itself of since the foundation of this Government. What is the practical upshot of the present practice? It is that the members of the minority of this House upon great occasions demand that every bill which is passed shall receive the absolute vote of a majority of the members elected. They do this in the face and eyes of the country. If they demand upon any frivolous occasion that there shall be such an extraordinary vote as that, they do it subject to the censure of the people of this land.

It is a valuable privilege for the country that the minority shall have the right, by this extraordinary mode of proceeding to call the attention of the country to measures which a party in a moment of madness and of party feeling is endeavoring to enforce upon the citizens of this land. And it works equally well with regard to all parties, for all parties have their times when they need to be checked, so that they may receive the opinions of the people who are their constituents, and who are interested in the results of their legislation."

The dangerous extent of power which Rule XV. puts in the hands of the Speaker, has already been noticed. We do not regard this as its worst feature but it is one of obvious importance. The rule in question does not require the Speaker to note silent members and have them counted to make a quorum; it merely provides that this shall be done on the demand of a single member or "at the suggestion of the Speaker." This places in the single hand of the Speaker the power, at will, to "count a quorum" or not to count it. It is an autocratic prerogative which has no precedent anywhere, and no warrant in reason, prudence, or the spirit of free government. The Speaker may "see" or he may not "see" silent members, as may best suit his purposes. It was this monstrous, uncontrolled power which led Gen. Garfield, in the same debate already referred to, to exclaim :—

"Who is to control his (the Speaker's) 'seeing'? How do we know but that he may 'see' forty more members *for his own purposes* than there are here in the House? I think my friend from Virginia (Mr. Tucker) will see that he lets in the one-man power in a far more dangerous way than has occurred before in any legislative assembly of which he or I have any knowledge."

The suggestion of giving such power to the Speaker was repudiated by even so doughty and thorough-paced a party Speaker as Mr. Blaine, in 1875 :—

"There can be no record," he said, "like the call of the yeas and nays; and from that there is no appeal. The moment you clothe your Speaker with power to go behind your roll-call and assume that there is a quorum in the hall, why, gentlemen, you stand on the very brink of a volcano!"

But the gravest departure from precedent and the line of safety in Speaker Reed's change of rules, remains to be stated. These rules give the Speaker absolute power to refuse to entertain any motion whatever which he may choose to consider

dilatory or obstructive. This has been admirably shown by Mr. Carlisle in his noble plea for parliamentary freedom in the *North American Review* for March, 1890. One cannot do better on this point than to quote Mr. Carlisle. He says:—

"These new rules go far beyond all precedent here or elsewhere, and and confer on the Speaker the absolute power to refuse to entertain any motion whatever if he chooses to consider it dilatory, although the motion itself may be clearly in order, and expressly authorized by the very rules under which he is acting. For instance, when a motion is under debate, the following motions are expressly provided for; to adjourn, to lay on the table, for the previous question, to postpone to a day certain, to refer, to amend, and to postpone indefinitely. These motions are always in order when any matter of legislation is under consideration, and yet by the new clause—inserted, it is understood, at the instance of the Speaker himself—he is authorized to refuse to entertain all or any one of them upon the ground that in his opinion it is made for the purpose of delay; and there is no appeal to the House from his decision unless he may see proper to permit it, because he can hold that the appeal itself is a dilatory proceeding. One of the rules which has existed ever since Congress was organized provides that the Speaker shall 'decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal by a member;' but that officer is now clothed with the power to deny this ancient right of appeal, and make his own will the law of the House.

No such power was ever before conferred upon a presiding officer in a deliberative body, and it is safe to say that the House of Representatives of the United States is the only legislative assembly in the civilized world that would consent to part, even temporarily, with the right to construe its own rules of proceeding and protect itself against improper decisions affecting the rights of its members. 'The ultimate authority upon all points is the House itself,' says Sir Thomas Erskine May, in his great work on the 'Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament;' but this is no longer true of our House of Representatives. This power which is inherent in every free representative body, has been deliberately surrendered, That the House distinctly understood what it was doing is clearly shown by the fact that, during the consideration of the new rules, it rejected a proposed amendment that 'the Speaker shall not, in any case, refuse to entertain an appeal from his decision.' This amendment was rejected by a strict party vote, every Democrat present voting for it, and every Republican present voting against it."

Contrast, now, all this with the true conception of a Speaker's position and function as stated by Cushing, and by all respectable authorities upon parliamentary law.

"The duties of a presiding officer are of such a nature, and require him to possess so entirely and exclusively the confidence of the assembly, that, with certain exceptions, which will presently be mentioned, he is

not allowed to exercise any other functions than those which properly belong to his office ; that is to say, he is excluded from submitting propositions to the assembly, from participating in its deliberations, and from voting. The advantages of these restrictions are supposed to be threefold : (1) The presiding officer is thus left to devote himself exclusively to his official duties, and to the cultivation of the peculiar talents which they require, which would hardly be the case if he were called to take the part and sustain the reputation of a member, and were influenced by any other ambition than that of performing well the duties of his office ; (2) he is thereby secured against the seductions of partiality, and is placed beyond the reach even of suspicion, by being excluded from engaging as a party in debates and proceedings in which it may become his duty officially to act as judge ; and, third, he is relieved from the danger of weakening his personal consideration by failing in the measures he undertakes, or by giving cause of offence to his associates, to which a participation in the proceedings as a member would inevitably expose him."—*Cushing, Section 800.*

Look, too, for a moment at English precedent and practice at the present time. There, in the first place, the traditional impartiality of the Speaker is largely cherished and maintained, as well as the ancient freedom of debate. Not till 1882 was the equivalent of our "previous question" allowed in the House of Commons ; and in the new Code of Rules of 1887, the previous question, or the motion "that the question be now put," can only be adopted when at least one hundred members shall vote in the majority for closure ; and the Speaker is empowered, in all cases, to refuse to put the motion for closing debate when he thinks the necessity for such motion has not arisen. Such is the still surviving tenderness of parliamentary regard in England—in spite of Englishmen's experience of the fiercest, most relentless, obstruction probably ever known anywhere—for the freedom of debate and the rights of the minority. Of the impartiality ascribed in England to the Speaker, Professor Bryce says :—"The Speaker is not permitted, so long as he holds office, to deliver any party speech outside of Parliament, or even to express his opinions on any party question ; and, in the Chair itself, he must be scrupulously fair to both parties, equally accessible to all members, bound to give his advice on points of order without distinction between those who ask it. It is to this impartiality, which has never been wanting to any Speaker within living memory, that

the Speakership owes a great part of the authority it enjoys, and the respect it inspires."

To a Speaker so placed and so regarded, so scrupulously held to fairness and equal justice to all parties, the English rules of 1887 give power to refuse to put only two motions—the motion "that the House do now adjourn," and the motion "that the Chairman do report progress," or leave the chair. Surely, Professor Bryce is warranted in saying, in view of the parliamentary spirit and practice of England, and the standing of the English Speaker—"Many powers may be intrusted to an English Speaker, whose equity and fairness are above suspicion, which it might be unsafe to commit to one who is virtually, however honest personally, a party chieftain."

It is a common observation that no body of men, no corporate aggregation, is so unscrupulous, so hurried by corporate zeal, and driven by corporate interests, as a party majority. What shall be thought of this last attempt to give new, vast autocratic powers to a Speaker who is already the leader and chief of a party, who on ordinary occasions conceives himself charged with the conduct and entrusted with the interests of a party? Does it not, on calm review and reflection, seem incredible that efforts, such as we have here noted, to increase the power and motive to partisanship on the part of our Speaker should have found even silent acquiescence, much more, active and enthusiastic approval, among a people in most respects jealous of their freedom and fond of fair play? Whoever has watched the proceedings of the last session of Congress, particularly the incidents and methods of the passage of the Tariff bill, and of the contested election cases of *Langston v. Venable*, and *Miller v. Elliot*, if he be intelligent or capable of measuring the nature or effects of moral forces, cannot have failed to recall Mr. Blaine's words, uttered when such scenes and results were only discernible in the dim distance—"Why, gentlemen, you stand on the very brink of a volcano!"

The most immediate danger from this ill-starred freak of partisan greed and audacity is, however, its natural tendency to perpetuate itself, through the love of revenge or the sentiment of "getting even" with one's enemies, in the conduct of the

party which has now overthrown Speaker Reed's party—an overthrow due, no one can doubt, in a large degree, to the public condemnation of Mr. Reed's methods and innovations. The moment of victory ought to be the moment of magnanimity and justice ; and victors should look well to the causes of their success. If, tempted in this instance by suggestions and desires of revenge or visions of party advantage, the present victorious party shall, in the next House, fail to blot out Speaker Reed's rules and return to constitutional, long-tried, just, parliamentary ways, the same public condemnation will overtake them which has buried so deeply the present Speaker and his servile followers in Congress and elsewhere. The history of political parties, as well as all other history, teaches the inexpediency of injustice, the futility of all devices for permanently securing the fruits of ill-doing. That this lesson may guide our coming Congress, must be the earnest hope of all patriotic men.

DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN.

ARTICLE III.—OUR TYPHOON.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.
—*Gray's Bard.*

OUR Western States are becoming quite too familiar with the natural history and savage habits of the Cyclone. They find it endowed with enormous power and great talent for business ; but not of playful disposition, and not easy to domesticate. Steam and lightning can be handled ; but to turn a tornado into horse-power and harness it to farm work, has not yet been accomplished. It has a fashion of plowing and reaping their prairies at its own sweet will. What they have endured from it on land, I have encountered at sea, and wish to exchange condolences with them as a brother survivor.

It is not ungenerous to speak of it as *our* typhoon. We would gladly have relinquished all claim and title to any one else who might have desired it. We did not buy it, nor ask for it. It came into our possession by no choice of our own. But we had it. And no man will challenge our right of ownership in the horrors of that memorable night. It was a whole generation ago ; but to the present day *this* family observes the ninth of October.

We were out on a cruise for pirates. Our estimable fellow-beings who are engaged in that industry, are not so easily caught ; and what we did catch was something transcendently beyond pirates. If you ever grow sentimental when, in your comfortable easy-chair, you reflect on the sublimity of the ocean in a storm, let me counsel you to try a hurricane. The most violent of storms ought to inspire the most ecstatic feelings. I confess we did not find it quite so. The old lady to whom electricity was commended as a cure for her ailments, had tried that to her satisfaction,—“She was struck by lightning once, and it didn't do her a mossel of good !” An average tem-

pest is quite manageable and cosy. But to have a hundred gales come compressed into one, and blow all at once, blow the hair off your head, blow the masts out of your ship, almost blow your ship out of water—that transcends the sublime and reaches the infernal.

The Commodore sent us out on our unlucky cruise at just about the time of the autumnal change of monsoon. In the China seas the regular semi-annual shift of atmospheric currents takes place in September and October; when, the sun having returned into the southern hemisphere, the southwest monsoon gradually withdraws from its invasion into northern zones, and the northeast trades chase it back to its home. It is not a sudden change. There is a recess between, a belt of calms and variable weather. This is the favorite field for the operations of the typhoon. "It is at this epoch of the change of the seasons," says M. Reclus in his entertaining book, *The Ocean*, "that the powerful aerial masses, charged with electricity, engage in strife for the supremacy, and by their encounter produce those great eddies which are developed in spirals across the seas and the continents." The statement which he draws from another meteorologist, that, of three hundred and sixty-five hurricanes which occurred in the West Indies from 1493 to 1855, more than two-thirds came in October, when "the strongly heated coasts of South America begin to attract toward themselves the colder and denser air of the northern continent," might, *mutatis mutandis*, stand as a proximate account of the state of things in the East Indies. The furnace heat of the tropics, the enormous expansion and elevation of the lower levels of the atmosphere, the velocity of the other masses rushing in, their collision with island peaks and mountain ranges, their sharp concussion with each other, and the attendant explosions of electricity,—these are the terrible dynamics of the air, out of which are gendered those revolving storms that descend to the earth and go spinning their dance of death over its much enduring surface.

In point of size, they vary from the tornado which mows its narrow swath through the woods, to the cyclone whose circle sweeps half an ocean. The West Indian hurricane of 1839 was about three hundred miles in diameter at the Antilles, five

hundred when it reached the Bermudas, and nearly eighteen hundred when it approached Ireland. A very severe cyclone encountered between Japan and Formosa in July 1853, by our own ship, the U. S. sloop-of-war *Saratoga*, and three other vessels of the Japan expedition, and which has since been described and mapped by Mr. Redfield, appears to have been at least a thousand miles in diameter. This cyclone moved slowly, only some three miles an hour, and was ten days in passing to the coast of China from the point at which we entered it. Another one which overtook our flagship, the *Mississippi*, not far from the same region, in October of the following year, was of larger dimensions. It was from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles across, and was found to have traveled for six days at a rate of from twelve to forty miles an hour. On the other hand, the whirlwind which crossed Indiana in April 1852, leaving a track strewn with indiscriminate wreckage of forests and human habitations, was only a mile wide. The destructive cyclone in Iowa in 1882 averaged half a mile wide. One which annihilated a village near Springfield, Missouri, in April 1880, sweeping its very site so bare that scarcely the splinters could be found, cut a path varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty rods in breadth; while the tornado which tore its way through Tusculumbia, Alabama, on a quiet Sabbath evening of November 1874, bursting the stoutest buildings into fragments, and killing a number of the inhabitants, measured in diameter less than four hundred feet.

The height of the whirling column is as variable as its diameter. Two miles is an unusual height; and the measurements would vary from this extreme to perhaps a hundred yards. A lofty mountain range is a dead wall against which it beats in vain. It cannot climb; it can only pass by doubling the huge buttresses and promontories. Sometimes it is flattened down to a shallow disk on the surface of the sea, spinning like a horizontal fly-wheel, dark, angry, deadly as ever, while the seabirds congregate out of harm's way in the calm regions a few hundred feet above, and the sun looks serenely down on the black fury beneath. This was the case with the typhoon just referred to as having caught in its fierce embrace so many of the ships of the American squadron on their way back from Japan.

Some of the officers noticed that "even when the wind was piping loudest, when the water was whirled violently by in perfect sheets, the scud moved overhead at a remarkably slow rate, and the upper layer of clouds seemed scarcely to be stirred at all." On one of those fearful nights, while our rolling ship was lying to off the chain of islands that stretches from Japan to Lew Chew, not daring to run through in such a tempest and on such imperfect charts, I well remember how the moon struggled almost through the cloudy envelope, and what an uncanny glare she cast on the boiling sea. Strange that a few hundred feet of altitude should make all the difference between a calm and a cyclone—heaven and hell!

The prognostics of these terrible storms are well fitted to inspire alarm. Nature is not uniform in her symptoms. Some of our Western tornados burst upon their victims without warning. But those that come in the daytime can frequently be seen at a distance making their lurid preparations for the assault. "The first sign of a tornado," says a writer in the signal service, "is generally a tumultuous and strange appearance of the clouds in the southwest; then the whirling funnel comes in sight, writhing and swinging from side to side, now rising and again seeming to plunge down to the ground; its winds tear limbs from trees and roofs from houses, and suck them upwards with clouds of dust and debris. As it sweeps over a village the houses on its path are not blown over, but exploded, and their walls fall outward on all sides. Heavy wagons, beams, and chains are picked up and carried through the air. Lighter objects, such as boards, shingles, clothing, and papers, are often carried miles away before they fall." The more formidable cyclones that ravage the deep usually send their dread heralds in advance. M. Reclus indulges in some vivid rhetoric in describing their approach. "Some days before the terrible hurricane is unchained," he says, "nature, already gloomy, and as if veiled, seems to anticipate a disaster. The little white clouds which float in the heights of air with the counter trade-winds are hidden under a yellowish or dirty white vapor; the heavenly bodies are surrounded by vaguely iridescent halos and heavy layers of clouds, which in the evening present the most magnificent shades of purple and gold stretch-

ing far over the horizon, and the air is as stifling as if it came from the mouth of some great furnace. The cyclone, which already whirls in the upper regions, gradually approaches the surface of the ground or water. Torn fragments of reddish or black clouds are carried furiously along by the storm, which plunges and hurries through space; the column of mercury is wildly agitated in the barometer, and sinks rapidly; the birds assemble as if to take counsel, then fly swiftly away so as to escape the tempest that pursues them. Soon a dark mass shows itself in the threatening part of the sky; this mass increases and spreads itself out, gradually covering the azure with a veil of a terrible darkness or a blood-colored hue. This is the cyclone, which fills and takes possession of its empire, twisting its immense spirals around the horizon. The roaring of the seas and skies succeeds to this awful silence."

It is a peculiarity of these hurricanes, readily accounted for, that they revolve in opposite directions on opposite sides of the equator. South of it they revolve from left to right, like the hands of a watch; north of it, from right to left. This is not their only motion. While they occasionally spin on one spot like a top, most of them are at the same time moving bodily forward on a vast circuit across the ocean. The rate of speed attained by the entire body of the storm varies from one mile per hour to forty, fifty, and even sixty. The distances traversed vary still more. A few hundred rods will sometimes exhaust the tornado. A few hundred miles may represent the average for the cyclone. Probably the most extensive track that has ever been traced and mapped was that of a storm in 1885, which traveled more than half way round the globe. It was generated not far from the southern coast of China in the latter part of September, "passed over Japan and the Aleutian Archipelago, and entered the United States October 10th. Crossing the Rocky Mountain range, it proceeded through the Northern States and Canada to Labrador and Davis Strait. In the Atlantic it was joined on the 18th by another disturbance which had come up from the Atlantic tropics, the junction of the two being followed by a cessation of progressive movement from the 19th to the 25th. During this period a severe gale which passed along the southern counties of England on the morning

of the 24th—a storm the forecasting of which was shown to be impossible—was formed. Following in the wake of this storm the parent cyclone reached the French coast on the 27th, its advent being marked by violent gales and extensive floods over the whole of Western and Central Europe and Algeria. Passing through France and the Netherlands, the disturbance showed signs of exhaustion, and on November 1st, in the Baltic, it quietly dispersed, after accomplishing a journey of more than sixteen thousand miles in thirty-six days.”*

The speed with which these portents travel along the surface is slow, however, compared with the frightful velocity with which they spin upon their own axis; a velocity which hurls weighty masses out of their path with a force equal to the explosion of gunpowder. In the hurricane of August 1837, at St. Thomas, an eye-witness writes: “The fort at the entrance of the harbor is levelled with the foundation, and the twenty-four pounders thrown down; it looks as if it had been battered to pieces by cannon shot.” “One fine American ship, five hundred tons, was driven on shore near the citadel, and in an hour nothing could be seen of her but a few timbers.” In the Iowa cyclone of 1882, trees, cattle, human beings, even houses, were sucked up into the enormous spirals, whisked through the air, and then dashed to atoms. This was the storm that was so fatal to the institution at Grinnell. Usually colleges investigate phenomena; this phenomenon investigated a college, and did it with a scientific thoroughness that left nothing further to be analyzed.

These revolving storms, instead of spinning on a pivot, wheel around a central space of calms, which may be rods or even miles in diameter. The typhoon-centre is greatly dreaded by the navigator. A ship caught within its deadly circle drifts unmanageably on a frightful sea, and inside a cylinder of wind whose walls are whirling at a terrific velocity. Violent squalls and water spouts are flung off from the revolving walls, and go careering to and fro like a Bedlam of demons let loose. An English man-of-war that came into Hong-Kong while we were there, in crossing the Indian Ocean found a typhoon crossing at the same time to the north of her and about parallel with

* *Pop. Science Monthly*, April, 1886, p. 857.

her own course. Her plucky commander was of an investigating turn of mind, and preparing his ship for a storm sailed in and out of the typhoon three times, for the purpose of verifying the direction and velocity of the wind, and determining its size and course. Then he hove to and waited for it to pass him, and when at a safe distance sailed across its wake. There he found a big ship over which the centre had passed, waterlogged, dismasted, rolling helplessly in the foam, well-nigh torn to pieces in the terrible conflict. He had the happiness of picking off her crew before she went down.

Not all the apparatus of havoc which belongs to the hurricane is described until we have taken account of the storm-wave. For the hurricane draws into its vortex not only the winds and clouds and lightnings. It sucks in the sea also, and lifts a broad disk of water above the general level of the ocean, almost as extensive as itself. This vast tidal wave is drawn forward by the whirling magnet above, though it does not whirl with it. It keeps pace with the cyclone, and like a murderous slave does its bidding. It is ready to engulf fleets, demolish towns, submerge islands, desolate anything that may lie in its merciless track. Read the terrible list of the hurricanes which have ravaged the West Indies and our own southern coast, from the first one noted by Columbus down to the present year, and if the record is full, the storm has almost invariably driven appalling inundations on shore that buried villages and farms, and carried vessels far up into the country. In October 1864, this tempest-wave raised the Hoogly twenty-two feet for many miles above Calcutta, sweeping banks and islands with a fatal tide. A cyclone in December 1789, which struck the southern coast of India, led in its train three storm-waves, which buried a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and lifted a whole fleet of vessels far up on the shore. In a similar catastrophe which broke without warning on the night of October 31, 1876, three large islands and numerous small ones off the mouths of the Ganges, were buried by a wave twenty feet deep, and more than two hundred and fifty thousand hapless beings were swept into the sea. During a typhoon which passed over Kobe, Japan, in July 1871, scores of junks and ships were carried up into the fields and forests, far beyond the reach of the highest

tides. In one of the violent hurricanes of the West Indies, the waves broke on the northern shores of the Barbadoes seventy-two feet above the mean level. The memorable storm of October 1780 has been known as the most terrible cyclone of modern times. The ravages of its tempest-wave were almost as destructive as those of the tempest itself. This storm hurled its weight upon the hapless islands and fleets in its course more like an avalanche of the ocean than a mere tempest. It spared nothing. Whole squadrons were crushed like eggshells, and sent to the bottom with all on board. An English fleet at anchor off St. Lucia went down on the spot. A French convoy with five thousand troops on board, several ships of war on their way home, and a large number of merchantmen trading among the islands, were overtaken and sunk with their entire crews. Cities and plantations were ravaged as frightfully as the deep. On the different islands nearly twenty thousand people were crushed under the ruins of their homes, or mangled by the countless missiles flying through the air, or swept off by the tidal wave. A less extensive hurricane, but almost equally destructive, fell upon the southern coast of China September 22d, 1874. Hong-Kong was well-nigh torn to pieces. Every vessel in the harbor or on the coast was crippled or sunk, and some eight thousand lives were lost. An officer of the Pacific mail steamer *Alaska* saw a fleet of more than a hundred Chinese junks founder all at once. The *Alaska* herself was driven on shore. Macao, seventy miles distant, fared still worse. The storm obliterated whole streets, and piled them with blocking ruins. To add to its horrors, a band of pirates fired the city, and seven hundred houses were consumed. Every vessel, foreign or native, was destroyed. Ten thousand lives were lost; and long before the dead could be disentangled for burial, the air became loaded with pestilence, and a wholesale cremation was ordered. The destruction of property reached a total of millions.

I have been a long time coming to the particular typhoon I set out to describe. There is a melancholy fascination about these tragedies of the sea; and I have gathered a few of the grim facts in order to exhibit something of those terrible forces which

—on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb the sleeping giant of the Ind.

The ninth of October was creeping on. Under the commodore's orders we were cruising for pirates off the Gulf of Tonquin, most of the time in sight of the bold shores of Hainan. For some days the weather had been ugly and threatening. Somewhere a storm was mustering its cloudy squadrons for the fray, and

Brooding its dreamy thunders far aloof.

The sky wore a vicious expression. The fickle barometer fluttered for a day or two and then began to sink. The wind was blowing hard and increasing. Sail had been gradually reduced. The waves had worked themselves into an uncomfortable ferment. Rocking in the cradle of the deep is no longer soothing when the cradle breaks your head or threatens to pitch you out. The timbers moaned and creaked, and the spars aloft groaned with the extra pressure when some deeper lurch swept them suddenly back against the roaring blast. I do not know a sound more dismal or ominous than the sepulchral tones wrung from the very fibre of the ship as she plunges reluctantly onward to meet the coming storm, perhaps to meet her doom. She seems to be groaning her own requiem beforehand.

When a tempest is coming, sailors like to make all snug, alow and aloft. Seamanship requires it. So does reputation. So does safety. The sailor is not the reckless being you think him when you see him at work astride of a yard-arm, or standing on a rope reefing top-sails seventy-five feet in the air. He is a prehensile animal, and has learned how to cling in ways that are not recognized in your philosophy. By noon we were in a state of uncomfortable preparation. The royal and topgallant yards and masts had been sent down and firmly stowed on deck. The spare spars and boats were made fast with extra lanyards. The guns were secured by double lashings. The hatches were battened down, and life-lines stretched along the deck. A man-of-war is built for offensive warfare; but in an encounter with a tempest she is put wholly upon the defensive. She cannot attack the storm; it is the storm that attacks her. There is no brilliant manœuvre with which she can flank her omnipresent antagonist. Her petty array of battery, pikes, car-

bines and cutlasses, with which she plays battle with other toy-ships like herself, are worse than useless in the presence of a foe which scours around the horizon, skirmishes at her from invisible distances, blinds her with Stygian darkness, crazes her with a savage drunken sea, and then, gathering all its forces into one frantic paroxysm, swoops down upon her with the plunge and weight of half the heavens falling. Then her battery is her heaviest and deadliest burden; and her sharpest weapons make her only a more bristling target for the lightnings. She cannot defend herself. She can only lie there on the pitiless sea and take unresisting all the fury and ferocity with which her grim adversary can belabor her. The Thing that was coming was evidently a cyclone; in the vernacular, a typhoon. Either word is sufficiently formidable to anyone whose judgment of the sign is at all guided by his experience of the thing signified.

With the data at hand I cannot determine where this particular hurricane originated, or what atmospheric disturbance may have been its exciting cause. There was a frightful gale the same day at Madras, attended with shipwrecks and great loss of life; but that was two thousand miles to the west of us, and our assailant approached from the southeast. The October mail steamer was badly damaged by a typhoon a few days before us, in nearly the same spot; but ours could not have been the residuum of that. The Portuguese ship *Sobrao* was involved in a typhoon off the Bashees which lasted ten days, and finally, mangled, dismasted, and utterly exhausted, she sullenly gave up the fight and went down, not however till an American barque had picked off her crew. This was two days before our hurricane, and seven or eight hundred miles to the east. It is possible that the vortex in which we were caught may have been an eddy sent tearing off from this larger sphere. If so, its path from that point must have been a curve cutting diagonally across the island of Luzon, or down its western shores, before it struck off over the seas in quest of other prey. The weather record of Manila for the autumn of 1852 would easily determine. We never knew what other havoc it may have inflicted in its course, with the single exception of one comrade in distress, an Englishman, who started for California

and was caught in three cyclones in succession, the last of which was ours. That well-nigh finished the wretched craft, and as the Chinamen afterwards told us, having "got too much typhoon," she came limping back into Hong Kong, halt, crippled, masts gone, bulwarks and everything else swept clean with the deck from the forecastle to the cabin. It was a wonder she did not go the bottom. Fortunately her three assailants were considerate enough not to come all at once; the intermissions gave her a chance to breathe and repair damages. It was an unusually bad season. Many were the giant storms that stalked over the waves, and many the craft that attempted to run the gauntlet of their fury. Some succeeded and escaped into more amiable seas; some were baffled and put back for help; and some left their mangled ribs strewn along the reefs, or vanished in the still depths where the storms send their victims and plunder, but can never penetrate themselves.

We had been all day standing out to the northward and eastward on the port tack, with the wind from the northward and westward. The farther we got the more violent was the gale, and the heavier the sea. No wonder, for we were plunging straight into the storm. The path of the cyclone was just to the north of our position. It was crossing the China Sea on a course somewhat north of west. We entered its southwest quarter, and were therefore heading straight for its central vortex nearly all the afternoon. Any East Indian navigator who may chance to read this account would say that we were on the wrong tack. Exactly so. We were on the wrong tack! But to a sailor on a lee shore Hobson's choice is the only one open. Our position at noon that day was latitude $17^{\circ} 41'$, longitude $110^{\circ} 34'$. We had passed Tinhosa three or four days before, and were southeast of Gaalong Bay. It had been the captain's intention to run in if the wind would allow. But the wind was contrary, in both senses of the term, and the coveted shelter of Gaalong Bay was impossible. Our special danger was from that immense tract of reefs and shoals known as the *Paracels*. We were just to windward of them. It was not an inspiring reflection that if we did not founder before reaching them, we might go smashing upon them at any moment. In the desperate effort to claw off, the ship was staggering under a press of

canvas which otherwise she would not have dared to carry. The farther out we got, the wilder and madder the sea. Early in the afternoon a stunning blow from the crest of a wave dashed in the starboard head. The decks had long been flooded. The sea tumbled on board at every lurch. As the day wore on, sail had been gradually reduced to foresail and main-topsail, both close reefed, main-trysail and fore storm-staysail. But the violence of the wind, instead of driving her forward, pressed her over on her side, and she was drifting bodily to leeward. This would not do. In that direction lay the Paracels. The canvas must come off of her. Meanwhile all hands were on deck. The captain had summoned all the officers to the cabin. The first lieutenant had taken the deck, but in the fury of the storm even his roaring voice could not be heard six inches from his lips. The orders were given in the cabin, and were carried forward among the men by the other officers, who picked their way desperately along the lifelines. It is a serious job to shorten sail in a hurricane. The first rope started might take the masts out of her. But there was no alternative. And after a hard fight of two hours, with the whole crew at the ropes, the poor *Saratoga* was lying under bare poles, rolling, pitching, wallowing, plunging, almost sinking, in the pitiless sea; the foresail was clewed up and stowed after a fashion—the storm staysail was blown out of the bolt-ropes—the trysail ripped itself to shreds and wound itself in all impossible ways about the main shrouds and running rigging. The main-topsail gave us the toughest work and the greatest danger. By superhuman efforts it was clewed up, and the boatswain, a powerfully muscular man, led the crew of main-topmen up to furl it. He managed to crawl safely into the slings of the yard, but not a man would follow him. I do not much wonder. The scene must have been appalling. The yard, though of course down on the cap, was still seventy-five feet and more from the deck. The great sail was flapping and writhing and tugging at it like a Titan, and threatened to rip yard and all into the sea. The mast whirled in giddy circles, sometimes dipping the yard-arms in the foam; and with such sudden and violent jerks that it required all one's strength to hold on and keep from being flung overboard. The air was

full of driving scud, and black as pitch. The wind scooped off the tops of the waves and sent them hissing through the rigging with the force of chain shot. And the ghastly phosphorescence of the sea as it whirled and frothed around the ship and through the broken ports and over the hammock nettings, cast a deathly glare over the scene that served to make the darkness visible. The men crept down and abandoned the sail to its fate. It had four reefs in it, and these held; but all below them was stripped into ragged ribbons. Next morning the poor topsail, which was nearly new, was a curiosity fit for a museum.

All this time we were heading to the northward and eastward on the port tack. It was certain that the Paracels were right under our lee; how near, we could only conjecture. And though we were forging slowly ahead, yet we were drifting very much faster toward those fatal rocks. It was decided to get the ship about if possible, and run her out into wider sea-room. Then we could resume the port tack whenever the shift of wind should indicate that the storm had traveled far enough to bring us out of its south-western quarter into its south-eastern. Any shipmaster will understand how, to a vessel caught in a typhoon to windward of the Paracels, the port tack, from being the wrong one to enter the storm, would be the right one to leave it. With vast difficulty and risk, the ship was got round on the starboard tack, and headed about southwest. She met her new course with a bound and plunge, as if resolved to do her best. But it was asking too much of her. She made no perceptible headway, and those dread rocks like a powerful magnet were dragging her to leeward as fast as before. Three or four hours must settle our fate. We watched the barometer. What did its vibrations portend? Are we nearing the centre? shall we go down in this horrible vortex? Or will the storm keep us up till it can dash us on those merciless reefs? If the typhoon is of great diameter, or is passing slowly, the wind must hold from the same quarter for a long time, and there will be no escaping the shoals. In any case better be on the port tack. The chances would be a shade more hopeful. Accordingly preparations were made again for wearing ship. But by this time she had become more unmanageable. She would not mind her helm. None of the common arts of seamanship

could get her round. In this dilemma an expedient was adopted which I had read of, but had never expected to witness. The ship was under bare poles, and not a stitch of canvas could live on her for a moment. With a good deal of persuasion—some of it more force than suasion—a hundred or more of the men were driven into the weather fore rigging, where they formed a dense mass against which the hurricane drove with tremendous pressure. This was the evolution attempted by one of the men-of-war caught in the terrible hurricane at Samoa a year or two ago. I have often thought of those men thus hung in mid-air. Drenched with the salt spray, benumbed, yet clinging like death to the slippery shrouds, whirled and jerked through the air by the writhing ship beneath them, held over the boiling caldron of waters now on the one side and the next instant on the other, it was a miracle that they were not every man of them snapped off and shot headlong into the sea; and all the while, the Stygian blackness of the night made lurid and infernal by the phosphorescent foam, and the elements roaring together with a din more horrible and deafening than forty million parks of artillery, and as many more locomotives, all thundering, howling, booming, and screeching at once. While these poor fellows were hanging on for dear life in the fore shrouds, other men were stationed with axes to cut away the mizzenmast. The helm was put hard up. But the poor ship, lacerated and exhausted, seemed unable to make any further effort, and lay helplessly wallowing and tumbling like a log. Half an hour of anxiety had passed since the men crept into the rigging. It seemed a whole week. The order was on the lips of the first lieutenant to cut away, when at last, as if awaking to the situation, and rousing herself from some dreadful swoon, she showed some trembling signs of life. She began to feel her helm and pay off. Slowly and painfully she swung round into the trough of the sea. It was a perilous moment. Will she live through it? No man can tell. Most likely she will roll herself under and go down. We braced ourselves and held our breath. Both batteries rolled under out of sight. But as she came to her course, with a few tremendous lurches she shook herself clear of the immense masses of water on her decks, and rose heavily and wearily on the next wave. When

she was fairly round on the port tack, it was found that the change had come. The far-seeing barometer had predicted it an hour before. And now it was here, and the wind was veering to the westward. This meant that the centre of the storm was directly north of us, and was rapidly passing. It meant also that we were not to leave our bones on the Paracels. As it proved, the evolution had been performed under the fiercest blast we had that night. It was nine o'clock when we wore ship. The storm continued to rage with great fury. But the squalls came less frequently, and were less spiteful. By eleven it had so far spent itself that it was safe to begin to make sail. With the close-reefed foresail on her again she was steadier, and, crippled as she was, did her best to crawl out of the dread neighborhood in which she had so nearly met her doom. What that doom would have been, can be measured by the memory of scores of proud ships that have sailed out on the mysterious sea, for whom wives and mothers have watched and wept and prayed, but no tidings have ever come back. Or if the dread Paracels had been our sepulchre, death would have been as certain and far more tragic. There are no islands in that submerged continent of graves; no friendly strand on which a poor drowning waif might possibly be cast by the waves; nothing but murderous ledges and wild tearing coral reefs. Had the *Saratoga* struck there, five minutes would have sufficed to rend ship and crew into shreds and scatter them through miles of angry surf.

The next morning was a peaceful Sabbath. When I went on deck at six bells the sun was shining, the sea had quieted down, and a languid breeze was wafting us gently onward. The sky and the ocean alike looked demurely innocent and quite unconscious of the paroxysms in which they had been raving the night before. The morning watch were sending down the remnants of the split sails, and bending others in their stead. The decks were still lumbered with the *débris*. Everything was drenched and soaked. Three boats were missing, wrenched away, davits and all. The spare spars in the main chains were gone, ports knocked out, and large numbers of battle-axes, cutlasses, handspikes, life buoys, halyard racks, and other deck furniture, washed overboard. During the night the spanker

boom had got adrift, and had swept the poop clean of everything; and cutting up the heavy iron rail on both sides, had twirled it into the mizzen rigging like so much wire. Happily none of the crew were lost. Many of them were half drowned in the seuppers, or were badly cut and bruised as they were swept to and fro across the decks in avalanches of waves, ropes, spars, men, and everything movable, in a jumble together. A week sufficed to repair damages and put things ship-shape again. Three weeks finished our cruise, and brought us safely to anchor in Macao roads. Did we catch any pirates? Not that time—but we brought back with us a surplus of experience. And that would have sufficed. We had got all we wished. But typhoons are over-generous. When once they are acquainted with you, they cannot bear to let you go till they have done their utmost. And they gave us another visit the following summer on the coast of Japan.

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ARTICLE IV.—THE LUSIAD—THE EPIC OF THE OPENING OF THE EAST.

THE near approach of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America carries our thoughts back to what we may call the heroic age of maritime adventure. In that line of enterprise, the Portuguese were the forerunners and the rivals of Spain. The fame of Diaz, who five years before had penetrated to the southmost extremity of Africa had doubtless much to do with the resolution of Columbus to steer for the West; and the success of the latter impelled the Portuguese in turn to attempt to eclipse his renown by five years later opening the way to the East.

The accomplishment of that undertaking is the subject of the *Lusiad*. We take up the poem of Camoens as a literary study—deserving as a work of genius a liberal share of that attention which is accorded to the world's great epics; but aside from its literary merit, it challenges our consideration for the light which it throws on the canvas of history. It illuminates the track of Vasco da Gama with a phosphorescence that is not momentary; and it affords us glimpses of Africa, which ought to be of special interest at an hour when Stanley is revealing the mysteries of the Upper Congo; and when three European nations are contending for the possession of that Eastern Coast along which Vasco was the first to sail.

The poem connects itself with China not merely by describing the voyage that opened the way to her seaboard, but by the curious fact that it was written in part during the author's temporary sojourn in the south of that empire, about 330 years ago. Nor is its bearing on Japan of less importance. Not only does the poet allude to the early efforts made by St. Xavier and others to evangelize those islands, it is not improbable that he visited them himself, as an active traffic was at that time carried on by his countrymen between Japan and their new colony in China. It is to be regretted that this old poem which deals with the earliest authentic periplus of Africa, and

with the opening of the three great empires of Asia, has not commanded to a greater degree the attention of studious men.

Its date,—only the length of a human life from the first landing of the Portuguese on the coast of Malabar, and only half that distance from their arrival at Canton—forms an important epoch well suited for catching the spirit of the age, and conveying to posterity the impressions produced on the mind of a poetic observer by one of the most startling revolutions in human history. A Chinese statesman, whose work I recently read, describes it from his standpoint as a greater change for China to find herself face to face with the great nations of the West, than anything that has occurred in her history since the Builder of the Great Wall abolished the Feudal States.

The terms in which Camoens depicts the impressions made on him by the unbarring of the gates of the Orient are equally strong and much more poetical. The adventurous expedition of the Argonauts to the Euxine in quest of the golden fleece, he represents as quite cast into the shade by the exploit of his countrymen in doubling the "Cape of Storms," and crossing the Indian sea. Even the invasion of India by Alexander and the fabled conquest of India by Bacchus are, in his estimation, cast into the shade by the triumphs of Lusitanian arms.

He says but little of China and that little mostly wrong—his admiring gaze resting chiefly on the ephemeral dominion founded by his people in the south of Asia. Could his vision have taken a wider sweep, looking with prophetic foresight down on the unfolding centuries, his patriotic pride might have suffered by the revelation; but would not a nobler sentiment have supplied its place—leading him to hail the rise of British power in India and the renovation through Western influence of the two independent empires of Eastern Asia? That he felt the grandeur of his theme, limited as was his faculty of prevision—does it not prove that he was indeed an inspired *vates*?

It is somewhat singular that in the whole of his ten cantos, Camoens makes not the most distant allusion to Columbus, though there can be no doubt that the maritime enterprise of

the Portuguese was greatly stimulated by the success of his daring voyage.

As a matter of fact, Columbus aimed at the same objective as the Portuguese navigators; and in the view of Camoens the long, wild shore that barred his way to Japan, China, and India was a discovery of utter insignificance, in comparison with the opening of a water-way to the richest, most populous, and (at that time) most civilized nations of the earth.

Nor does he allude to the mariner's compass. Indispensable as a guide to the westward sailing fleet of Queen Isabella, the needle had little to do with the success of the Portuguese. Their voyage, portentous as it was in length, was, after all, nothing more than a prolonged *cabotage** or coasting voyage. At every point where they entered a port their first inquiry was for pilots to conduct them to the next.

Daring beyond all precedent as was that long expedition in which they four times crossed the equator, and drew a girdle round the African continent which thenceforth hung like a pendant from the belt of their king, it lacks the sublimity that attaches to the triumphs of science. Courage and skill are qualities which they displayed in a conspicuous degree; but the manner in which Columbus divined the existence of a new way to the East, if not that of a new world in the West, was little less marvelous (considering the time) than Leverrier's prognostication of a planet outside of the orbit of Uranus.

"Long lay the ocean paths from man concealed,
Light came from heaven, the magnet was revealed.
Then first Columbus with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius weighed the sea and land,
When, sudden as creation burst from naught,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought."

In Genoa, one sees a magnificent statue of Columbus, who is represented as pondering the figure of a globe, and solving the problem of ages. That, however, is a recent work—a tardy homage to make amends for the want of early recognition. Not only did the men of his time fail to encourage his undertaking; when it was crowned with success, they failed to appre-

* It reminds us of the leading part which Portugal took in maritime commerce, to find in common use a French word derived from the Portuguese *Cabo*, a headland.

ciate the grandeur of his achievement. No Italian or Spanish bard of that day celebrated it in any considerable poem that has come down to our times. It is an English poet of recent date who extols it in the noble lines which I have cited; and it was reserved for an American, almost of our own times, to make it the subject of an epic poem. Alas! the Columbiad of Joel Barlow, grand as is its theme, is wanting in the sacred fire that burns in every stanza of the immortal Camoens. More inspiring than a hundred Columbiads will be the great celebration of 1892!

But it is time to come to a closer examination of the poem before us. In the composition of the *Lusiad* we discover three leading elements:

1st. A historic narrative. 2d. Numerous patriotic episodes; and 3d, mythologic machinery.

The consideration of these will prepare us to appreciate, in conclusion, the characteristics of the poet, and the fortunes or rather misfortunes of the man.

I. The action centres in Vasco da Gama and his adventurous voyage. The poet—who was a poet of some renown before he took up this weighty theme—selected the exploit of Vasco as the most signal event in the history of his people. He was right, for as their long wars with the Moors culminated in carrying the war into Africa, so their pertinacious conflict with the seas reached its climax in the opening of the way to India and the East.

“The discovery of the East,” says a Portuguese critic with pardonable partiality, “supplied Camoens with a theme not less grand than that which the Crusades gave to Tasso;” and its consequences, he asserts, were even superior in importance. Certain it is that few poets have been so fortunate in the choice of a subject for the epic muse. His hero in character is less distinct and striking than Achilles or even than Godfrey of Boulogne; but he compares favorably with the pious Aeneas. It must not be forgotten that not Achilles, but the siege of Troy; not the Count of Bouillon, but the conquest of the Holy Land; not the son of Anchises, but the founding of Rome, were the real subjects of those three great epics.

So lofty is the subject of the *Lusiad*, and at the same time so comprehensive, that it may well dispense with the special attractions of a single hero. Vasco, clad in a weather-beaten tarpaulin, enthroned on his quarter-deck, trumpet in hand, making the voice of command ring out above the roar of angry winds is, at all events, a noble figure; though unlike the *impiger iracundus* Achilles, a trifle monotonous.

Our poet is not writing history, though his subject is eminently historical; and it would not be fair to exact from him a strict conformity to facts, any more than to bring Tasso to book for his account of the exploits of Tancred and Rinaldo. A poet does not relish a simple ascent in a captive balloon. He must be free to rise as high and roam as far as the divine afflatus may carry him before returning to *terra firma*. It ought, however, to be set down to the credit of Camoens that he distinguishes pretty clearly between fact and fiction. The latter, as it appears in his cantos, always bears some mark of its aerial origin, and the former is related so truthfully that, were other records wanting, a pretty fair account of Portuguese maritime adventure might be made out from this poem alone.

Its sins are more those of omission than of exaggeration. It passes almost in silence over the remarkable performance of Bartholomew Diaz, who doubled the Cape of Storms; and it touches but lightly on other enterprises of the reigns of John and Manuel. An abortive attempt to reach India, made under the former of these kings, is, however, duly recorded. Allow me to condense the narrative and give it in my own prosaic version.

"Johannes, our thirteenth king, eager to clothe himself with fame eternal, attempted that which mortal man had never essayed—that was to find the limit of the rosy East." "The same," said Gama, "is now the object of our quest."* "His messengers passing through Spain, France, and Italy, took ship in the port of Parthenope (Naples), a city subject to many masters and now a gem in the Spanish crown. Sailing through the sea of Sicily, they touch on the shore of sandy Rhodes. Thence they gain the coast on which great Pompey fell. They proceed to Memphis and lands watered by the overflow-

* When he says this he is still on the East Coast of Africa.

ing Nile; ascending beyond Egypt as far as Abyssinia, where the holy rites of Christ continue to be observed, they next cross the Erythrean waves, which Israel of old passed over without the aid of ships. Having completed the circuit of Arabia, they enter the Persian Gulf, where the memory of Babel and its confusion still abides. There the Euphrates mingles with the Tigris, both famed for springing from the fountains of an earthly Paradise. Thence through the waves of an ocean which Trajan never dared to pass, they go in search of the pure waters of the Indus—a search,” said Gama, “whose history is not yet finished.”

“They saw there strange peoples, strange manners, and many monsters; but, alas! from wanderings so wide, it was not easy to recall their feet. They died there, and there they rest; and not one of them returned to his beloved home.” “It appears,” continued Gama, “that heaven was reserving this arduous enterprise as a reward for the merit of our King Manuel. Manuel, in succeeding to the throne of John, inherited his lofty thoughts. In accepting the sceptre of the land, he accepted also the task of conquering the sea.”

Here begins the narrative of Gama’s expedition, which he himself is represented as relating to the Moorish King of Melinda. We shall follow him in outline at the risk of being a little prolix.

A vision of the old man of the Ganges invites the King of Portugal to a conquest which already forms the subject of his waking and his sleeping thoughts. His counselors approve the undertaking, showing that the heart of the nation is in it. He names Gama for his admiral; who replies: “For thee, O King, I am ready to face sword, fire, and snow. It pains me that I have but one life to offer in the service of my Lord.” The King assigns him four ships of war; and he places his brother Paolo in command of one of them. When ready to put to sea (July 8th, 1497), their last act is to march in solemn procession, preceded by a thousand monks, to a little church at the water’s edge, and there receive the Viaticum, as if they were going to certain death. The parting scene is heart-rending—wives, mothers, sisters, fathers, tenderly reproaching the hardy adventurers for seeking death in foreign climes; but not one of them loses heart—of each, it could be said:

*Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat.*

Passing Madeira, they turn to the south, sighting the Canaries and the coast of Morocco. Cape Verde, Sierra Leone, and Mandingo land, are referred to as well known—the latter as producing gold. The great rivers Senegal and Gambia are mentioned; the Niger is alluded to but not named. A reference to the Congo is of special interest.

"Leaving," he says, "the rough Mount of Lions and a headland, to which we gave the name of Cape of Palma, we plunged into a vast gulf (Gulf of Guinea). The greatest kingdom there is that of Congo, by us converted to the faith of Christ. Through this there flows, long and bright, a river called the Zaire, never seen by any of the ancients."

He continues :

"We now see opening before us a new celestial hemisphere bestudded with new stars. Traversing that region over which Apollo passes twice in each year, we see the northern bears, in spite of Juno, bathe themselves in the waters of Neptune."

"It were long to tell of wonders of the sea, which mortal men do not understand; for I have seen things, which rude mariners, guided only by experience, hold for certain, but which men of science boldly deny. I have seen that living light, which mariners take for the apparition of a saint,* in time of tempest. Nor was it less a miracle to see the clouds, through a long tube, suck up the uplifted waters of the sea. But when the trombe gives back its floods no taste of salt remains. Let the wise in learning see what secrets still remain hidden in the heart of nature!"

"Five times the moon had renewed her horn when, from the maintop, a seaman sharp of sight cries 'land.'"

Here, for the first time, they go on shore, and by means of the astrolabe, "a new instrument,† invention of a subtle brain," they ascertain the height of the sun and find the place to lie to the south of Capricorn. The natives of this region, he

* St. Elmo's fire, an appearance produced by the escape of electricity from projecting points of the rigging.

† The astrolabe was not "new;" though its use in navigation probably was so.

describes, as "bestial, brutish, and ill-disposed. From them no knowledge could we gather of India our goal."

From this point, probably within the limits of the present British colony, sailing five days through seas which, forgetful of Diaz, he speaks of as "never plowed by any other keel," they reach the Cape of Storms; henceforth called Cape of Good Hope. "Here turning our prow to seek the burning median line, the antarctic pole remains behind us, and we pass the point of land (*ilho*), which a former fleet had sought and found and made the limit of its discoveries"—a disparaging allusion to one of the greatest achievements in the history of maritime exploration.

From this their course lay over new ground, and, more anxious than before to obtain a pilot, after sailing a little distance on the Eastern coast, they go on shore "a second time," probably at Port Elizabeth or Algoa Bay. They meet a kindly welcome and receive supplies of food, but, adds Gama, "for want of a common tongue none of my companions could gather any hint of the places we were seeking."

On Christmas day they entered a spacious harbor, to which, on that account, they gave the name of Port Natal. Here they found fresh food and fresh water, but the Admiral repeats: "Yet, withal, no sign of India we find, the people being dumb to us."

Slowly working northward against a powerful current as far as Sofala, they are cheered by the sight of sails, betokening a higher social state than they had before met with on the coast of Africa. Hopes are kindled anew of gaining information or of finding a pilot; and they are not wholly disappointed. The natives know a few words of Arabic—enough to tell of a rich realm to the north—"whence come ships as large as ours and whose people have skins like ours, the *color of daylight*."

The place indicated was Mozambique, a Moslem State, whose capital was built on an island near the coast. Here Vasco and his people came near falling victims to the treachery of the Arabs. Not ignorant of the hostility of the Portuguese to the faith of Islam, these Arabs receiving them with a show of friendship, endeavor to draw them into an ambushade. The firearms and prowess of the Europeans are, however, too much

for them ; and the whole population of the little island betake themselves to the mainland, leaving their houses and property a booty to the victor.

Foiled in one stratagem, the petty king resorts to another. With humble submission, he begs for peace, and offers a pilot, who knows the way to India—a gift as dangerous as that of the Trojan horse. Vasco, whose wisdom is less conspicuous than his valor, accepts the pilot, and entrusts the fleet to his guidance, little suspecting that he has instructions to cause them to perish in the sea ; or to deliver them into the hands of some powerful enemy.

In answer to Gama's questions, the pilot imparts much correct information regarding India and its people, as also touching the east coast of Africa, along which they were then creeping. Learning that at no great distance to the north there is an island called Quiloa inhabited by Christians, Vasco, as the traitor foresaw, gives orders to head for that place.

Through good luck or divine favor they are carried past by strong winds, and the pilot informs them of another island still further to the north, where Moslems and Christians dwell together in unity. Gama makes for the place and finds it to be Mombaza ; a place which has recently acquired fresh prominence in connection with the East African colonization schemes of the English and Germans.

Learning caution from experience, he dispatches a couple of messengers to reconnoitre and report, before venturing into the harbor. These messengers, who curiously enough belong to a body of condemned criminals brought along to be employed on dangerous errands as *enfants perdus*, making a favorable report, Gama prepares to cross the bar. As providence would have it, he fails to strike the channel, and so, says the poet, "escapes a second snare more dangerous than the first." For once within the bar, the fleet would have been at the mercy of the Moors, who were plotting its destruction. Discovering the meditated treachery, Gama proceeds further to the north, until falling in with coasting vessels he is conducted to Melinda, another island nearly under the equator. Here he is entertained so royally by the king, and served so loyally by the people, though king and people are alike Moslems, that one

suspects the bloody collision at Mozambique as having been brought about by Portuguese aggression; and the treacheries attempted there and at Mombaca of being poetic fictions introduced to vary the monotony of perils by sea.

The former pilot having thrown himself into the sea and escaped to land, Vasco here obtains another, who conducts him faithfully through storm and calm to the port of Calicut (not Calcutta) on the coast of Malabar. This was his final goal, the crown of his great achievement.

Europe and India were henceforth inseparably linked; and each was astonished to find itself in communication with the other, though their slow-sailing craft required a year or more to complete the voyage. What would they have thought had some prophet foretold that in days to come the East and West would be linked together by a submarine cable, over which electric messages would course to and fro, in less than the twinkling of an eye! Perhaps their surprise would not have been greater than it really was; for our capacity for astonishment has, like other faculties, its limits; it can take in but one object at a time; and men who believed that the earth is flat could not have been more surprised had they been told of other worlds suspended in the sky, than they actually were at seeing men who had sailed round the earth and proved it to be a globe.

The glory of being the first circumnavigators fairly belongs to the Portuguese. For not only was Magellan a Portuguese in Spanish service, as Camoens takes pains to inform us; but the honor of having led the way should be awarded to Gama himself. When all the zones except the frigid had been twice crossed and a pathway found across the Indian ocean, but few links remained to complete the chain.

In Calicut, Gama finds on the throne a Zamorin, some of whose ministers are Mohammedans. The old feud is not slow to break out. New perils and new treacheries beset the Europeans. Gama is allured on shore and detained as a hostage for the surrender of his fleet. But by dint of skill and courage he secures his liberty, and, seizing some of the natives by way of reprisal, and to serve as living proof of his successful voyage, he weighs anchor for his distant home. On his arrival he is

honored not merely as the discoverer of a new route for commerce but as the founder of a new empire, for, with the unscrupulous morals of those times, discovery was always regarded as the forerunner of conquest.

This terminates the direct narration. The progress of conquest in India and the extension of maritime adventure to China and Japan, are related in episodes. To Japan the poet gives but a single stanza, in which he speaks of the triumphs of the Faith," St. Francis Xavier having already completed his wonderful mission. To China, though the name occurs more than once, he devotes no more than two stanzas.

"Here, see China, whose proud empire,
Famed for its ample lands and wealth untold,
Extends its domain from the burning tropic
To the frigid zone.

"Behold its wall, a structure huge past all belief;
Between two realms it forms the bound—
A monument of princely power, pride, and wealth."

This is very well for the extent of the empire and its northern bulwark; but it speaks little for the knowledge of a poet, who is believed to have written these lines in China itself, that he should not have known that Tartary was at that time independent and at war with the dynasty of Ming. What shall we say of the next quatrain in which he gives the leading feature of the state policy of China?

"The king who rules this people is not born a prince;
Nor does the throne descend from sire to son;
But they always choose for sovereign
A man who is famed for wisdom and for virtue."

Is this an echo from the days of Yao and Shun, who set aside their own sons and chose successors from among the people? Or is it an allusion to the founder of the dynasty of Ming, who certainly was not "born a prince." Or is it an obscure statement of the fact that in theory the Emperor of China possesses at all times the power of naming his successor, irrespective of the order of consanguinity? It reads, however, as if the poet were describing China as an elective monarchy, such as was the empire of Germany or the kingdom of Poland; and it must have been so understood by his earlier readers. But is it conceivable that he could have spent a week—not to say a year

—in China without learning that, as a matter of fact, the throne is strictly hereditary, though not in the line of primo-geniture?

II. We come now to what, for want of a better designation, I have chosen to call the poet's patriotic episodes. Camoens is not a servile imitator and his use of a model is always redeemed by striking evidence of originality; it is, nevertheless, amusing to remark how he not only conforms the action of his poem to that of the *Aeneid*, but follows Virgil in his deviations from the main line of his story. His longer episodes betray a studied correspondence with those of the earlier epic.

As Aeneas, at the request of Dido, relates the story of the fall of Troy, so Gama describes the wars of Portugal at the desire of the king of Melinda. The one begins *Regina jubes*; the other, *Mandas me O Rei*. One tells a tragic tale of ruin; the other, a history of triumph and expansion. The story is too long for one sitting, though the whole of a balmy night on the waters of an equatorial sea is given to it. It is accordingly resumed before another audience, on the waters of another sea—on that occasion the minister of Malabar being auditor, and Paolo, not Vasco, narrator.

When Virgil wishes to reveal the future glory of his country, he transports his hero to the Elysian fields and makes him hear it in prophecy from the lips of his father Anchises; in this, following the lead of Homer, who makes Ulysses penetrate the world of shades in order to learn from Laertes the secrets of the future. Camoens is not more of a plagiarist than the bard of Mantua, when he carries his hero to an enchanted isle, where a sea nymph and a goddess, one after the other, sing the coming conquest of the East. Here again he puts the prophetic narrative into the mouth of two instead of one, as in the ancient epics—the idea being not merely that of relief from monotony, but that of expansion befitting an empire, whose marvelous growth had stretched beyond the flight of the Roman eagle.

Besides these, there are minor episodes too numerous to mention. At the slightest suggestion, the thought of the poet wanderer takes wing and revisits his native hills. The fervor

of his affection for that *terra amada*, breathing as it does through every canto, imparts a peculiar charm to the whole poem.

The "patriot passion," like other passions, is liable to dazzle the eye and warp the judgment; but if untinged with hatred of other countries, it is always amiable, and often the prolific mother of glorious achievements. He who is destitute of such a sentiment deserves the malediction of another patriotic poet:

"Living, to forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying to go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung."

The want of it in the case of one of England's most gifted sons imparts a repulsive element to the finest productions of his genius.

To the countrymen of Camoens, the chief attraction of the *Lusiad*, I can affirm without hesitation—is found in these patriotic episodes. They find in them not the details, but the spirit of their history—the characters of their great men, the triumphs of their people, glorified by the touch of a pencil of unfading light. It is said that while engaged in the siege of Colombo, the weary soldiers were wont to revive their courage by singing those stanzas in which Camoens extols the exploits of the first Lusitanian conquerors. Of the martial poet may it not be said as truly as of the Scottish chieftain, that—

"One blast upon his bugle horn,
Was worth a thousand men?"

Bugle tones prevail through these portions of our poet's work, but they are interspersed with passages plaintive and tender—tales of love and sorrow. What, for example, in the whole range of literature, can exceed the pathos of the story of Inez de Castro, whom the prince, returning from a campaign caused to be taken from her tomb and seated on the throne to receive the homage of his subjects, in order to fulfill a vow that he would make her his queen? This incident, borrowed from Camoens, forms the subject of one of Mrs. Hemans' most touching poems.

In the opening of these historical digressions, the poet invokes the aid of Calliope, and of all of them it may be affirmed

that the elevation and force of his style are not unworthy of the muse of epic poetry.

III. The third component of this great poem is its supernatural machinery.

Here it is impossible to accord any portion of that praise which we have freely bestowed on the poet's narrative of facts. He is not to be blamed for adhering to the traditionary belief that the employment of supernatural agents is essential to the creation of an epic. Had not Virgil woven the old mythology like a silver thread into the texture of his *Aeneid*—disguising and embellishing that which would otherwise have been coarse and repulsive. And if Virgil, why not Camoens? The answer is obvious. That which was silver to the Roman had become dross in the days of the Portuguese poet. The old mythology was dead, and to mingle its faded shreds with the fresher elements of Christian poesy was a blemish—not a beauty.

The servility (for there is no weaker word to express it) with which Camoens has done this is truly pitiable; and the effect is decidedly comical. Venus is chosen as the patroness of Vasco, apparently because she had been the tutelary divinity of Aeneas. Bacchus, instead of Juno, plays the rôle of persecuting power—his reason for doing so being simply the fear that the Portuguese might eclipse the fame of his own expedition to India.

Jove, as of old, summons the parliament of Olympus, and despatches Mercury to announce his decrees. Neptune, Tethys, Amphitrite, and the Nereids continue to rule the waves, and favor or obstruct the voyage, as they are gained over by one party or the other.

All this nonsense is set forth in language of exquisite beauty. One could enjoy it thoroughly, if he could only forget its glaring anachronism. The theology of Christianity refuses to blend with the mythology of paganism; and their forced union produces a turbid compound like the mixture of oil and water.

To enhance this incongruity—at the epoch of this composition—Christian theology was dominant in the policy of nations far more than it now is. The struggle with Islam had been a question of life and death for all Europe, but especially for the states of the Iberian peninsula, which did not succeed in rid-

ding themselves of the incubus until after a conflict of nearly eight centuries. To them every contact with people of another faith took the form of a crusade. The world was to be conquered for Christ, in a carnal as well as a spiritual sense.

This is set forth as the leading aim of Vasco's voyage. In the exordium "The glorious memory of kings who spread the faith" stands conspicuous as a leading theme; and in some form or other it is repeated on almost every page. With this end in view, the adventurers take the holy communion before embarking. Yet it is a pagan deity to whom they look for protection, in the perils of the sea. At Mombaca Gama prays for succor:

"O guardian divine take thought of those,
Who, failing thee, have none to guard them—
Vouchsafe to show the land we seek,
Since solely for thy service do we sail abroad."

Now, to whom is this prayer addressed, and in whose service do they brave the dangers of the deep? The poet answers:

"The lovely Dione heard these touching words,
And, moved thereby, she brought the needed aid."

Such passages are innumerable; and the unseemly jumble of religions never fails to produce an impression akin to burlesque.

Dante makes abundant use of heathen gods; but he puts them in his *Inferno*. Milton uses them, but he employs them as Satan's retinue. Tasso, who wrote a century later than Camoens, makes no use of pagan mythology except in the way of allusion. With him, the Blessed Virgin and the holy saints take the place of gods and goddesses—a usage which even in our age could not offend the taste of Protestant or Catholic. How much his poem would have gained in the beauty of consistency had Camoens committed the voyage of discovery to the patronage of the mother of Christ with the aid of the holy angels—the abortive opposition being led by Satan and spirits of evil!

IV. Judged by the *Lusiad* as his *opus magnum*, the question rises, how does Camoens rank as a poet? It is a weakness of all poets, and of some who are not poets, to think highly of their own genius. From this the author of the *Lusiad* was not exempt. If, at a feast of poets, he had been called on to

choose his place, I am not sure that he would not have had the assurance, like Piron, to march out at the head of the company. Witness one of his closing stanzas, in which he says to the king—

“ In such high strains my muse shall sing of thee,
That all the world shall Alexander see,
Nor of Achilles need he envious be”—

alluding to the saying of the Macedonian, that of all the heroes of antiquity, the one he most envied was Achilles, because he had a Homer to celebrate his victories. Camoens was no Homer—nor even a Virgil. Without the creative genius of the one, or the sustained dignity and faultless grace of the other, he yet possesses high qualities which assure him no mean place among the masters of epic song. Of course he does not approach anywhere near to our Milton, of whom it was happily said :

“ The force of nature could no further go,
To form a third she joined the other two.”

He does not even rise above the author of Jerusalem Delivered ; because, as the Portuguese assert, it was his misfortune to precede Tasso ; and to be the first of the moderns to produce a genuine epic poem.

The poet of the Crusades acknowledges Camoens as a kindred spirit ; and in terms that recall the speech of Alexander, he praises the fortune of Gama in having for his poet *il buono Luigi*.

“ And now the muse of Luis de Camoens
Extends her glorious flight
Far beyond that of your white-winged ships.”

There are poets whose fancy forms their speech and clothes their thoughts in a robe of many colors. Their separate words are aglitter with bright images—gleaming like the facets of a diamond, or like a falling shower lit up by sunbeams. The diction of Camoens is not of this description. Its beauties are, however, of a noble order, not unlike the massive grandeur of a Doric structure, which spurns the ornament of sculptured flowers. In force and fervor it reminds us of a swollen river—rather than a babbling brook—a torrent of majestic eloquence by which the mind of the reader is irresistibly borne away.

In his opening invocation to the Muses of the Tagus, alluding to the humble minstrelsy of his early days, he prays :

“ Give me now a voice sublime and lofty—
A style both grand and flowing ;
A sort of sonorous fury ;
Not like the rustic reed, or sylvan flute,
But trumpet-toned to sing the scenes of war.”

Such was his ideal ; and who shall say that his performance falls below it ?

It is, in fact, the sustained elevation of his style that most strikes the attention of a reader. No poet, ancient or modern, surpasses him in skill to “ build the lofty rhyme.”

His marvelous facility sometimes betrays him into negligence. Faulty stanzas are not rare ; because, to Camoens, as to all such fertile minds, the *labor limas* was irksome. A kindred fault into which he often falls is excessive diffuseness. One grows weary of broad fields spread over with a thin covering of cloth of gold. Happily his gold is not all in the form of superficial gilding. Many of his couplets and single lines (mostly at the end of a stanza) possess the weight and compactness of solid nuggets ; or rather of minted coin ; which, to this day, provide a currency of proverbs for those who use his tongue.

The eight-lined stanza—the *Ottava Rima* of the Italians—he wisely chose in preference to any other measure, as equally adapted to the genius of his language and the nature of his subject. He was not, however, the first to import it into Portugal. To an earlier poet, Sa-e-Miranda, belongs that distinction, but Camoens has the honor of connecting it inseparably with the glory of his country.

The language, to the use of which he was born, was to our poet a precious inheritance—a circumstance which ought not to be overlooked in the enumeration of his natural advantages. Harsh in comparison with the dulcet tones of Italy, or even with the more polished *lingua castellona*, the Portuguese is characterized by a certain wild energy superior to either ; while it possesses in a high degree that sonorousness which Cicero describes by *ore-rotundo*, and Dante by the expressive term *rimbombo*. Take, for example, the following passage :

*A disciplina militar prestante,
Nao se aprende, Senhor, na phantasia,
Sonhando, imaginando, ou estudando ;
Senao vendo, tratando, e pelejando.*

Does not the alliterative roll of the last two lines rival that of the best of our Latin hymns?

In fact Camoens claims, with no little pride, that his national speech is "Latin in the least corrupt" of its modern forms. Portuguese is not, however, a direct offshoot of Latin; but rather a dialect of the Spanish—standing related to the Castilian of the upper Tagus, much as low Dutch does to the German of the upper Rhine. The nations that settled on the sea-coast near the embouchure of both rivers, distinguished themselves above their neighbors by the boldness of their maritime enterprise. Their dominions, at first confined to a strip of coast, expanded to the dimensions of empires; and their dialects, originally a kind of patois, rose to the dignity of cultivated languages. Both nations imbibed the spirit of freedom from the waves of the wide-rolling deep: and, in the rough, strong tones of both tongues, one hears the echo of the sea resounding on their storm-beaten shores.

V. We come, in the last place, to take a parting glance at the fortunes of the man, who, as poet, soldier, and adventurer, embodied in his own person the spirit of his people.

Born in 1525, the young hidalgo was early introduced at court, where scarcely arrived at man's estate he conceived a romantic passion for one of the maids of honor, the beautiful Donna Catharina. All great poets have had such passions. Petrarch had his Laura, Dante his Beatrice, Tasso his Leonora; and it was in Catharina that Camoens found the woes and the bliss of his existence. It was to her that he addressed many of those minor effusions which, for tenderness and elegance, are not unworthy to compare with those of Laura's lover.

Happy in having his affection reciprocated, he was less happy in being sent into exile on that account. Nor was that his only experience of the hardships of banishment. Exiled again in later life to the Colony of Macao, his eventful story connects itself with China as well as India.

After fighting the Moors in Morocco and losing an eye in battle, he enlisted for India, whether from chagrin or ambition,

it is not easy to conjecture. This much is certain, that, during an absence of sixteen years, through perils by sea and conflicts on land, he remained faithful to his early flame; and was inconsolable on hearing of her death. The passion of Dante for his beautiful mistress was not more pure or noble; nor, to complete the parallel, were the wanderings and sufferings of the Florentine more pitiable or more painful than those of Camoens.

Returning from India with his completed epic, on which he had been building rhymes, while others had been amassing wealth, he failed to win at court the favor he so confidently expected. In extreme penury, he retired to a convent, where his last sigh was breathed into the ear of a sympathizing monk, and where he owed the distinction of a gravestone to the charity of a stranger.

Rest thee, noble bard, and let it comfort thee in thy elysium of fame, that a grateful posterity has sought to make amends for the ingratitude of thy fellows!

The poem which, when ship-wrecked on the coast of Cochin-China, buffeting the waves, he bore to land as his only treasure, has survived the storms of three centuries; and serves to form the speech and cultivate the heart of successive generations on both sides of the Atlantic. The sceptre of India has long since slipped from the hands of Portugal; but in Brazil, of which he scarcely deigns to speak, there is now rising a greater empire; and the *Lusiad* of Camoens will continue to be the favorite classic of its growing millions.*

W. A. P. MARTIN.

Pearl Grotto, Peking.

* *Pelos Portuguezes preferido a todos*, says a countryman of the poet. There are two or three translations of the *Lusiad* into English, but the writer has not seen them; and of Portuguese editions he is not acquainted with any but that of Lopes de Moura.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

ARTICLE V.—CHAMBER MUSIC.

A lecture delivered by Prof. Gustave J. Stoeckel in Osborne Hall,
November, 1890.

WHAT is chamber music? Wherein does it differ from other styles of music? What are its characteristic features? Why is it named "chamber music?"

Questions like these I have been asked quite frequently since the subscription lists for the University-chamber concerts have been out. It is my object at this time to answer them. In doing so, I shall have briefly to refer to the origin and progress—the first beginnings and subsequent developments—of this peculiar branch of musical literature. In connection therewith, other styles of music must be touched upon, in so far as is necessary for the correct estimate of the subject under discussion. Chamber music, more than any other style of music, needs to be *understood*. To be sure, it may be, and to some extent it is enjoyed—without a proper understanding. So may the beauty and fragrance of a flower be relished without a knowledge of anything that gives information of its habits during germination, growth, and blooming; of its liability to attack from disease-breeding causes; of the protection it needs in order to grow to perfection. Yes, the ignorant may enjoy it. But the man who knows all this, who is familiar with the life of the flower from its germinating birth until the day of its fading decay—the man of knowledge, who is equally gifted with an artistic sense and an inherent ability of judgment and discrimination—he it is for whom a measure of enjoyment is in waiting, of which the ignorant can have no conception. A full understanding and a correct estimate of our highest musical forms and styles cannot be acquired at once. It is not expected; for even the professional musician needs repeated attendance and hearing and study, in order to understand

and become familiar with the leading themes of a composition ; in order to be able to follow the thematic treatment intelligently ; in order to derive the benefit of an intellectual enjoyment. While a first hearing of a piece of music may leave delightful sensations, and cause strong impressions, a repeated hearing may result in woeful disappointment. This is easily explained. At a first representation an observer is naturally attracted by the most striking and salient points of a work of art. He tries to grasp the general idea and is absorbed by the main features that are used to represent it. The vital and fundamental part of the work claims all his attention keeps him captive, and disables him for the somewhat severer task of looking into the details. Many—it is doubtless true—many listeners do not even come as far as that, but simply take in what pleases the ear and tickles the senses. With such, the enjoyment can never reach higher than to the level of gratifying an appetite. It never can be an enjoyment for educated men. The object of chamber music, symphony, church music, and the truly dramatic music in opera and oratorio, is not to furnish entertainment pure and simple. In all these styles the listener's feelings are expected to be drawn into the work. The hearer, in order to get the full enjoyment, must become a participant in the performance. He must sing with the singer and play with the player, although he may never open his lips or move his fingers. As already remarked, many compositions fail to retain the hold they seem to have obtained at a first performance. In addition to what has been said let me add that the listener, on hearing a piece a second or third time, is searching—consciously or more often unconsciously—for other beauties than those which conspicuously arrested his attention the first time. To be sure he takes in all those beauties again that so favorably impressed him the first time, but now he brings them under the microscope of his criticism. He looks for the treatment which they have received from the author, the particular duty which has been assigned to them by the composer, and he begins to understand the success with which it has been accomplished or the failure in which it resulted. In a word, he becomes critical and finds either—that the most perfect harmony has been obtained between con-

ception and execution, design and logical development, the ideal and its artistic representation ; or, that in spite of faultless themes, beautiful germs, and powerful motives, the composition fails in adhering to these themes, in developing these germs, in employing these motives. The listener—instead of discovering his author in such logical work—finds him unexpectedly and unaccountably running constantly after new material, which has no relation whatever to the original themes. This new material—mixed and worked into the original matter as appetizing spices, or pasted on to the elementary themes as glaring show-bills—is to be the exponent of the composer's versatility, originality, and genius, although it has no organic connection *with*, or the remotest relation *to*, the work. No wonder such a composition loses its hold upon the most superficial observer. Once heard—all it has to say is said. Beauty is defined as "MULTITUDE in UNITY." Multitude there is in such a work, but—where is the unity?"

In support of the suggestions made, let me direct the reader's attention to an example from one of our sister arts. I refer to Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. It is not the matchless drawing, the faultless coloring, the position, grouping, and expression of the figures, which stamp the picture as an imperishable work of art and which attract the visitors to its shrine at Dresden. No doubt these essential requisites of a work of art are all there, but there is also something else. The multitude of ideal conceptions, which rise behind and above the canvas, innumerable like the heads of angels with which the picture is adorned, one and all they spring from the same source, one and all they are the offsprings of the artist's primary idea. It is for the multitude in unity, that Raphael's Madonna is to the beholder of any time ever fresh and ever new. So it was to our fathers, so it is to us, so it will be to our descendants ; for a true work of art is immortal.

As in painting, so it is in any one of the branches of fine art. The more popular works that once seemed to be in almost universal demand are dead and buried with no hope of resurrection, while the truly artistic works, which have become understood and appreciated only after hard struggles and fights, although neglected and depreciated at first, have conquered

and achieved a place of honor in the temple of art, where they will stand for ever as witnesses to truth and faithful service. Imperishable will be the works of Palestrina, Gluck, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, while the scribblings of their opponents have been scattered in every direction by the whirlwinds of the advancing vanguards of progress—broken fragments with no centre of gravitation—hopelessly lost in the past! This however is the experience, not only in music, but in all art. Nay! not only in all art but also in science and religion.

It is my purpose to give advice and some direction for listening understandingly to chamber music. All mere description of music lacks the vitality which a performance so vividly represents. For this purpose I have the pleasure of being assisted on this occasion by a quartette of stringed instruments.* The illustrations which will be given will be taken from the old Master Haydn, who invented the musical forms for string quartette. As HE used the form at HIS time, so have his immediate successors, Mozart and Beethoven used it; so it is still used by the best masters of the present day.

I hope this effort at instruction, exemplified by entertaining proofs, will not be subjected to a false interpretation. It is only undertaken with the view of giving a more solid basis, and, if possible, an unassailable stand to the already existing chamber concerts in this University. This illustrated lecture is intended to lead to a fuller appreciation of chamber music, a branch of musical literature which ranks with the highest and best, and which can be expected to find favor only with the intelligent, cultured, and refined portion of society. To establish University chamber concerts as an institution at Yale was for some time past the wish of every patron of art within our walls. The successful beginning, the experience gathered during the last three seasons, and the remarkable attendance in the season 1889-90, give promise of stability and growth, in which all lovers of art within the walls of Yale must and will rejoice.

Now to our theme! The oldest style of music is Church music. It has for its object to excite religious sentiment in the

* The Quartette performers were: Mrs. S. B. Schoningher, 1st violin; Mr. Albert Steinert, 2d violin; Mr. Albert Mallon, viola; Mr. Morris Steinert, cello.

worshiper. In the progress and development of the human race, culture and refinement were only sought when the battle for obtaining the necessities of life was won. Although church music more than any other had its share in aiding and advancing culture and refinement, yet its proper sphere was *WITHIN* and *FOR* the church, and is so now. As long as the church dictated the rules for the national, social, and home life, beside those for the religious life, church music was the only one in existence. When other duties than strictly religious ones claimed recognition, such as called for by the home, social and national life, the manifestations became different, and, as relating to music, ceased to be religious music only, and became also national, social, or music for the home circle. Music then was introduced into other places than the sanctuary. Concert-halls for public performances were built. In them, vocal or instrumental forces, or both united, could render the larger musical works before a numerous audience. Opera houses were erected with appliances and suitable arrangements for the performance of dramatic music. Thus the three styles of Church, Concert, and Operatic music appeared as different types, each with its own inherent qualities, which directed its organic development. All these styles were for public performances in large and capacious halls. They were for compositions, which—under solo or ensemble-representations—must have the capacity of filling large rooms and meeting the expectations of a multitude. For the home, music had to be contented with a very modest place. At the time of the separation of music into the different styles referred to, the households of the common people had no other instruments than the God-given voice. How the people tuned and exercised it is amply recorded in the songs of every tribe and nation, in the literature known as “people’s songs, volks-lied, folk songs, chanson, canzonnetta.” Through the instrumentality of the wealthier classes, especially the nobility of mediæval times, and the princes of reigning houses, instrumental music was introduced into their homes. As this required some expense, it was beyond the means of the common-people, and consequently found cultivation with the well to do only. It was not intended for public performance, but only for members of the house and invited guests; and as it was usually

given in one of the chambers designed for such purpose, the name of chamber music was given to the pieces then and there performed. Chamber music is therefore, strictly speaking, absolute music, viz : that kind of music which has no auxiliary as interpreter of its intent and meaning. Words, poetry, oratory, music, and gesticulation are all absent, and music only—absolute and alone—is the reigning factor. For this purpose, capable musicians had to be engaged, who, as salaried members of the princely establishment, furnished daily music for their employer and his guests. It will readily be seen that music composed for large orchestras, and intended for performance in great halls, would be entirely out of place in a chamber, and vice versa, the chamber music must of necessity sound ridiculously thin in a concert hall. Chamber music therefore, became a style differing entirely from church, concert, and opera music. To a certain extent it became the common ground where all the other styles could meet in diminutive representation, yet it had its own peculiar characteristics, which marked it as something peculiar to itself, even when stepping out into the strange fields of other styles. The music of the chamber was finer and more transparent in its composition than concert music or any intended for public performance ; it was technically more correct and did not condone any blemishes ; light and shade and all the mechanism of articulation and rhythm were drawn more delicately than in compositions of different character ; the coloring was done with a gentle hand, the modes of any kind of expression kept away from extremes ; in a word all the material used in the composition and performance of chamber music was intended for a small room, a limited audience, and few performers. Chamber music—as has been shown—had its birthplace in the home of the wealthy, and was originally designed for the cultivated few. From the moment that musical art ceased to be exclusively under the control of the church, sacred and secular music appeared, and were treated as distinct types on occasions of public performances. Instrumental music for the home circle had to seek the houses of the opulent, where—outside the church—science and art found—or were supposed to find—staunch supporters. Thus it came, that chamber music had its origin with the most enlightened and

best cultured people. Education, inclination, and also the means for gratification were with them. Their abundance very naturally led them into the artistic channel of chamber music, where—untrammelled by popular demands or skeptical criticism—this branch of music found its highest development and appreciation. At first, chamber music had sometimes but a single celebrated player, who had charge of the music in the home circle. Oftener two, four, and sometimes even a small chrestal band performed this duty. Thus the violinist Mattei, the teacher of Burney, the music historian, brought the art of violin playing into the court of Charles II., where it was greatly admired. Quantz introduced flute playing into the court of Frederick the Great. Esterhazy, the head of a noble Austrian family, had in his employ and pay a complete orchestral band, of which Joseph Haydn became the chapel-master. This gifted artist, in this somewhat unique position, had the opportunity of trying his talents and skill in any new forms and novel combinations which his inventive genius might suggest. Musical science and art owe to him a debt as to no other artist, and indirectly also to Esterhazy, whose friendship for Haydn made his experiments with orchestral combinations and new forms possible. Without the aid of Esterhazy the success of Haydn would have been very problematical. Haydn, as the result of his labors while in the employ of prince Esterhazy, introduced the following forms: sonata, symphony, and quartette for stringed instruments. The latter now is demanded as the chief member upon a program for chamber music. It consists of a quartette of stringed instruments of the violin order, viz: 1st and 2nd violin, viola, or tenor (as it is more familiarly known to English speaking communities), and violoncello. Haydn chose the quartette as the fittest combination of orchestral instruments, in which simplicity of melody and harmony could be rendered most accurately and in its greatest purity. Chamber music of such order therefore demands the knowledge and appreciation of simple grandeur and captivating *naïveté*. Compared with the full orchestra it is like the fine outlines of a drawing, compared with the splendid colors of a picture. A composition of the well-defined clearness and transparency of the quartette for stringed

instruments has ever since the time of Father Haydn attracted the creative powers of the more prominent musicians. No other branch of musical literature abounds so fully with the very best the masters could produce as this very chamber music. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others have left compositions in this form, which are filled with imperishable beauties, and are of such perfection in their structural forms that the mere dilettanti cannot but feel, and the professional musician must perceive and admire them.

There are two ways in which the wealth of tone combinations in a string quartette can be used as material for psychical expression. Either the composer considers the four instruments as members of a union, which uses harmony, melody, rhythm, coloring, and shading, obtainable from such a union, as means for the expression of an ideal. All the four instruments are in the service of that one idea. They are a unit in the attempt of their work, and achieve it by spontaneity of action. As in the operation of an army, the result depends more upon the prompt and united movement of the whole force, than upon the courage and bravery of the single soldier, so in the quartette; a display of extraordinary skill by any one of the players is altogether out of place. The four in *one*, *one* in ability, *one* in conception of the composition, *one* in sympathy with its ideal, *one* in the honest endeavor of performing their assigned parts as necessary fragments for the perfection of the whole—such are the imperative demands upon quartette players who will undertake the rendering of this style of composition. Let me here remark, that the Müller Brothers, four sons educated by a competent father for this particular kind of music, have always been considered unrivalled masters as performers of this style of quartette compositions. This manner of composing quartette music aims at the very best and results in the highest works of art, when resorted to by a master. It is also more difficult than the second manner, in which the four different instruments are treated like several excited persons who are engaged in discussions upon some topic of psychical importance. For instance, take the secret yearnings of a heart just budding into man- or woman-hood as a theme for treatment. The first violin likes to have the leading word and

expects to be ably and faithfully seconded by the second violin. In its argumentative efforts and expressions it is apt to get excited, to overstep the bounds of decorum, to assert and storm in the manner of hasty and enthusiastic youth. The violoncello as the more experienced head of the household tempers the expressions and tries to keep the flow of the discussion within the bounds of propriety and reason; the viola, with its modest and plaintive utterances, becomes the mediator; its calm and quiet demeanor fits it for the peacemaker. It fills its offices by harmonizing the differences, by laying balm upon the wounds which an over-hasty expression may have made. Quartette music of this order represents a passionate exchange of ideas and sentiments between entirely differently constituted factors. It is only in the last of the four movements, of which the quartette is composed, that an agreement is arrived at. When harmony is restored, it presses toward the closest union of the opposing elements and this gives to the finale its proper and satisfactory conclusion.

It will be easily seen that this second manner of treatment in the quartette is also very favorable to expressions of frolicsome mirth, fun, banter, and comical conceptions, while it *can* be and *is* used as a vehicle of expressions of the deepest feeling and soul-stirring pathos. A tone picture of this kind, filled with lively ideas or heartfelt emotions, gives the composer a chance for original applications of counterpoint. All the resources of harmony, melody, and rhythm, he employs for some specific purpose, which he thinks essential, in order to make the work an exponent of the proper use of truthful colors and dramatic force. This form also demands the highest mastery from the artist who *composes* or *performs* it. Especially must the performer be in the closest sympathy with the treatment of the subject and have a clear insight into the structural details of the composition, or the greatest technical skill would be of no avail in this style of music. The *musician* is needed more than the mere *performer*.

Having now given an abstract of the demands made by this style of music upon composer and performers, let me call your attention for a few moments, to the musician, who first introduced this kind of composition and gave it

the form which it still retains. Joseph Haydn became the chapel-master in the princely house of Esterhazy, A.D. 1760. The family of Esterhazy was always famed for its protection of science and art. In the family seat on the banks of the Danube, below Vienna, a complete establishment for the performance of opera, church, concert, and chamber music had its permanent home, and Haydn was the chapel-master. He had to direct everything in the musical line. He had to compose the music, drill the players, and rehearse the orchestral pieces, and in the evening lead and direct in the performances. Besides he had to give instruction on the piano and violin. It was a position which he liked very much. His prince was satisfied with his labors; he received approval from his audience, and as chief of the orchestra had a rare chance for observation. He could try and experiment with new orchestral combinations and observe their different effects. Then he could employ knowledge thus gained in his compositions. In the rehearsals he would then critically watch, and, without hesitation, cut away what seemed superfluous, or add what seemed wanting, or employ other instruments better adapted for a particular expression than those primarily chosen. Thus he would alter and improve his compositions until they met his entire satisfaction and approval. Away from the noise and turmoil of the larger cities, he came in no contact with outside influences, and—as he himself said—had no other chance than to become original. The peculiar characteristics of his sensitive nature made him a musician. He made music all his life because he could not help it. He, of all the great masters of the past, was ready to make music at any and all time and at any place. Bach belonged to the church, Gluck to the opera. Beethoven was lost in the mysteries of his instrumental world, Mozart in the revelations of a loving heart. Haydn made music for everybody. As child he played the violin in the street, at the houses, in the church. As body servant of Porpora he received as pay instruction in composition from the proud Italian. Later on he furnished music for baptisms, weddings, and public festivals. On one occasion the guild of butchers ordered a menuetto for one of their festivities, and were so well pleased with the music by Haydn, that, beside the stipu-

lated pay, they presented him with a fattened steer, gaily decorated with ribbons and bunting and driven at the head of their procession to the entrance of his lodgings. When at the Esterhazy's, his princely friend would now ask for a violoncello solo for himself, then a string quartette for his guests, or a symphony for an extra occasion. And all this music had to be not only music in correct style and faultless setting, but also of pleasant and entertaining effect upon his hearers. In similar situations most musicians would have come to ruin, or would have turned into mere artisans; or, if they had certain definite ideas and aims, like Gluck or Wagner, for instance, would have run away. Haydn was saved by his joyful disposition and truthful nature. He liked to make music and to make it as good as possible. God had endowed him with talent. Close application rewarded him with success. Whoever is familiar with the books from which he learnt composition, must be aware that without the experiences of this somewhat vagabond-life Haydn would not have succeeded even with the aid from the proud Porpora and the Sonatas of Ph. E. Bach, which Haydn praised as a fountain of musical knowledge.

On the other hand, a world of deeper ideas, of philosophical insight and critical analysis, would also have destroyed his career. The people of his beloved Austrian fatherland needed a guardian, who could give them innocent and healthful recreation. Haydn knew what was good for them and he gave them of his abundance. The world at large also needed the opening of new paths to fresh, young, and blooming natural life and vigor, through which higher, deeper, and riper branches of musical art could come into recognition and estimation. Haydn supplied this want. And this made him a typical composer, who was perfectly familiar with the whole scale of sensations, sentiments, and actions of the soul under the most varied influences. Grace, elegance, tenderness, meditation; profound thoughtfulness; unrestrained license in rejoicing and frantic raillery; the paroxysm of mysterious anticipations; the terrors of impending danger; one and all he could portray with equal ease and command with equal facility. But he kept always within bounds. Grace and symmetry always were ruling factors with him. Even when he touches stern, severe

necessity, it is with the hand of a loving father, who exhorts and admonishes the child in order to make it afraid of wrongdoing. And he does it with a smiling face so that, in all its anxiety, the child still hopes and trusts and loves. No other artist knew as well as he, how to give to every part of a composition the right measure. Nothing is too short or too long. Everything is in its proper place, the simplest as well as the most complicated. No other artist has so innocently accepted and laboriously developed the most insignificant thought which God has sent him. No one has used his servants—the orchestral instruments—more cleanly, tenderly, and appropriately. His orchestration is as clear as the blue dome in the heavens, as transparent as the ethereal expanse beneath. Even when he storms he allows some sunshine to quiver through the clouds, and when the night is falling he kindly gives us a glimpse at the sunset which preceded it. No orchestral writer has sung more tenderly, and on the other hand no one has made more boisterous noise with the simplest means than Haydn. One would be inclined for ever to envy him, if one did not feel compelled for ever to love him and to pay him grateful reverence.

Beyond the descriptions of the style of chamber music and the biographical sketch of the author of the compositions which it now shall be our privilege to hear interpreted by the Steinert quartette, I do not think it proper to go. A description of every bar and an analysis of every sentiment belongs to the class-room. The listener, guided by the general features of this kind of music, and the characteristic fitness of the composers, as presented by my remarks, will kindly remember the wise saying that: Music begins where speech ends. At any rate I shall avail myself of the dictum which this aphorism teaches, and stop the speech because music now begins.*

GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL.

* The quartettes No. 8 in D, and No. 9 in E flat were then performed.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

It will doubtless be interesting to many persons to have an opportunity of reading the following letter—never before published, but preserved in the Library of Yale University—which was written by Thomas Jefferson in the last year of his life, to Mr. Sheldon Clark, of Oxford, Connecticut, the founder of the Clark Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale University.

“MONTICELLO, Dec. 5, '25.

“*Sir*:—I thank you for the pamphlets you have been so kind as to send me; but I cannot comply with your request to give my opinion of them. Against this I have been obliged to protest in every case. I should otherwise, for the last twenty years, have been constantly employed in the trade of a reviewer of books, for which I have neither taste, talent nor time; and instead of reading according to my own choice my course of reading would have been wholly under the direction of writers and printers on all sorts of subjects. No mail comes without bringing me more than I could review before the arrival of the next.

“A 2d. reason is that I revolt against all metaphysical reading, in which class your ‘New Pamphlet’ must at least be placed. Some acquaintance with the operations of the mind is worth acquiring, but any *one* of the writers suffices for that—Locke, Kaimes, Hartley, Reid, Stewart, Brown, Tracy, etc. These dreams of the day, like those of the night, vanish in vapour, leaving not a wreck behind. The business of life is with matter. That gives us tangible results. Handling that, we arrive at the knolege of the axe, the plough, the steamboat, and everything useful in life. But, from metaphysical speculations, I have never seen one useful result.

“Your 2d. pamphlet, entitled ‘Essays,’ is certainly on important subjects, moral or physical, according to our individual creed. I dipped into them in several places, and found in them views both profound and instructive, and, but for my 1st reason, above stated, I should say more on them. Persuaded that he who wrote them will perceive the reasonableness of my declining this office, I pray you to be assured of my great respect.

“TH : JEFFERSON.”

PROFESSOR RUSSELL H. CHITTENDEN THE FIRST PERSON IN THE
UNITED STATES TO RECEIVE DR. KOCH'S CURATIVE LYMPH.

It will be gratifying to the many friends of Professor Russell H. Chittenden, the Head of the Biological Laboratory of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, to know that the first specimen of the curative lymph, discovered by Dr. Koch, which reached the United States, was sent to him for purposes of experiment. This is a recognition of the value which is attached to his researches in Physiological Chemistry by all students of that science in Europe. The lymph reached New Haven, December 3d, and on the afternoon of that day was used by Dr. John P. C. Foster, in the presence of Professor Chittenden, in the inoculation of Mr. Edward Blake, a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School in the Class of 1884, who has been suffering for the year past with pulmonary tuberculosis.

CLASSICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF YALE
UNIVERSITY.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11, 1890.

Professor Cook presented a communication on the name *Cadmon*, adducing various arguments to show the plausibility of the Semitic derivation.

Mr. Abbott made a statement with regard to the etymology of *osteria* and similar words. Scholars have derived the Old French *hoste*, English *host*, Italian *oste* directly from the Latin *hostis* in its early meaning of *peregrinus*, *stranger*, on the assumption that this signification was retained in the speech of the people, though lost in the literary dialect. But the Italian has two words, *oste*, one meaning *army* (*hostis*, *host*, *enemy*), and the other meaning *landlord* (*hospes*, *host*). The changes of *hospes* are as follows: Its oblique cases (*hospitem*, etc.), have an unaccented penultimate vowel; the Latin language had a distinct tendency to syncopate such vowels (as in *saeculum* for *saeculum*, *caldus* for *calidus*); this tendency became a law in French; thus *hospitem* became *hosp-*

tem; in accordance with another law, with regard to the dropping of one of a group of consonants (as *acheter* comes from *adcaptare*), *hospitem* became *hostem* and then *hoste*, which last was borrowed by the Italians in the form *oste* and, by the addition of the ending *eria*, became *osteria*.

TUESDAY, Dec. 2d, 1890.

Mr. Hunt set forth the topography of *Platæa* according to ancient authorities, with remarks on the modern condition of the battle-field.

Mr. Abbott spoke of some hybrid words in Latin. To the *Pseudo-Cato* and *facteon* usually quoted from Cicero, he added *decemscalmus* and *tocullio*,—all found in Cicero's letters to Atticus. *Tocullio* was derived from *τόκος* (**tocullus*), with a comparison of *liber*, (*libellus*), *libellio*. Some other Latin hybrids were mentioned and discussed; among others, *paraveredus* (English *palfrey*, German *Pferd*).

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES.*—In a brief Introduction, the translator enumerates passages from Justin Martyr, Clemens of Alexandria, Lactantius, and others, which show the authority of the Sibylline oracles in the early Christian church. He does not think it necessary, apparently, to mention the indications of official standing with which even the layman is familiar, viz. the majestic sibyls of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, the lovely sibyls of Raphael in the church of Sta Maria della Pace, and especially the stanza

Dies irae, dies illa !
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

These oracles have not been within the reach of the ordinary reader. The only previous English translation has been long out of print. Professor Terry now offers a complete translation with foot-notes which are intended to explain the historical allusions, and to note the passages to which the church Fathers referred. Of late years, with the lively interest in New Testament times, scholars have devoted much attention to apocalyptic literature in general and to these pious frauds of Sibylline oracles, which were composed by Jews and early Christians, with the design of imposing upon the heathen the belief that even Pagan authorities were in harmony with Jewish and Christian teaching. Most readers, however, will find little satisfaction in the perusal of the verses of this volume. The order of the original "oracles" is sufficiently chaotic, and their meaning obscure. The translator has given no sufficient aid to bring order out of chaos, and the translation is in general more difficult of comprehension than the original. Of the two convenient editions of Friedlieb (1854), and Alexandre (1869), Professor Terry seems in general to have followed Friedlieb, and to have been considerably influenced by his German translation. Even where the latter added a word or two in order to fill the

* *The Sibylline Oracles. Translated from the Greek into English blank verse*, by MILTON S. TERRY, Professor in Garrett Biblical Institute, [Evanston, Ill.] New York: Hunt & Eaton, 1890. pp. 267.

metre of his German verse, the English translation in places seems to follow the German, and at least once, the reviewer is unable to explain a slip in the English, except as a mistranslation of the German. The bonds of blank verse are often inconvenient, and often the reader would prefer plain prose. No one likes to ask himself how to scan (in Miltonic metre)

"Then will the angels of the immortal God
Come, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel," (p. 62).

or

"Isaac and Jacob, Joseph, Daniel,
Elijah, Habakkuk, and Jonah, all" (p. 63),

(where, by the way, *Joseph* is a slip for *Joshua*, and *all* is not in the original), or

"Colophon, Ephesus, Nice, Antioch,
Tanagra, Sinope, Smyrna, Myrina," (p. 87).

The Greek poet rolled out lists of names suited to dactylic hexameter, and the translator tries to force these names into iambic pentapodics. Naturally enough not a few names are mispronounced, as *Ura'nus* (for *U'ranus*) p. 76, and *Ther'modon* (for *Thermo'don*) p. 144. A still more serious inconvenience from the use of this verse, is that many rhetorical passages, which are made emphatic by the verse in the original, lose more of their effect by being chopped up and trammelled as they are than they would lose in prose. Regret that the translation is not in prose, however, is lessened by a perusal of the confused prose translation of the "Anonymous Preface." Sentence after sentence is obscured or ruined by carelessness. In the first sentence, *those who are wise* (τοὺς εἰ φρονούντας) becomes *those who are happily disposed*; in the next, *the oracles which are of importance for the reading and understanding of the Scriptures*, (χρησμούς . . . τῶν τούτων ἀνάγνωσιν καὶ ἐπίγνωσιν ἔχοντας) becomes "to me, therefore, *having read again and thoroughly studied them*"; in the next, *the works of healing performed by Christ*, (τῶν παρ' αὐτοῦ τελεσθεισῶν ἰάσεων) becomes *of the healing of those by him made perfect*. A real curiosity in its ambiguity follows on the next page: "Sambethe, being of the race of the most blessed Noah, *who* is said to have prophesied of the affairs [achievements] of Alexander of Macedon, *whom* Nicanor mentions, *who* wrote the life of Alexander." Of course, the gender in the original made the reference of each pronoun clear. On the same page, *Romaic* is used for *Latin*, while it means Modern Greek; *philippic* is used for a *Philip d'or*, or Macedonian gold

piece; *κῶμη* is translated *country* instead of *village*, etc. On the next page stands, "certain persons had taken out of various cities and places things that were deemed necessary and useful to themselves," instead of "certain persons of various cities and places had excerpted," etc. After this, the reader is not inclined to hold the trammels of verse responsible for inaccuracies of translation. As an illustration of many passages where the sense of the original is obscured, take vs. 31-40 of the Proëm :

"Why do ye wander? Pause, O foolish ones,
Who rove in darkness, and black night obscure,
And leave night's darkness, and receive the light.
Lo, he is clear to all, he cannot err,
Come, chase not gloom and darkness evermore.
Behold the sun's sweet light shines wondrous fair.
Know how to treasure wisdom in your hearts.
There is one God who sends rain, earthquakes, winds,
Lightnings and famines, plagues and mournful cares,
And snows and ice. But why should I speak all?"

Here the original gives; "Why do ye wander, mortals? Cease, foolish men from roving in darkness, . . . Come, do not always pursue darkness and gloom. . . . Put wisdom in your breasts and understand that there is one God," etc.

What sense will the reader gain (p. 66), from

"Much will they vainly pray to God most high,
But he will turn his face away from them.
[For seven ages a day of penitence
Gave he to men by a pure virgin's hand.]"

The thought is simple: The Most High will not hearken to prayers for forgiveness after the expiration of the seven centuries which he granted at the intercession of the Holy Virgin as a time for repentance!

The translator evidently is not familiar with Homeric phrases, and his funniest error is in mistaking *διὰ γυναικῶν* for *διὰ γυναικῶν* (p. 77), and changing "Rhea, god-like woman, came to Dodona and bore Pluto" into "And Pluto, third, by *women's helping hand* Did Rhea, coming to Dodona bear."

The sum of such errors seriously impairs the worth of the book.

The book before us is unsatisfactory not only because of its errors, but also because of its deficiencies. Its introduction is superficial, it has no table of contents, and its index does not contain references to such important topics as angels, idolatry, eternal punishment, Alexander, Xerxes, and Nero. But if the reader

desires to acquaint himself with the Sibylline Oracles, these interesting productions of the early centuries before and after Christ's birth which are full of instruction for the history of religious thought, this book alone in the English language furnishes the (rather turbid) material.

OMAN'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*—"A long-felt want" has been a history of Greece, less formidable to the ordinary student and reader than the five volumes of Curtius and the twelve volumes of Grote, which should tell in a fairly complete and attractive way the story of the rise and fall of Greece. The subject offers unlimited material. The situations are as dramatic and intensely interesting as any novelist could invent. The characters are found in a charming variety. The unexpected is happening continually. No reign of monotony causes perplexity. And in addition to all attractions for a novelist, Hellenic civilization is the basis of our own, and the ties which bind us to the Greeks are exceedingly close and strong. Yet no one since Goldsmith has written a popular history of Greece. Smith's history is dull and now somewhat antiquated; Miss Sheldon has made a book which furnishes admirable material to a good teacher; P. V. N. Myers's *Ancient History* is rather slight; Evelyn Abbott's attractive work as yet comes down only to 500 B. C.

The book before us is excellent in some ways. It opens with an admirable chapter on the geography and climate of Greece. The whole story is pleasingly told. But it has some great defects. On the same evening that this book was put into the reviewer's hands, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner addressed the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College on the relations between literature and life, and drew most of his illustrations from the Periclean Age at Athens. But this *History of Greece* does not intimate that Greece had any literature after Homer! Aeschylus and Euripides, Pindar and Simonides, seem not to be mentioned. Sophocles is mentioned but only in connection with his military service, and the index (at least) ascribes to him one campaign for which he is not responsible. Plato is mentioned only in connection with Dionysius of Syracuse. Thucydides has eight lines—as general, not as historian. Socrates has ten lines! Thus the literary and artistic life of Greece has no existence for our author.

* *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Macedonian Conquest.* By C. W. O. OMAN. Rivingtons. London: 1890. 533 pp. With maps and plans.

The mythology of the people is neglected almost as completely, and what is said seems in places to be of doubtful authority. With regard to the great festivals and games, the author does not appear to have grasped the important truth that at both sanctuaries, at Olympia as well as at Delphi, the oracle was originally the centre of attraction, while the games were added for the entertainment of the worshippers. At Olympia, the gymnastic contests gradually became more and more prominent, while at Delphi the oracle gained importance and was never overshadowed by the games.

This book is pleasant reading. It appears to have been made up from a course of lectures which were doubtless entertaining and instructive; but not all the gaps which a lecturer might fairly leave have been filled in putting the work through the press. The author does not show familiarity with much German work which has not been translated into English. Some of his statements about Homeric life are not accurate, and elsewhere half-truths are told. He has not made a book of reference. But if the reader understands that he must not expect a full and final statement on every point, he may be recommended to this history as a concise and well-told story.

THAYER'S "BEST ELIZABETHAN PLAYS.*"—This volume—an attempt to put specimen dramas of Shakspeare's leading contemporaries in a form available for those who can not procure expensive editions—would better have been called "*Five Good*" than "*the Best*" plays. Neither the *Jew of Malta* nor *Philastro* nor *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, nor *The Alchemist* represents the finest work of its author, and for Webster it is more than doubtful whether *The White Devil* is not superior both on poetical and on dramatic grounds to *The Duchess of Malfi*. So far as Marlowe's "*Jew*" goes, it is far below *Edward the Second* as a play, and for poetry can bear no comparison with *Tamburlaine* or *Dr. Faustus*. However, these plays are all well worth attention, and occupy important places in the Elizabethan drama. The brief foot-notes are judiciously selected, but the editor's best service lies in the expurgation of those frequent and miserable indelicacies which ought to keep these old plays from being used by many who might otherwise enjoy them. It is much to be regretted

* *The Best Elizabethan Plays*. Edited by WM. R. THAYER. Ginn & Co., Boston, 1890.

that the valuable series of Elizabethan dramatists published recently by Vizitelley & Co., each volume containing some five works of a single author, and sold at a surprisingly low price, should not have omitted these excrescences, the loss of which affects in no way the unity or intelligibility of the plays.

TOMPKINS McLAUGHLIN.

LUX MUNDI.—This volume comprises twelve Essays by eleven clergymen of the Church of England. Between 1875 and 1885 these gentlemen were associated in the work of university education at Oxford. They were naturally led to consider the faith of the church in its relation to modern intellectual and social problems, and discussed the subject in frequent meetings. Thus they found themselves in general agreement in thought and sentiment. Though now separated, they have presented to the public these Essays in explanation of the Christian creed. They have written with the conviction that this epoch is one of profound transformation, intellectual and social, involving great changes in the outlying departments of theology, where it is linked with other sciences, and necessitating some general restatement of its claims and meaning. But they express the assurance that, if men rid themselves of prejudice and misapprehension for which they regard the church as partly responsible, and will look afresh at the Christian faith, they will find it as adequate as ever to interpret life and knowledge and to insure both intellectual and moral freedom.

The Essays treat the following subjects : Faith, by Rev. H. S. Holland ; The Christian Doctrine of God, by Rev. Aubrey Moore ; The Problem of Pain, by Rev. J. R. Illingworth ; The Preparation in History for Christ, by Rev. E. S. Talbot ; The Incarnation in Relation to Development, by Rev. J. R. Illingworth ; The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma, by Rev. R. C. Moberly ; The Atonement, by Rev. A. Lyttleton ; The Holy Spirit and Inspiration, by Rev. C. Gore ; The Church, by Rev. W. Lock ; Sacraments, by Rev. F. Paget ; Christianity and Politics, by Rev. W. J. H. Campion ; Christian Ethics, by Rev. R. L. Ottley.

The book has attracted much attention and has had a remarkably extensive sale in Great Britain. It has called forth strong expressions of grief from some for its departure from the Christian faith. Archdeacon Denison writes of it as "the most griev-

ous specimen of defense of truth of all those I have had to contend against, and the most ruinous under all the circumstances of its production, a blow *ab intra* without parallel." It has been welcomed by Professor Huxley, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, as a long step toward the abandonment of all claim to anything supernatural in Christianity. It has been highly commended by others as presenting the Christian faith in its true significance and showing its harmony with modern thought. The Essay most criticised as a departure from the faith is that on The Holy Spirit and Inspiration, by the editor of the book. In response to these criticisms he inserted in the fifth edition some changes designed, as he said, to correct misapprehensions; and in the tenth edition he has inserted a preface containing still further explanations. In the Essays on the Church and on the Sacraments the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession and other high church views are defended. The Essay on Christian Ethics is alluded to in the Preface of the volume as the only one of the essays which has any degree of formal completeness. But it cannot be regarded as contributing to modern thought much that is of value pertaining to the subject. The first formal treatise on Christian Ethics was the work of Ambrose on Duties. But instead of presenting the distinctively Christian ethics developed from Christ's law of universal love and his exemplification of the love it requires, he introduced the frame-work of heathen ethics, as set forth by the Greeks, the four cardinal virtues, prudence, justice, temperance, fortitude. Peter Lombard and Thomas Aquinas enlarged this by adding various virtues and spiritual gifts derived from the scriptures, but in an unscientific and heterogeneous way, without the unity of a system. The Essay in *Lux Mundi* presents the four Greek cardinal virtues as including the whole duty of man, substituting for prudence the more comprehensive word, wisdom. It can hardly be therefore a treatise on Christian ethics specially fitted to the demands of modern thought.

Some of the Essays seem to have little or no bearing on the peculiar results of recent scientific and philosophical thought, or on recent practical questions as to the neglected classes of society or as to political or social reform. The Essay on Pain and that on Christian Ethics are examples. In the book as a whole there does not appear to be any such departure from the catholic faith of the church as justifies either the alarm of believers or the jubi-

lation of unbelievers which it has awakened ; nor a development of theology to meet the demands of the time which is likely to relieve the perplexed and doubting, or to satisfy those who are seeking a readjustment of the essential and unchanging truths of Christianity to the recent advance of human knowledge and to the facts of modern civilization. It is not easy to find in the volume anything which accounts for the sensation which it has caused or for the remarkable circulation which it has attained.

SAMUEL HARRIS.

DR. SCHAFF'S NICENE AND POST-NICENE FATHERS.*—The first series of the works bearing this title is now published. When the series began, we recommended it to the readers of the *NEW ENGLANDER* as a highly interesting and useful contribution to the literature of church history. It contains the most important of the writings of the great teacher of the West, Augustine, and the great divine of the Eastern church, Chrysostom. Five solid volumes of Chrysostom complete the series. The first of these is introduced by the learned Prolegomena of Dr. Schaff on the life and writings of John of the "Golden Month." Then follow homilies, mostly edited by Rev. W. R. W. Stephens. The second volume, edited by Prof. Riddle, contains the homilies on St. Matthew. The translations of the third volume, which includes the homilies on the Acts, are revised by Prof. G. B. Stevens. The fourth volume contains an essay by Prof. Broadus. It includes the comments of Chrysostom on Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, and Thessalonians, the Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon. The editors are Dr. G. Alexander, Dr. Broadus, and Dr. Schaff himself. The fifth volume, revised and annotated by Dr. Chambers, comprises the two Epistles to the Corinthians. In the sixth volume, we have the Gospel of John, edited by Dr. Schaff, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, edited by Dr. Gardiner. In each of the several volumes of the series there is a good index. As we have neglected to review the volumes severally at the time of their appearance, we take this occasion once more to call the attention of ministers and students of theology to the merits of the collection, and to indicate our full appreciation of the industry and scholarship which have been expended in the

* *A Select Library of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church*. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. New York: The Christian Literature Co. 1889-90.

introductions, and in the notes which are scattered over its voluminous pages. Not to speak here of the preceding series of Ante-Nicene Fathers, in this last group of volumes the inquisitive reader is furnished with the means of acquainting himself fully with two of the most renowned and influential writers of Christian antiquity. Dr. Schaff's untiring labors in his chosen department of study receive, as they deserve, a generous recognition in the republic of scholars.

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THE NEW SERIES OF NICENE AND POST-NICENE FATHERS: EUSEBIUS.*—The patronage which has been extended to the previous publications of the Christian Literature Company, have emboldened them to issue a new series of the Fathers posterior to the Nicene Council. In this new series, Dr. Schaff will be assisted editorially by Dr. Henry Mace, of King's College, London. Among the authors to be included are Athanasius, Gregory of Nyssa, Jerome, Basil, Gregory of Nazianzum, and other lights of the ancient Church. The first volume of the series has already appeared. It embraces the Church History of Eusebius, and his Life of Constantine. The history has been newly translated into English, and furnished with an elaborate biographical and literary introduction, and copious notes, by Professor Arthur C. McGiffert of Lane Theological Seminary. He has performed his task in a highly creditable and satisfactory manner. The notes handle a great variety of interesting topics relating to the first three centuries of Christian history. The Life of Constantine has been edited, with a preliminary biography of the first of the Christian emperors, by Dr. E. C. Richardson. Together these two writings of the Father of Church History constitute a volume which cannot fail to prove highly useful to students in this department of study.

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A NEW EDITION OF H. B. SMITH'S THEOLOGY.†—The fame and characteristics of Dr. Henry B. Smith as a theologian are so well known, and his "Christian Theology," as edited and published after the author's death by Professor Karr, has been so

* *A Select History of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church*. Second Series. Vol. I. Eusebius. New York: Christian Literature Co. 1890.

† *System of Christian Theology*. By HENRY B. SMITH, D.D., LL.D. Fourth Edition, Revised. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. Pp. 641. \$2.00.

long before the public, that it is only necessary to call fresh attention to the work as one of the most important American contributions to doctrinal theology and to mention the new features of the present edition. The most important addition is that of a full index of the Scriptural passages which are quoted as proof-texts or otherwise considered in the course of the argument. Typographical errors have been carefully corrected, the foot-notes have been revised and a brief introduction by President T. S. Hastings of Union Theological Seminary has been prefixed. The price has also been reduced to two dollars.

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION SERIES.*—The two volumes, whose full titles are given below, are both written by men who have had large experience in the subjects of which they attempt to treat. One deals in suggestions of a practical sort designed to smoothen the work of the teacher with the pupil, and to make it more effective, not only upon education (in the narrower meaning of the word) but also upon the development of character. The other describes the history of school supervision, and lays down maxims adapted to make the superintendent successful in the management of the schools of a city, a county, or a single building.

From the very nature of their themes, these volumes are of a narrower and more technical interest and value than are most of the preceding numbers of the series. They appear, however, to be characterized by discretion and wisdom. They will, therefore, be found of service to the particular classes to which they are addressed.

TWO BOOKS ON EVOLUTION.†—The first of these volumes (for their full titles, see below) is the product of a number of authors; its different parts have, therefore, that unequal value which almost inevitably follows from such various authorship. The topics of these lectures, besides biographical sketches of Spencer and Darwin, comprise the application of the theory of evolution to all

* *Practical Hints for the Teachers of Public Schools*, by GEORGE HOWLAND; and *School Supervision*, by J. L. PICARD. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1889 and 1890.

† *Evolution. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association*. Boston: James H. West, 1889. *The Evolution of Man and Christianity*, by REV. HOWARD MACQUARRY. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1890.

the branches of human research,—from “Solar and Planetary Evolution” to “Evolution as Related to Religious Thought.”

The lecture which is perhaps calculated to evoke the strongest dissent is entitled the “Philosophy of Evolution,” by Mr. Starr H. Nichols. In this lecture we are given to understand that, until the evolutionary philosophy as introduced by Mr. Spencer dawned on speculative thought, there was very little evolution in real philosophy. The distinctive character which the philosophy of evolution assumes is unmistakable. It is *materialism*, which Mr. Nichols frankly avows.

The purpose of Rev. Howard Macqueary is no less than a “reconstruction of Christian theology” according to the tenets of modern scientific evolution. There can be no doubt that most readers, even among those who aim to hold only the essentials of Christian belief—and that, with a much wider than the customary “liberality”—will find themselves startled by so radical “reconstruction.” They will perhaps not strongly dissent from the author’s conclusions as to a quite unbiblical antiquity of man, and as to the true descriptive history of his origin. But when they find the author denying the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel, resolving the New Testament miracles into instances of “mind-cure” and “faith-cure,” or of untrustworthy tradition arising in over-credulous witnesses, and rejecting the narratives of the miraculous conception and resurrection of Jesus, they will readily understand and sympathize with the following language: “During the preparation of this book I have been asked more than once, how could I hold such views consistently with my ordination vows?”

The temper of the author is excellent, and his sincerity not to be doubted. The reading which his book evinces is somewhat wide; but it by no means always includes the most recent and trustworthy authorities. It seems to us, also, that the conclusions of certain students of physical science are rather too deferentially treated with respect to their supposed bearing on questions which lie in other and higher spheres of inquiry.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.*—A recent writer in the *New York Critic*, after despatching an important work by one of the foremost scholars of this country in about a dozen contemptuous lines, utters the following remarkable dictum concerning the philosophy

* *Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion*, with a Chapter on Christian Unity in America, by J. MACBRIDE STERRETT, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

of Hegel: "It has had no profound influence on the general course of philosophic thought, and is not likely to have any." Evidently Dr. Sterrett does not agree with the dashing, self-confident judgment of the newspaper reviewer. Indeed his own book is, all of it, placed in evidence to the contrary. And so are the thought and writings of the many others to whom he refers; and who, although they object to being called *Hegelians*, in either the popular or the exact scientific sense of the name, recognize "Hegel's as the latest great epoch-making contribution to the philosophic interpretation of the world and comprehension of humanity's experience" (p. 7).

Dr. Sterrett's book contains eight chapters. Of these the first three are introductory; they discuss Hegelianism and its different schools, the growth of the philosophy of religion, and Hegel's conception of religion. The remaining chapters are devoted to the consideration of the nature of religion, its classes, the comparative method of its study, and Christianity as the "absolute religion."

The author has two principal aims, which he follows almost *pari passu*, as it were. Of these, one is the interpretation of Hegel's views on this great subject (the philosophy of religion) so as to render them intelligible to English readers. But he assures us that the book is no "mere expository paraphrase of Hegel." His other aim is, therefore, to exercise his own freedom of thought in "new inferences and applications suggested by the text." A single aim binds together these two; and this we may state in the author's own glowing language:—"to discover the concrete Infinite immanent in, vitalizing and educating man throughout his history; to maintain the essential kinship of man with God; to insist upon religion being the mutual reconciliation and communion of God and man, makes the whole world kin, and binds it with chains of gold to the head and heart as well as to the feet of God."

In our judgment the most interesting and satisfactory chapter of the book is that entitled—"Theology, Anthropology, and Pantheism." In this chapter Dr. Sterrett takes the entirely justifiable position that no thinker is to be called a "pantheist" who maintains that God is self-conscious, personal, Absolute Being,—Subject and Spirit and not merely Substance; and who also maintains the real and morally free personality, and not mere individuality of man. If this be pantheism, then, says the author:

"Nearly every great saint of the intellect and heart in the church can thus be accused of pantheism." The view which identifies God with Absolute Substance without affirming, or while, at the same time, denying his Personality, is "atheistic pantheism." And the view of God which supralapsarian Calvinism takes is "unethical pantheism."

While approving Dr. Sterrett's views as to what is and what is not "obnoxious pantheism," we cannot share fully in his confidence that Hegel is throughout a consistent Theist. We are aware of the many apparently clear declarations, in the writings of the German thinker, which may be quoted in support of this confidence. But, then, we find so many other declarations about the ultimate meaning and implications of which we are not sure. In our judgment, it still remains an open question what was Hegel's last word, as understood in its most esoteric meaning, on this all-important subject. But to cry "pantheism" at those who understand and approve of Hegel's views on the philosophy of religion, as Dr. Sterrett and many others understand and approve them, may well provoke the retort of Carlyle: "No! I am not a *pan*-theist, nor a *pot*-theist either."

The style of this book is bold, warm, fluent. Its author puts his heart as well as his mind into his noble theme. The result is a work which is well worthy of attention from all those who are interested in bringing the profoundest things of reason into union with the demands of essential religious faith and religious life.

PROFESSOR STEVENS' EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.*—There is a significant difference between the older and the newer Biblical commentaries. Formerly, the Bible being regarded as a single whole, with the one distinction of Old and New Testaments, the interest of the commentator centered and ended in finding and setting forth the correct interpretation of each verse. The circumstances in which and for which each book was specially written, the main purpose and end of the author, and his general course of thought were consulted, if at all, chiefly as aids in the determination of the meaning of each particular sentence. Now, on the contrary, the details are studied

* *A Short Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians, designed as a Text-book for class-room use and for private study.* By GEORGE B. STEVENS, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in Yale University. Hartford, Conn.: The Student Publishing Co. Pp. 240. \$1.25 net.

largely for the sake of ascertaining the circumstances which called the book forth and of which it is a witness, its central aim, the course of its argument, and the mind of its author. Biblical history and Biblical theology are constantly in the mind of the modern exegete as he studies details; and he asks not merely for the sense of the words, but for the bearing of the fact recorded or the idea expressed, its significance for the life and thought of the author and of his time. The Biblical books are the records of a history, and the history is the end of the critical study of details, and also, so far as it is ascertained, it is the light in which details are to be viewed.

This indicates the standpoint of Dr. Stevens' "Short Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians." "The author has aimed . . . to supply to the student the means of clearly tracing Paul's course of thought in the Epistle . . . He has sought to present the essential results of critical study, without introducing into the exposition so many of the details of the critical process as to embarrass the mind and withdraw attention from the ideas themselves." "The object . . . has been to furnish the student of the Bible,—whether a professional student of theology or not,—with an introduction to the religious and theological teaching of the Apostle Paul." "The author's effort has been to trace the movement of the argument in this Epistle throughout in the light of those conditions which furnished the immediate occasion of its composition and did so much to determine its peculiarities" (Preface). One who studies the Epistle with the help of this hand-book, following the method of study suggested in the Preface and Appendix, will be lead not only to the meaning of the individual words and sentences in their order, but also to an appreciation of the important contributions of the Epistle to our knowledge of the history of the beginning of Christianity and of the characteristic conceptions of the Apostle Paul.

The exposition is meant for the use of students either of the original or of the English version. Its comparative brevity (240 pages) is a peculiar advantage to the student. It will be found that all important critical questions receive due consideration, while the end is not lost in the windings of the way. Clearness of comprehension is also served by an "analysis and paraphrase" of each chapter, in which the central thought of each section and the course of the argument are set forth in a free

rendering, which is at the same time an interpretation, presenting concisely the results more fully explained and justified in the exposition. The great usefulness of this feature of the book cannot be questioned.

It answers to the aim of the book that especially full treatment is given to passages important in their bearing upon the Apostle's theological conceptions. Compare the notes on justification (2:15), on the relation of law and gospel (2:21), on faith (3:6), on redemption (3:13), on Paul's view and use of scripture (3:16, 4:25).

The following remarks on justification will indicate the writer's standpoint and mode of treatment.

"The interpretation which gives full weight to the legal or juridical form of Paul's teaching concerning justification, is the correct one. It is possible, however, to lay an undue stress upon the formal element of Paul's doctrine, the Jewish moulds into which it was run, and not enough upon its substance, the ethical and spiritual truths which are the content of its outer form It is desirable to expound the moral and spiritual truths and experiences which form the content or ethical counterpart of Paul's legal system, but exegesis is, first of all, a study of form, and must not, for any supposed or real theological interest, eliminate or disregard the peculiarities of the writer's modes of thought and expression, however subordinate it may suppose them to be to the spiritual facts involved The figurative language, the analogies which the Apostle draws from the law or the current thought of his time, are of first importance for exegesis, while for theology they yield to the deeper truths of spiritual life and experience which they serve to illustrate or convey" (pp. 87, 88). This indicates a method of dealing with the conceptions of Paul which is, in our judgment, historically correct; and it is surprising how many of the "things hard to be understood" in his epistles undergo a genuine illumination when scrutinized from this point of view.

SANFORD'S CYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.*—The ideal library would be a complete cyclopedia in which one might find the requisite information upon any subject which he might

* *A Concise Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*. Biblical, Biographical, Theological, Historical, and Practical. Edited by Rev. ELIAS B. SANFORD, M.A. Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, 1890. Pp. 985. Price, \$3.50 to \$8.00. Sold only by subscription.

wish to investigate. Therefore works of a cyclopedic character in different fields of knowledge, must always be a staple in every well chosen library. The work before us aims to supply the most essential information regarding the whole range of religious and theological subjects. The work is in the main a compilation, but it is compiled from the best sources and this fact may be regarded as a merit. The great Cyclopedias and Dictionaries of the Bible and of Religion have been freely laid under contribution (with full acknowledgment) in order to enrich the pages of this work. As it is designed for popular use, the long and techincal Articles in the *Britannica*, the *Schaff-Herzog*, or in other works, have been condensed and only the essential matter extracted.

For the professional student this volume would often be inadequate; yet it is probable that even he would find himself turning to it quite as often as to his *McClintock and Strong*, or *Kitto*. But for the great majority of students of religion and the Bible it will supply a want to the satisfaction of which even these large and expensive works would not be so well adapted. This book is more valuable and useful than a mere Bible Dictionary, because, in addition to treating Biblical subjects, it treats the leading topics of Church History, Theology, and the like.

A very considerable part of the work has been written especially for its pages. We notice, for example, Articles on Baptist subjects by Rev. Dr. Armitage; on Methodist topics by Bishop Vincent; that on Unitarianism by Dr. E. E. Hale. Professor Rice of Wesleyan University writes on Evolution; Dr. Selah Merrill on Palestinian Archeology; Dr. E. E. Strong on Missions; Professor Stevens of Yale on Inspiration.

This enumeration gives but an inadequate idea of the range and richness of the contents of this volume. We do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most useful books, as a work of reference upon religious subjects, which has appeared for many years. The work is very clearly printed, though necessarily in rather small type, on good paper, and is sold by subscription at prices ranging from \$3.50 upwards.

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